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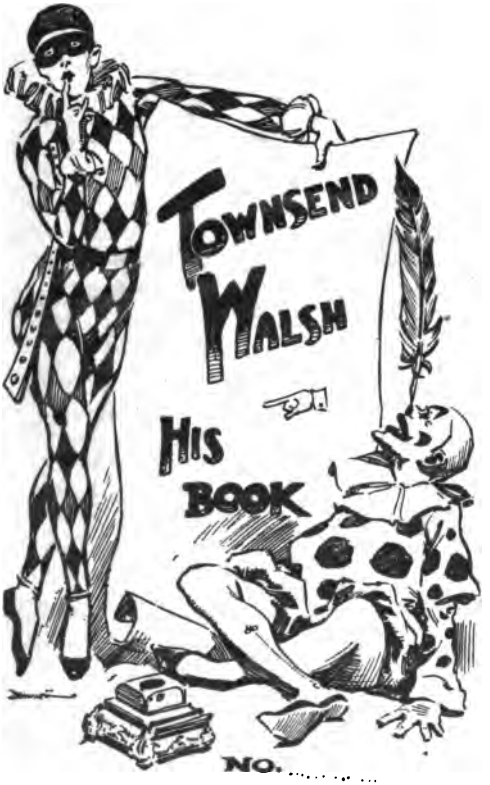
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WALSH
HIS
BOOK
NO.

NCO
Waverley

TOWNSEND
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HIS
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Waverley

THE

WAVERLEY DRAMAS;

FOUNDED ON THE

WAVERLEY NOVELS

OF

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

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INTRODUCTION.

THE popularity of the Waverley Novels, conjoined with their features of varied yet well-defined character, animated dialogue, stirring incident, and picturesque location of scene, pointed them out at an early period as peculiarly eligible for dramatic adaptation and representation.

The first of the Novels thus operated upon was "GUY MANNERING," which was brought out at Covent Garden Theatre, London, on the 12th March, 1816, as an operatic drama in three acts; the music by Bishop, while Daniel Terry—the friend and correspondent of Scott—receives the credit due to the work of skilful dramatic adaptation; although not without material asistance from "The Great Unknown," as the following statement of Lockhart's implies:—

"What share," says he, "the novelist himself had in this first specimen of what he used to call the *Art of Terryfying*, I cannot exactly say; but his correspondence shows that the pretty song of the 'Lullaby' was not his only contribution to it; and I infer that he had taken the trouble to modify the plot, and re-arrange for stage purposes a considerable portion of the original dialogue."

"GUY MANNERING" was well supported, both in the vocal and acting departments of the drama, and at once attained the decided success which such a combination of merit, conjoined with its literary excellence, was so well calculated to secure.

"ROB ROY MACGREGOR; OR, AULD LANGSYNE," another musical or operatic play, also in three acts, was brought out at Covent Garden Theatre, London, on the 12th March, 1818. It was adapted by Isaac Pocock, and has proved from first to last a still more decided success than its precursor.

Mr Calcraft, in an article on the *Waverley Dramas*, published in the *Dublin University Magazine*, May, 1851, states:—"I have heard Pocock lament, when rich and independent, that 'ROB ROY' was not subject to the author's fees, being antecedent to the provisions of the Dramatic Authors' Act, and by which he said he lost a handsome annuity. I daresay it has been repeated oftener than any play within the memory of the present generation. I have, in my own course of practice, enacted the bold outlaw 173 times."

"ROB ROY" was followed by Dibdin's version of the "HEART OF MID-LOTHIAN," which appeared as a melo-drama, in three acts, at the Surrey Theatre, 13th Jan., 1819, and had an enormous run; while "Terry's play on the same subject at Covent Garden was a comparative failure, chiefly because he departed from the materials before him, and drew on his own invention." Whereas, Dibdin's play, as he candidly admits in his "advertisement" to the printed copy, "required little *more than an amanuensis* to construct it."

"I had not leisure," continues he, "to begin a perusal of my prototype until Thursday, the last day of the year (1818); two days more elapsed ere I could commence the MS., which was finished and read in the green-room on the succeeding Wednesday, January 6, 1819. How, then, shall I properly convey my acknowledgments to the members of an establishment, who enabled me to produce it, with the embellishment of nine new and appropriate Scenes, before a Public whose liberal and decided reception of it I most gratefully feel? Tears and laughter testified, much more forcibly than any other mode of applause could do, how completely the sympathy and satisfaction of the audience were excited. It is hoped," he apologetically adds, that "the impossibility of adhering, in so brief a production, to anything like unity of time and place, will sufficiently excuse the frequent violations of both, particularly in the last act."

"THE ANTIQUARY" was brought out at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, London, on the 25th of January, 1820. It was dramatised by Terry on the basis of a rejected groundwork furnished by Pocock.

"MONTROSE" and "THE BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR" were published by Scott in June, 1819, and in a fortnight thereafter versions dramatised by Thomas Dibdin were produced both in one night at the Surrey Theatre, London. "OLD MORTALITY," as adapted by Dibdin, was brought out in 1820; and "WAVERLEY," as adapted by Edward Fitzball, was produced at the Coburg Theatre, London, March 8, 1824.

But, "while the dramas from the Waverley Novels," says

Calcraft, "pleased everywhere, in Scotland, as was likely, they found their strongest hold"—*i.e.*, after they were once introduced to the public—which, however, the Scottish managers were in no great hurry to do. Thus, "GUY MANNERING" does not seem to have been acted in Scotland until 1817, the earliest play-bill we have seen being that from which we have given the cast as first acted at Glasgow.

Again, "ROB ROY" was not acted in the Scottish capital until February, 1819, nor was Murray, of the Theatre Royal there, the first to introduce it to a Scottish audience, as Mullender, the manager of a strolling company, and Ryder of Aberdeen, both took precedence of him in that respect.

The former is said to have had in his company an ex-printer from Glasgow, who, from love of Mullender's daughter, abjured the composing stick and took to the stage, and it is said that this worthy assumed the *rôle* of *Bailie Nicol Jarvie*, while Mackay appeared in the same character at Aberdeen. The inhabitants of the Granite City, and of many of the smaller towns even in the extreme North of Scotland, were thus privileged to witness the performance of "The National Drama of 'ROB ROY,'" prior to the *elite* of the Scottish metropolis; and it appears that the canny denizens of the North had not only the wit to appreciate, but also the enthusiasm to greet it everywhere with "tremendous applause."

"THE ANTIQUARY," Terry's version of the "HEART OF MID-LOTHIAN," and, towards the close of the season, Dibdin's superior version of the latter, were all acted at the Theatre *Royal, Edinburgh*, in 1820, as the last named had been

previously at the Caledonian Theatre in the early part of the season. "THE BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR," as adapted by Calcraft, was acted at Edinburgh early in 1822, the parts, as a whole, being well sustained, particularly the *Lucy Ashton* of Mrs H. Siddons, the *Edgar Ravenswood* of Calcraft, the *Caleb Balderstone* of Mackay, and the *Captain Craigengelt* of Murray. The "BATTLE OF BOTHWELL BRIDGE," founded on "OLD MORTALITY," as adapted by Mr Calcraft, was brought out at the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, on Saturday, May 3, 1823. Speaking of it, the *Edinburgh Dramatic Review* of Tuesday the 6th states:—"The most extraordinary instance of the 'puff-preliminary' we have yet seen is the advertisement of *Mr Calcraft's* drama, which appeared in some booksellers' windows *on Saturday*, describing the piece as being *now* acted at the Theatre Royal with the most unbounded applause."

The Edinburgh version of "WAVERLEY," as also adapted by Mr Calcraft, was produced at the Theatre Royal on Saturday, May 22, 1824.

With reference to the adaptations, or, as they were usually termed, "Terryfications," Mr Calcraft writes:—"The most successful were invariably those which most clearly embodied the characters and incidents of the novels they were compiled from, as, for instance, in the cases of 'GUY MANNERING,' 'ROB ROY,' 'THE HEART OF MID-LOTHIAN,' and the drama of 'THE BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR.' The Libretto of the opera, founded on the last named subject, with Donizetti's beautiful music, is a sad mistake. Except in the single scene of signing the contract, there is but a scant resemblance

to the original, while the total omission of the mother, *Lady Ashton*, the controlling agent and presiding evil genius, weakens and changes the *feeling* of the entire story. If the names of the characters were not preserved, the interest so completely loses its identity that it would be difficult to connect this meagre outline with the power and depth of colouring in the mighty master."

The same writer states that "ROB ROY" afforded to Mr Macready, then a new actor fighting his way on the London boards, one of the earliest opportunities of proving his original genius. Liston, "the admired of the Londoners, and an admirable artist," whose "humour was peculiarly his own, and whose *Dominie Sampson* was irresistible," was also the original *Bailie*. "In Edinburgh," continues Mr Calcraft, "the drama of 'ROB ROY' was admirably acted throughout, and introduced to that most critical audience a performer who has never been equalled in his particular line —Charles Mackay. His *Bailie Jarvie* was not acting—it was nature—the man personified in living identity, as if he had sat for the picture, and the author had held him in his eye while drawing it. Mackay was the *Bailie* of Sir Walter Scott, as he himself often most emphatically declared, [and] perhaps the highest compliment ever paid to an actor was when the GREAT UNKNOWN, at the dinner of the Edinburgh Theatrical Fund [February 23rd, 1827], threw aside his useless *incognito*, publicly owned himself the author of the works long believed to be his, and proposed the health of Mackay, in his character of the *Bailie*, in the following *terms*:—'*I* would fain dedicate a bumper to the health of

one who has represented several of those characters, of which I had endeavoured to give the skeleton, with a truth and liveliness for which I may well be grateful. I beg leave to propose the health of my friend *Bailie Nicol Jarvie;* and I am sure that when the author of "WAVERLEY" and "ROB ROY" drinks to *Nicol Jarvie*, it will be received with the just applause to which that gentleman has always been accustomed.' The talents of Mackay were by no means confined to his representation of exclusively national characters, [but in his inimitable *Bailie Nicol Jarvie*], *Dominie Sampson*, *Edie Ochiltree*, *Cuddie Headrigg*, *Caleb Balderstone*, *Dalgetty*, *Ritchie Moniplies* [*Peter Peebles*, *Meg Dods*, *Dumbiedykes*], &c., &c., &c., he was far beyond any of his contemporaries."

On the occasion of his retirement from the Edinburgh Theatre, April 25th, 1848, Mackay appeared in two of his favourite characters,—the *Bailie*, in "ROB ROY;" and *Jock Howieson*, in "CRAMOND BRIG." At the close he appeared in the latter character and delivered his *Farewell Address*, in the course of which he states:—"Few, alas! very few, are now present who witnessed my first appearance on these boards, now more than a quarter of a century ago. That appearance I owed chiefly to the success that had attended my humble efforts in the delineation of a certain character, while a member of the Aberdeen Theatre. Shortly after my coming to this theatre, I was again intrusted with the same character, and on the first night that 'ROB ROY' was performed on this stage, the GREAT UNKNOWN, (for, though great, he was then unknown), was one of the audience. At this moment, as *Hamlet* says, I see him in my mind's eye, as

he sat leaning on his staff on the back seat of one of the boxes. (Here Mr Mackay pointed with his finger to the spot occupied by Sir Walter Scott on that occasion). Never shall I forget the sparkle of his eye, and the good-humoured smile on his face, on that, to me, momentous night. It is to the pen of the mighty dead I owe my theatrical reputation. Had he never written, I never should have been noticed as an actor. The kindness of Sir Walter Scott was, ladies and gentlemen, as some of you well know, only equalled by his genius; and on the night when he declared himself to be the author of the novels, you may judge of my surprise when he was pleased to say before the then assembled hundreds, 'that the skeleton he had drawn had been so faithfully clothed by his friend, *Bailie Nicol Jarvie*, that he was grateful!' 'My conscience!' grateful to me, there was a compliment! and from such a man! So far from clothing skeletons, I felt that I was but labouring to embody the most perfect delineations that ever issued from the mind of man! No wonder, then, I have always been proud of the cognomen of *Bailie Nicol Jarvie*. Some friends have, at times, apologised for calling me the '*Bailie*,' little thinking at the time the pleasure I experienced in hearing it. The Bailie has now been before you for many a year, and though often I have been tempted by liberal offers to leave you, I have preferred remaining in my native city, before an indulgent audience, and with a kind and liberal manager. When I am gone he alone remains the last of all the performers in the original cast of 'Rob Roy.' We have now been associated together as actor *and manager for* the space of thirty years, and during the

whole of that lengthened period, one angry word has never passed between us."

Mr W. H. Murray retired in 1851, and died shortly afterwards at St Andrews. Besides his merits as an actor and as a manager, he has also acquired some reputation as an adapter. "CRAMOND BRIG;" "GILDEROY;" "MARY STUART, or LOCHLEVEN;" and "GEORGE HERIOT, or the FORTUNES OF NIGEL," are examples of his efforts as a playwright, and it appears that he altered, to the great chagrin of the authors or adapters, every London piece which he introduced to an Edinburgh audience.

Another distinguished member of the Edinburgh company was Mr John Henry Alexander—then quite a young man—who, as *Dandie Dinmont*, *Rashleigh Osbaldistone*, *Jem Ratcliffe*, &c., &c., not only received the encomia of dramatic critics, but was thoroughly appreciated by the public. "If he was more perfect in any one character than another, it was in that of *Dandie Dinmont*, in 'GUY MANNERING.' Certainly there never has been a better delineation of [the character] witnessed on the stage." As *Bailie Nicol Jarvie* he was second only to Mackay. His *Edie Ochiltree*, *Laird of Dumbiedykes*, *Caleb Balderstone*, *Robin Oig MacCombich*, and other principal characters of the Scottish Drama, were equally celebrated and acknowledged by the dramatic world. His versatility and ready wit have been rarely equalled. After a life of unimpeachable integrity, and more than ordinary activity as manager, actor, &c., in Carlisle, Dumfries, Edinburgh, and Glasgow, he died on the 15th of December, 1851, at the comparatively early age of 55, leaving an ample fortune as the

result of his talent, industry, and good management. On his retiring from the Edinburgh Theatre Royal in 1821, Denham succeeded to his *rôles* in the Waverley Dramas.

With reference to the last-named actor, Calcraft states :— "I saw him first in a small country theatre at Kelso, and recommended him strongly to Mr Murray, who engaged him at a trifling salary on my showing, but soon promoted him when he discovered his merit. His *Dandie Dinmont* and *Mucklebacket* were masterly pieces of acting; and his *King James*, in THE FORTUNES OF NIGEL, delighted the author almost as much as the *Bailie Jarvie* of Mackay. It was unique, one of those unexpected coincidences you never dream of, and greatly assisted by a natural thickness of utterance, a sort of Northumbrian or Border burr (which Sir Walter himself had), in exact keeping with the physical peculiarities of the British Solomon. Neither let poor old Duff be forgotten, . . . whose *Dougal Creature* was equally commended by the same high authority. . . . Everybody said he was a clever man; all he did was done like an artist. I saw George the Fourth applaud his *Dougal* warmly." This was when the King "visited Edinburgh in 1822," on which occasion, continues Mr Calcraft, "he selected 'ROB ROY' for the performance on the night of his attending the theatre in state, partly as a national compliment, and partly as a personal distinction to Sir Walter Scott. . . . The week before the arrival of the King all Scotland poured into Edinburgh, and in six evenings, with no auxiliary attraction, above £1000 was taken to the two old national and worn-out dramas of 'ROB ROY' and the 'HEART OF MID-

LOTHIAN.' Then came Edmund Kean, who had been engaged long before there was any intimation or idea of a royal visit, and the houses, if possible, were fuller still. The great tragedian, then in the full zenith of his fame and powers, was naturally much chagrined that one of his plays was not selected on the night of the royal command, and expected 'MACBETH.' I thought he would have chosen to study 'ROB ROY' for the occasion, which he had an undoubted right to do if he pleased, but I was not sorry to find that he had no such intention. He was impressed with a most unfounded notion that the Sovereign was personally hostile to him, and said to me, in conversation on the subject, with epigrammatic bitterness, 'I am a greater man than ever I expected to be—I have a king for my enemy!'"

The female *rôles* in the Edinburgh Theatre Royal were usually sustained with credit or more by Mrs H. Siddons, sister of Mr W. H. Murray, and daughter-in-law of the great Tragedienne, Mrs S. Siddons; Mrs Renaud, formerly Mrs Powell, also a famed representative of Tragedy at the London Theatres Royal; Mrs Nicol, and her daughters, the eldest of whom succeeded to, and ably represented, the line of characters played by her mother; Mrs Eyre; Miss Eyre, subsequently married to Montague Stanley, &c., &c.

With reference to the present edition of the WAVERLEY DRAMAS, it may be explained that the versions here printed are for the most part those originally represented at the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, and therefore those which the MIGHTY MAGICIAN OF THE NORTH—on whose creations they are founded—*not only* witnessed, and in many cases signified

his approval of, but which also, in the case of one at least, received his active personal co-operation in the work of dramatic adaptation, as has been already stated on the authority of his son-in-law and biographer. Under such circumstances, the grounds of preference indicated in the selection are sufficiently obvious: "GUY MANNERING" and "ROB ROY," however, have been read with, and revised from, several of the early printed editions, while the "HEART OF MID-LOTHIAN" has been carefully compared with, and emendated from, the original printed edition of Dibdin's Drama.

Besides the dramas above referred to, and here printed, it may be mentioned that "THE GIPSY OF DERNCLEUGH, a melo-drama in three acts," was "adapted from the novel of 'GUY MANNERING'" by Douglas W. Jerrold, and "first performed at Sadler's Wells Theatre (London), August 26, 1821." It was at first very popular, but has not stood the test of time like the original adaptation.

"THE WHISTLER," a drama in three acts, by George Dibdin Pitt, founded on that portion of the "HEART OF MID-LOTHIAN" referred to in the note appended to the version here printed, was "produced at the Victoria Theatre, January 18, 1833."

GLASGOW, *June, 1873.*

WAVERLEY;

A DRAMA IN FIVE ACTS.

Dramatis Personæ.

As first Performed at the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, on 22nd May, 1824.

Prince Charles Edward Stuart,	Mr Jones.
The Baron of Bradwardine,	Mr Mackay.
Fergus Mac-Ivor Vich Ian Voir,	Mr Calcraft.
Major Melville,	Mr Faulkner.
Edward Waverley,	Mr Pritchard.
Bailie Macwheeble,	Mr Mason.
Evan Dhu Maccombich,	Mr Denham.
The Laird of Balmawhapple,	Mr Murray.
The Laird of Killancureit,	Mr Hillyard.
Ebenezer Cruickshanks,	Mr Miller.
John Mucklewrath,	Mr Stanley.
Callum Beg,	Mr Duff.
Davie Gellatley,	Miss Nicol.
Saunderson,	Mr Aitkin.
Habakkuk Gilfillan,	Mr Lynch.
President of the Court,	Mr Wynn.
M'Donald,	Mr Rae.
Keeper,	Mr J. Stanley.
Alick Polwarth,	Mr Power.
Flora Mac-Ivor,	Mrs H. Siddons.
Rose Bradwardine,	Miss Halford.
Mrs Flockhart,	Mrs Nicol.
Margery Mucklewrath,	Mr Macgregor.
Mrs Macleary,	Mrs Eyre.

Ladies, Highlanders, Soldiers, Peasantry, &c., &c.

WAVERLEY.

Act First.

SCENE I.—*Outside of the Baron of Bradwardine's Family Mansion at Tully-Veolan.*

Enter WAVERLEY.

WAV. At length, after a long and fatiguing journey, I am arrived at the residence of my uncle's old friend, the Baron of Bradwardine. But how to gain admittance and deliver my credentials? I see carved bears in every direction, but no living porter to whom I can address myself. Stay: some one approaches at last. What singular figure can this be?

GELLATLEY (*Without, singing*).

False love, and hast thou played me this
In summer among the flowers?
I will repay thee back again
In winter among the showers.

Enters.

Unless again, again, my love,
Unless you turn again;
As you with other maidens rove,
I'll smile on other men.

WAV. My good friend—

(GELLATLEY *turns, stares at* WAVERLEY, *and makes grotesque signals of surprise and salutation.*)

Is the Baron of Bradwardine at home? or where can I find any of the domestics from whom to inquire?

GELLATLEY (*Sings*).

The Knight's to the mountain
His bugle to wind;
The Lady's to greenwood
Her garland to bind:
The bower of Burd Ellen
Has moss on the floor,
That the step of Lord William
Be silent and sure.

WAV. My honest friend, your poetry is somewhat unintelligible: tell me, in plain prose, where I can find the Baron of Bradwardine?

GEL. Davie disna ken, but he'll gang speer at the butler.

[*Exit gibbering and pointing at* WAVERLEY.

WAV. A strange being, and not much unlike one of Shakespeare's roynish clowns. I am not over wise to trust to his embassage; but wiser men than me have been glad, ere now, to employ fools.

Re-enter GELLATLEY *with* SAUNDERSON.

SAUND. May I crave to know your honour's commands?

WAV. I wish to pay my respects to the Baron. My name is Waverley.

SAUN. I can take it upon my conscience to say, Sir, his honour will have exceeding pleasure in seeing you. He's just gaen wi' the folks wha are getting down the dark old hag.

WAV. The dark old hag!

SAUND. Ay, yer honour. It's just an old oak copse to be felled. The twa gardener lads are ordered to attend upon him; and I ha'e been amusing mysel' wi' dressing Miss Rose's flower-bed, though in truth I ha'e little time for such divertisements.

GEL. He canna get it wrought in abune twa days in the week at no rate whatever.

SAUND. Silence, Davie Gellatley. It's no for fules like you to make observations.

GEL. There's mair fules nor Davie in the laird's house.

SAUND. Go your ways and look for his honour, and tell him there's a gentleman frae the south arrived at the ha'.

WAV. Can this poor fellow deliver a letter?

SAUND. With all fidelity, Sir, to any one he respects. I would hardly trust him with a long message by word o' mouth, though I sometimes think he is at times more knave than fool, o' my conscience.

GEL. Dinna fash your conscience, Mr Saunderson; it's a quiet and peaceable ane, and never did ye ony harm.

WAV. (*To* GEL.) But will you undertake to deliver this letter to your master?

GEL. Troth Davie 'll do that, yer honour.

Hie away, hie away,
Over bank and over brae;
Where the copsewood is the greenest,
Where the fountains glisten sheenest,
Over bank and over brae,
Hie away, hie away.

[*Exit.*

SAUND. He's just an innocent, Sir.

WAV. An innocent!

SAUND. Yes, that is, a fule. There's ane in amaist every house in the country. But here comes our young mistress, Miss Rose, who, I'll take burden upon me to say, will be especial glad to see one of the house of Waverley at her father's mansion of Tully-Veolan. [*Exit* SAUND.

Enter ROSE.

WAV. Miss Bradwardine will, I trust, excuse the liberty of self-introduction, which accident imposes on me. I am the nephew of Sir Everard Waverley, an old friend of her father's.

ROSE. My father, Sir, will be truly rejoiced to see you. Will you allow me to conduct you to him?

BARON (*Without*). Where is he—where is the nephew of my oldest and best friend, Sir Everard!—(*Entering.*)—Upon the honour of a gentleman, Mr Waverley, it makes me young again to see you here. A worthy scion of the old stock of Waverley-Honour—*spes altera*, as Maro hath it—you have the look of the old line, Captain Waverley; not so portly yet as my old friend Sir Everard—*mais cela viendra avec le tems*, as my Dutch acquaintance, Baron Kikkitbroeck, used to say of the *sagesse* of *Madame son epouse*. And how does the worthy baronet, and the fair Mrs Rachel? Ah, you laugh, young man; but she was the fair Mrs Rachel in the year of grace 1716, as I remember to my cost. But *tempus fugit et nos mutamur*:—Once again, I bid you most heartily welcome to my house of Tully-Veolan.

WAV. The warmth and kindness of your reception, Sir, have quite overpowered me.

BARON. Rose, hie to the house, and see that Alexander Saunderson looks out the old Chateau Margoux that I sent from Bourdeaux in the year 1713.—(*Exit* ROSE.)—And once more, Captain Waverley, right glad I am that you are here to drink the best my cellar can make forthcoming.

WAV. I hope, Sir, you will not think of any unusual preparations for one so little worthy as myself.

BARON. Say nothing, my dear young friend—say nothing—all that my poor house can command is yours. But I expect other guests, to whom I shall have the happiness of introducing you—very estimable persons I assure you. There is the young laird of Balmawhapple, given right much to field sports—*gaudet equis et canibus*—but a discreet, sober, young gentleman.

GEL. If ye keep brandy frae him, and him frae the brandy.

WAV. Ha, ha, ha!

BARON. A little tinctured with the giddiness o' youth, Mr Waverley; o' whilk follies he'll mend, he'll mend.

GEL. Like sour ale in summer.

BARON. Silence, ye daft ideot. (*To* WAV.)—He did Rose a service ance, so he is *priviligiate* to be impertinent. Then there is the Laird of Killancureit; and the last is my baron-bailie and doer, Mr Duncan Macwheeble. There is a question, owing to the incertitude of ancient orthography, whether he belongs to the clan of Wheedle or Quibble; but both have produced persons eminent in the law. Your hand, Mr Waverley—I have not been so happy these twenty years. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Baron's House.*

Enter BAILIE MACWHEEBLE *and* SAUNDERSON.

BAILIE. 'Tis true, Mr Saunderson, too true—the thieving loons have carried off all the cattle—clear off. Run, for heaven's sake, and tell his honour the Baron, that we may consult what is best to be done. [*Exit* SAUND.

BAILIE. Lord guide us, sic a misfortune, and a young Englisher just arrived from the south too.

Enter GELLATLEY, *dancing and singing.*

Our gear's a' gane; our gear's a' gane.

BAILIE. Out, ye daft, ill-doing gude-for-nought. Do you make merry at the misfortunes of the family?

(*Strikes him with his whip.*)

Enter ROSE.

Oh, Miss Rose, sair grieved am I to be the bearer of evil tidings. A party of Highland caterans have come down upon us last night, and driven off all our cattle.

ROSE. A party of Highlanders! And my dear father is so rash. If he is not hurt himself, he'll hurt some of these wild people. Oh, what will become of us?

Enter BARON, WAVERLEY, *and* SAUNDERSON.

BARON. For shame, Rose, for shame! Do you shed tears for a drove of horned nolt and milch kine, like the daughter of a Cheshire yeoman?—Saunderson, summon all the people, arm them, and pursue the robbers.

BAILIE. Craving your honourable worship's permission, there wad be nae chance o' their following the gear to ony gude purpose, in respect that there are only yer honour's body servants wha ha'e swords and pistols, and the depredators are twelve Highlanders, completely accoutred.

BARON (*Pointing to a Portrait*). That gentleman, Captain Waverley, my ancestor, with two hundred horse whom he levied on his own estate, put to flight more than five hundred of these Highland reavers; and now, Sir, I, his grandson, am thus used at *such unworthy hands.*

SAUND. Craving your honour's pardon for my presumption, if you were to send some one to compound with the caterans, they would readily give up their prey for a dollar a head.

BAILIE. Wi' your worship's leave, I opine that such a transaction would amount at least to *theft-boot*, or composition of felony. I recommend that some canny hand be sent up to the glens, to make the best bargain he can, as if it were for himself, so that the laird should not appear in the transaction at all.

WAV. But why not, my dear Sir, send off to the nearest garrison for a party of soldiers and a magistrate's warrant?

ROSE. O why not, my dear father, at once pay the arrears of tribute money to Fergus Mac-Ivor Vich Ian Vohr? He can procure the restitution of the cattle in a moment, if properly propitiated.

BARON. No, Rose, no! Never. Standing matters as they do with Fergus Mac-Ivor Vich Ian Vohr, I would make no concession to him to procure restitution, *in integrum*, of every stirk and stot his clan have stolen since the days of Malcolm Canmore. But come, Bailie—angry talking does little—we must decide how to act. Rose, entertain Mr Waverley till I return; I am sorry, my young friend, that the hospitality of Tully-Veolan is somewhat clouded by this accident—but we shall contrive to make you welcome notwithstanding the loss of our cattle.

[*Exit* BARON, BAILIE, SAUND, *and* GELLAT.

WAV. Who is this Fergus with the unpronounceable name that you alluded to, Miss Bradwardine? Is he the principal thief-taker of the district?

ROSE. Thief-taker!—No—he is a gentleman of great honour and consequence: Chief of a powerful and independent Highland clan.

WAV. But what has he to do with thieves then? Is he a magistrate, or in the commission of the peace?

ROSE. In the commission of war rather, if there be such a thing; for I assure you he is a very unquiet neighbour to those who affront him. His connexion with the robbers I can't very well explain; but the boldest among them will never steal a hoof from one that pays black mail to Vich Ian Vohr.

WAV. And pray, what is black mail?

ROSE. A kind of protection money that country gentlemen pay to some Highland chief, that he may neither do them harm himself nor suffer it to be done by others.

WAV. And is this sort of Highland Jonathan Wild admitted into company, and called a gentleman?

ROSE. So much so, that the quarrel between my father and Fergus Mac-Ivor began at a county meeting, where he wanted to take precedence of all the Lowland gentlemen present. They

would have fought; but Fergus said, very gallantly, he would never raise his hand against a grey head that was so much respected as my father's. Oh! I wish—I wish they had continued friends.

WAV. And did you ever see this Mr Mac-Ivor, Miss Bradwardine?

ROSE. Oh, yes—and he's a very polite, handsome man, I assure you—and his sister Flora is one of the most beautiful and accomplished ladies in the country. She was bred at a convent at France, and was a great friend of mine before this unhappy dispute. Do, dear Mr Waverley, try your influence with my father to get matters made up.

WAV. You may depend upon my poor exertions, Miss Bradwardine. But I am at a loss to comprehend how these singular acts of violence can exist. It appears I am actually arrived in the land of romantic adventures. I should like much to visit the Highlands, and witness a state of society of which as yet I can form no idea.

ROSE. Nothing would be more easy. If this unhappy quarrel were arranged, my father could himself give you letters to many distinguished chieftains.

Enter SAUNDERSON.

SAUND. Evan Dhu is arrived, Miss Rose, from Vich Ian Vohr. The Baron is about to give him audience in the great ha', and wishes the haill family to be present.

ROSE. Oh! I rejoice to hear it. I hope he comes as a friendly mediator. Let us hasten, Sir, to attend my father.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Hall.*

The BARON, *seated, attended by* MACWHEEBLE, SAUNDERSON, &c.—*All the servants ranged at the back.*—WAVERLEY *and* ROSE *enter at one side, and at the other* EVAN DHU MACCOMBICH, *in full Highland costume, attended by four Highlanders completely armed.*

BARON. Welcome, Evan Dhu Maccombich. What news from Fergus Mac-Ivor Vich Ian Vohr?

EVAN. Fergus Mac-Ivor Vich Ian Vohr greets you well, Baron of Bradwardine and Tully-Veolan; and is sorry there has been a thick cloud interposed between you and him. He prays you that the cloud may pass away, and that things may be as they have been heretofore, between the clan Ivor and the house of Bradwardine, when there was an egg between them for a flint, and a knife for a sword. And he expects you will also say you are sorry for the cloud; and no man shall hereafter ask whether it descended

from the hill to the valley, or rose from the valley to the hill: for they never struck with the scabbard that did not receive with the sword; and woe to him who would lose his friend for the stormy cloud of a spring morning!

BARON. I know the Chief of Clan Ivor to be a well-wisher to *the Cause*; and I am sorry there should have been a cloud between me and any gentleman of sound principles: "For when folks are banding together, feeble is he who hath no brother." Saunderson, a stoup of usquebaugh—(*Drinks*)—To the health and prosperity of Mac-Ivor of Glennaquoich.

(SAUNDERSON *hands a goblet to* EVAN.)

EVAN. (*Drinks.*) And here's to the ancient and honourable house of Bradwardine. Now that the preliminaries are adjusted, I'll send at once in search o' the cattle. I know where they are hid—it's no that far off;—they may have broken the bone, but they have had no time to suck the marrow.

(*Gives directions to two of his attendants, who go out.*)
(BARON *and* ROSE *talk together.*)

WAV. (*To* EVAN.) Excuse my curiosity, Sir; I am an Englishman, new to your country and manners; but all that I have seen is so strange to me that I feel the strongest desire to increase my knowledge on the subject.

EVAN. Then just take a trip with me into the mountains, and see the place where the cattle have been conveyed. If it be as I suppose, you never saw such a place in your life, nor ever will, unless you go with me, or the like o' me. Ye maun visit the chief though: To be in his ain country, without going to see him, would be mair than a man's life's worth.

WAV. I am particularly anxious to become acquainted with him, and will accompany you with pleasure, if my kind friend the Baron will allow me to leave him so unceremoniously the day after my arrival.

BARON. By my honour, my young friend, I love your spirited curiosity; and consent, on condition that you return in a day, and sojourn with me for a month.

ROSE. My dear Sir, consider Mr Waverley is a stranger, and an Englishman. The state of the country—the—

BARON. Pooh, pooh! you silly girl. Mr Waverley is a soldier, and, I dare say, can sleep as soundly on the heather, by the hill-side, as on a feather-bed. And, as for the state of the country, why, my friend Evan here and his attendants are sufficient protection.

EVAN. Ay, ay, Bradwardine, I'se warrant we're mair than a match for ony thing that can attack.

BARON. But ye'll be none the worse for a few bumpers of

good old claret. Saunderson, out with the best, and decant half a dozen tumblers into the *Blessed Bear* to begin with.

SAUND. Instantly, your honour. [*Exit.*

BARON. Rose, hasten the dinner.—(*Exit* ROSE.)—Bailie, you and Evan can settle all that remains in the way of business in the morning. Hark! the bell announces our other guests. I must hasten to receive them; and then, lads, for as merry an evening as good fellowship, old claret, and a hearty welcome can produce. [*Exit* BARON.

EVAN. Troth, the auld laird is as gay and as frisky as a twa-year-auld colt.

WAV. Is your country in so disturbed a state that an armed escort is absolutely necessary?

EVAN. Na, na. I didna bring the gillies for that, but merely to appear with proper dignity at Tully-Veolan, as Vich Ian Vohr's foster brother ought to do. Oh, if you Saxon gentlemen saw but the Chief himself, with his tail on.

WAV. With his tail on!

EVAN. Yes; that's with his usual followers, when he meets those of his own rank.—(*Counting on his fingers.*)—There is his *hanchman*, or right-hand man; then his *bhaird*, or poet; then his *bladier*, or orator; then his *gilly-more*, or armour-bearer; then his *gilly-casflue*, to carry him on his back through the sikes or brooks; then his *gilly-comstraine*, to lead his horse in steep places; then his *gilly-trusharnish*, to carry his knapsack; and the piper, and the piper's man, and it may be a dozen young lads beside, that have no business, but are just boys of the belt to follow the laird, and do his honour's bidding.

WAV. And does he regularly maintain all these men?

EVAN. All these! Ay, and many a fair head beside, that would not ken where to lay itself but for the muckle barn of Glennaquoich.

WAV. And is it one of his dependants who has committed this outrage on the Baron?

EVAN. Not just exactly; but it's ane that he grants protection to.

WAV. What! does he countenance a cattle-stealer—a common thief?

EVAN. Common thief! no such thing. Donald Bean never lifted less than a drove in his life. He has plenty o' gear too, one way or another; and his daughter Alice is a bonnie lassie, and canny too; and, to the best of all that, the best dancer in the whole strath.

WAV. Do you call her father an uncommon thief, then?

EVAN. No, no; he that steals a cow from a widow, or stirk from a cottar, is a thief; but he that lifts a drove from a Sassenach *laird is a gentleman* drover. And besides, to take a tree from the

forest, a salmon from the river, a deer from the hill, or a cow from a lowland strath, is what no Highlander need ever think shame upon.

WAV. Does your friend Donald confine himself to cattle, or does he *lift*, as you call it, any thing that comes in his way?

EVAN. Troth, he's nae nice body; and he'll just tak' ony thing, but most readily cattle, horse, or live Christians; for sheep are slow to travel, and inside plenishing is cumbrous to carry, and not easy to put away for silver in this country.

WAV. But does he carry off men and women?

EVAN. Out, ay. I'll tell you a pretty sport he played once:—There was to be a blithe bridal between the auld Lady Cramfeezer and young Gilliewhackit, who had spent his heirship and moveables, as a gentleman ought to do, on cock-matches, bull-baitings, horse-racings, and the like. Now, Donald being aware that the bridegroom was in request, and wanted to cleik the cunzie, that is, to hook the silver, he cunningly carried off Gilliewhackit one night when he was riding dovering hame, with the malt rather above the meal: so there was odd to do about a ransom, for Donald would not lower a farthing of a thousand pounds.

WAV. The devil! That was a large sum indeed.

EVAN. Punds Scottish, ye shall understand. Ay, there's muckle difference between punds Scottish and punds English. Weel, the auld lady hadna the silver, if she had pawned her gown; and they applied to the Governor of Stirling Castle, and to the Major o' the Black Watch; and the Governor said it was out o' his district; and the Major said his men were gane hame to the shearing, and he would not call them out again before the victual was got in, for all the Cramfeezers in Christendom.

WAV. Ha, ha, ha! But where will all this end, should Donald be taken?

EVAN. To be sure he would die for the law, as many a pretty man has dune afore him.

WAV. Die for the law?

EVAN. Ay; that is, with the law, or by the law; be strapped on the kind gallows of Crieff, where his father died, and where I hope he'll live to die himself, if he's not shot, or slashed in a creagh.

WAV. A singular death to hope for your friend!

EVAN. Would you have me wish him to die on a bundle of oat straw, in yon den of his, like a mangy tyke?

WAV. But in that case what becomes of the daughter you mentioned?

EVAN. Troth, if such an accident were to happen, I ken nought to hinder me to marry her myself.

WAV. Gallantly resolved. But in the meanwhile, I hope your father-in-law, that shall be, if he have the good fortune to be hanged, will restore the Baron's cattle?

EVAN. Hoot, dinna ye fear for that. I'se warrant they'll be in the pass of Bally-Brough, on their way back to the parks of Tully-Veolan, before the sun sinks ahint Ben-Lawers.

WAV. I thank you heartily, Sir, for all the information you have given me.—(*Bell rings.*)—The bell summons us. In the morning, by break of day, I shall be ready to accompany you on your return.

EVAN. Aweel, we maun start with the sun-rise. I'se warrant an ye once get into our country ye'll be in nae hurry to gang south again. To think that ye should never hae seen the braes of Bally-Brough, and the Highland Border, and the Laird's Castle at Glennaquoich. But what of that, it's no your ain fault. It's no every one has had sae much good fortune as to be born on the borders of Loch an Ri. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Another Apartment in the Baron's House.*

Enter ROSE *and* SAUNDERSON.

ROSE. Saunderson, let the coffee be prepared in my apartment; you know my father always prefers it there.

SAUND. Troth, Miss Rose, I doubt the Laird will be in nae hurry to rise frae the dinner table to-day. I hae filled the Bear already twice; and ye ken Balmawhapple and Killancureit are boys that will no think of stirring while they can swallow.

ROSE. But the presence of a stranger may induce them to have a little mercy on themselves for once; so, at all events, Saunderson, we must be ready for their reception.—(*Exit* SAUNDERSON.)—Dear Flora! Doubly I rejoice in the prospect of renewing our friendship. The quarrel between Fergus and my father was the only cloud that shadowed our felicity. It has proved a passing one, and I trust will never visit us again.

SONG.

Hearken, and I will tell you hoo
Young Muirland Willie came to woo,
Though he could neither say nor do—
The truth I tell to you:
But aye he cries, whate'er betide,
Maggy I'se ha'e to be my bride,
With a fal, dal, &c.

The maiden blush'd and bing'd fu' law;
She hadna will to say him na,
But to her daddy she left it a',
As they twa could agree.
The loon he gied her the tither kiss,
Syne ran to her daddy, and tell'd him this,
With a fal, dal, &c.

Your daughter wadna say me na,
But to yoursel' she's left it a',
As we could 'gree between us twa:
Sae, what'll ye gi'e me wi' her?
Now come, quoth he, I hae na meikle,
But sic's I hae, ye's get a pickle.
With a fal, dal, &c.

The bridal day it came to pass,
Wi' mony a blythesome lad and lass.
But siccan a day there never was—
Sic mirth was never seen.
And aye they bobbit, and aye they beck'd.
And aye they cross'd and merrily met,
With a fal, dal, &c.

[*Exit.*

SCENE V.—*Inside of Luckie Macleary's Changehouse.*

MRS MACLEARY *discovered arranging the apartment with two female servants.*

MRS M. There, there, that'll do, lasses. I think we ha'e gotten the apartment a' in due order at last. Ye may be assured there will be a call for plenty o' gude claret by-and-by. The old Baron has guests the day to dinner; and when did they ever take horse again, at Janet Macleary's, without stopping first for *deoch an doruis*, and may be a gill or twa on the top o' that. Gang your wa's, baith o' ye, and be ready when I ca'.

[*Exeunt both the girls.*

(*Noise of singing, &c., gradually approaching nearer.*)

Eh, mercy on us, there they come; and a' fou, as I'm a lone widow; troth they hae lost nae time about it.

Enter the BARON, BALMAWHAPPLE, KILLANCUREIT, MACWHEEBLE *drunk, and leading* WAVERLEY.

BAL. But I tell ye, Bradwardine, it wad be a disgrace to us all, and a disrespect to your friend and guest Captain—Captain, how do ye ca' him, Killan?—(*winks to* KILLANCUREIT)—gin we suffered ye to come to the end of your avenue, to Luckie Macleary's here, without taking *deoch an doruis:* sae nae mair about it; but here we are, and now to business.

KILLAN. Ay, ay, now to business.

WAV. (*Aside to the* BARON.) My dear Sir, I really—pray excuse me—but your *Blessed Bear* made his rounds so rapidly, that if I venture any more—

BARON. It's impossible to avoid it.

WAV. But I am unable to—

BARON. It's a national custom; and if ye don't, it will be

construed into a high misdemeanour against the *leges conviviales*, or regulations of genial compotation. And truly, I am sae rejoiced at your arrival, my good young friend, that I am e'en of opinion we should finish the evening as we began it, in right jovial cordiality and companionship.

BAL. Ay, ay, Bradwardine—nae arguments, but let's to business.

KILLAN. Ay, ay, let's to business.

BARON. Janet Macleary, ye auld Sybil—a stoup o' Bourdeaux. (*All sit round the table.*)

Enter MRS MACLEARY *with a large pewter jug.*

MRS MAC. Here, your honours—here's the *Tappit hen*, reamin' wi' excellent claret, just drawn frae the cask.

OMNES. Bravo!

BARON. Gentlemen, fill all round, while I crave your particular attention.

(*Proposes any popular Scots toast, which all drink with enthusiasm.*)

Now then, I beseech your hearing unto a military ariette, which was a particular favourite of the Marechal Duke of Berwick.

OMNES. Ay, ay, Bradwardine's song.

BARON. (*Sings*)—

Mon cœur volage, dit elle,
N'est pas pour vous garçon,
Est pour un homme de guerre,
Qui a barbe au menton.
Lon, lon, laridon.

Qui port chapeau a plume,
Soulier a rouge talon,
Qui joue de la flute,
Aussi de violon.
Lon, lon, laridon,

BAL. Damn the Mounseers, I say. I'll sing a song, composed by Gibby Gaethroughwi't, the piper of Cupar:

It's up Glenbarchan's braes I gaed,
And o'er the bent of Killiebraid,
And mony a weary cast I made,
To cuittle the moor-fowl's tail.

BARON. (*Trying to continue his song. Both sing together*)

BARON. Qui joue de la flute,
Aussi de violon.
Lon, lon, laridon.

BAL. If up a bonny black-cock should spring,
To whistle him down wi' a slug in his wing,
And strap him on to my lunzie string,
Right seldom would I fail.

There—there's a gude Scotch sang for ye, worth a' the *derry-dongs* o' France and Fifeshire to the boot of it.

BARON. (*Endeavouring to stifle his anger.*) Ye are gude aneugh to say sae, Sir; but I opine—

BAL. Damn the claret, I say—it's shilpit. Luckie Macleary, bring us a stoup o' brandy.

MRS M. Hear it's, your honour.

BAL. That's right, my woman.

BARON. Truly saith the old Roman,—*De gustibus non est disputandum.* And I tell ye, Sir—

BAL. Captain Waverley, fill a bumper o' brandy to a toast I am going to propose.

WAV. I shall pledge you with pleasure in claret, but brandy I am not accustomed to.

BAL. I canna suffer it, Sir; we are drinking brandy.

KILLAN. (*Very drunk.*) Yes; we are all drinking brandy.

WAV. But Sir, as a stranger—

BAL. Nane o' yer excuses, Sir. If I propose a toast in brandy, all must follow my example.

BARON. Craving yer pardon, Mr Falconer of Balmawhapple, that's a *non sequitur*—

BAL. You're anither, if ye come to that—I'm nae mair a sequitur than you. But I say if Captain Waverley refuses—

BARON. Ye force me to tell ye, Sir, that ye appear equally ignorant of ancient history and modern courtesy and manners.

WAV. Let me intreat you, Sir, to be patient. If Mr Falconer—

BARON. I crave you to be hushed, Captain Waverley. I am here *in loco parentis* to ye, and bound to see ye scathless. For you, Mr Falconer of Balmawhapple, I warn ye to let me see no more aberrations from the paths of good manners.

BAL. And I tell you, Mr Cosmo Comyne Bradwardine of Bradwardine and Tully-Veolan, that I'll make a moor-cock o' ony man that refuses to drink a toast in whatever I propose.

BARON. And I reply to you, Sir, that since ye are determined to convert a convivial meeting into a paraphrase of the Centaurs and Lapithæ, I'll tickle ye into better manners for the future.

(*Both draw and engage.* WAVERLEY, *in endeavouring to separate them, falls over* KILLANCUREIT, *who is making his exit under the table.*)

(MRS MACLEARY *and her two servants, who are armed with brooms, pokers, &c., &c., trying to separate them.*)

MRS M. Eh! Preserve us! Murder! murder! will yer honours slay each other here, and bring discredit on an honest widow's house, when there's a' the lea land in the country to fight upon? Here! Janet! Peggy! Down wi' their swords. Murder! murder!

(*Flings her plaid in the way of the combatants. The servants of the different parties enter, all drunk.—A general row.—Scene closes.*)

END OF ACT I.

Act Second.

SCENE I.—*The Hall in Fergus MacIvor's Castle.*

WAVERLEY *discovered with several letters before him.*

WAV. So, then, my actions and my motives are all misinterpreted. My visit to the Baron of Bradwardine, my residence here with Fergus Mac-Ivor, construed into disaffection—and, upon the misrepresentations of hidden accusers, my family is persecuted, and my name held up to public scorn and disgrace. But I will instantly return, and prove my innocence.—Yet, Flora, can I leave her, perhaps for ever—and leave her in uncertainty? No, no—I will at once seek an interview, and regulate my actions by the result.

Enter FERGUS.

FER. My dear Waverley, I fear, from the agitation of your manner, that your letters confirm the unpleasing intelligence I find in this paper.

WAV. What mean you, Fergus?

FER. You are superseded—here is the Gazette.

WAV. (*Takes the paper and reads.*) "Lieut. James Butler to be captain, vice Waverley superseded." 'Tis well—I can bear even this—but the malice of my secret enemies is rapid in its progress. 'Tis evidently a preconcerted plan to blacken my fame and degrade me in the eyes of the world.

FER. Then act accordingly, and think of just and speedy reparation.

WAV. Fergus, you are right—will you carry a message from me to my colonel, and oblige me for ever.

FER. 'Tis an act of friendship you should at once command *did I not* feel convinced it would be fruitless. Rather direct your *indignation against* higher game. I would have the blow fall on

the head, not on the hand. But here comes Flora—clear your moody brow, and trust to me to show you an honourable road to a swift and glorious revenge.

Enter FLORA.

FLORA. Brother, your bridal favours are all completed.

WAV. Indeed, do I hear you rightly! Fergus has kept his secret well, but I hope he will allow me to be his bridesman.

FLORA. That's a man's office indeed, but not yours, as Beatrice says.

WAV. And who, may I ask, is the fair lady of his choice?

FLORA. Did I not tell you long since that Fergus woo'd no bride but honour.

WAV. And am I then incapable of being his assistant in the pursuit of honour? Do I rank so low in your opinion?

FLORA. Far from it, Captain Waverley. I would to heaven you were of our determination, and made use of the expression which displeased you only,

> "Because you are not of our quality,
> But stand against us as an enemy.

FER. That time is passed, sister, and you may congratulate Edward Waverley, captain no longer, on being freed from the duties imposed by his late situation: And now, sister, replace his cockade with one of a more lively colour. I think it was the fashion for ladies in the olden time to arm and send forth the knights to high achievement.

FLORA. Most willingly, Fergus, would I enlist every high-minded gentleman in the cause to which my brother has devoted himself. With you the call is sacred, were it even a summons to the tomb; but how can I wish Mr Waverley, so new to the world, so far from every friend that might advise, and ought to influence him—in a moment too, of pique and indignation, how can I wish him to plunge at once into so desperate an enterprise!

FER. Well, Flora, I own I can scarcely comprehend your delicate casuistry. But I must go to look after my military preparations, and shall leave you to discuss the point with Mr Waverley. (*Aside to* FLORA.) You know the importance of his accession to our cause; he is already half won. Your influence may decide him. [*Exit.*

FLORA. My brother is unjust, because he can bear no interruption which seems to thwart his loyal zeal.

WAV. And do you not share his ardour?

FLORA. Do I not?—Mine exceeds his if that be possible; but I am not transported beyond consideration of the grand principles of truth and justice on which our enterprise ought to

be grounded. To operate upon your present feelings—to urge you to an irretrievable step, of which you have not considered either the propriety or the danger, would, in my poor judgment, be neither the one nor the other.

WAV. Incomparable Flora! How much do I need such a monitor!

FLORA. A better one Mr Waverley will always find in his own bosom whenever he will give its still small voice leisure to be heard.

WAV. But might I deign to hope you would be, to me, that affectionate, that condescending friend who would strengthen me to redeem my errors, my future life—I fear my audacity offends; but since I have broken the barrier of silence, let me profit by it—might I, with your permission, mention to your brother—

FLORA. Oh no—not for the world!

WAV. I fear the shortness of our acquaintance.—Let time—let my future conduct—let the influence of Fergus—

FLORA. Forgive me, Mr Waverley, but I cannot affect ignorance of your meaning, or leave you a single moment in doubt upon my sentiments. I have never thought with reference to the present subject—and I should incur my own heavy censure did I delay expressing my strong conviction that I never can regard you otherwise than as a valued friend.—I see I distress you, and I grieve for it; but better, oh, better a thousand times that you should feel a momentary disappointment, than the long and heart-sickening griefs which attend a rash and ill-assorted marriage.

WAV. But why should you anticipate such consequences from a union where birth is equal, where fortune is ample, and where you even express a favourable opinion of him you reject?

FLORA. Because, from my earliest infancy to the present hour, every feeling of my heart, every faculty of my mind, has been concentrated in one object, one wish, one passion—the restoration of my royal benefactors. 'Tis not the mere cold sense of duty that inspires me; I am bound by every tie of gratitude, by every bond of personal affection. Oh! let me live to hail the hour of their return, and an English palace, a French convent, or a Highland cottage would be alike indifferent to Flora Mac-Ivor.

WAV. But how, dearest Flora, how is this zeal incompatible with my happiness? Rather say, at once, you cannot grant me your affection, and I will learn to bear my disappointment.

FLORA. Oh, do not, let me intreat you, do not, for your own sake, desire so hazardous an experiment as marriage with a woman whose feelings and opinions are not exclusively moulded *upon yours.* Her studies ought to be your studies—her wishes, *her thoughts, her hopes,* her fears, should all mingle with yours.

She should live but for your happiness—enhance your pleasures —share your sorrows—and cheer your melancholy.

WAV. And why will not you, who can so well describe a happy union, why will not you yourself be the person you describe?

FLORA. Is it possible you do not yet comprehend me? Have I not told you that every keener sensation of my mind is bent exclusively towards an event, upon which, indeed, I have no power but that of my earnest prayers.

WAV. But my family is wealthy and powerful, inclined in principles to the same cause, and should a favourable opportunity——

FLORA. A favourable opportunity! Inclined in principles! Can such lukewarm adherence be honourable to yourselves, or serviceable to the cause you would espouse? Think, from my present feelings, what I should suffer when I became a member of a family where the rights I hold most sacred are subjected to cold discussion, and only deemed worthy of support when on the point of triumphing without it.

WAV. Your suspicions are unjust, as far as concerns myself. The cause that I shall assert I dare support through every danger, as undauntedly as the boldest who draws a sword in it.

FLORA. Of that I doubt not for a moment. And now, Mr Waverley, one word more, ere we bid farewell to this topic for ever. Forgive my boldness if it should have the air of advice. The awful crisis is fast approaching, and my brother Fergus is anxious that you should join him in the enterprise. Do not consent to this. You could not, by your single exertions, promote his success, and you would inevitably share his fall if it be decreed that fall he must. Return to your own happy country—release yourself publicly from every tie that fetters your free actions; and I trust you will see cause, and find opportunity, to serve your injured sovereign with effect, and stand forth, supported by your natural followers, the worthy representative of an ancient house, whose ancestors were ever foremost at the call of honour and of justice.

[*Exit.*

WAV. Incomparable woman! This lofty enthusiasm of character increases my admiration, while it destroys my hopes. But I am now decided; I will take leave of Fergus, and depart instantly.

Enter FERGUS.

FER. Joy, joy, my dear Edward! The news so long expected is arrived at last; the Prince is landed.

WAV. The Prince! Can it be possible?

FER. I have just received an express. He landed at Moidart with only a few attendants, and is now on the route to Edinburgh,

supported by several powerful chieftains. In a few minutes I march to join him at the head of my clan; and it shall go hard but we'll lodge him in the old Palace of Holyrood before the world is a week older.

WAV. My dear Fergus, I sympathise with your enthusiastic joy; but strong reasons press me, and I must instantly return to England.

FER. You are mad, Edward. You run your head into the lion's mouth; you are already an object of suspicion. I shall have to deliver you from some dungeon in Stirling or Edinburgh Castle. Stay with us; hesitate no longer; become an adopted son of the race of Ivor, and join heart and hand in the bravest cause that ever sword was drawn in!

WAV. No, Fergus. First I must prove my innocence, and then I hold myself free to act as honour and as conscience dictate. At whatever hazard, I must begone on the instant.

FER. You are determined?

WAV. I am.

FER. Then I press you no further. But you can't travel a-foot. You shall have brown Dermid. I want no horse, as I march at the head of the children of Ivor. Callum Beg!—

Enter CALLUM.

Put on a lowland dress, and attend Mr Waverley as far as the village of Cairnvreckan. Keep your tongue close, as you would not have me cut it out.—(*Exit* CALLUM.)—You will take leave of Flora?

WAV. I have done so already. Farewell, dear Fergus! I trust we shall meet again.

FER. Ay, Edward, and in triumph. I doubt not our success. Get home—write letters—make friends—as many, and as fast as you can, and you may soon greet Fergus Mac-Ivor by a prouder title.—(*Exit* WAVERLEY. *Distant march.*)—Hark! Ah! 'tis the pibroch of my clan! The sound inspires me.

Enter FLORA.

FLORA. My dear, dear Fergus!

FER. The hour is come, Flora. The standard of our native prince floats over the mountains of Scotland—the sword is drawn, and we must throw away the scabbard. There is no medium now between complete success and total ruin. The throw is for life or death, a coronet or a coffin.—(FLORA *sinks on her brother's shoulder.*)—How is this, Flora? Do you droop when we should triumph?

FLORA. Forgive my momentary weakness, I am half ashamed of it myself; but the fears of the woman prevail over the boasted *courage of the heroine.* I know it is what I long have prayed for,

yet I cannot conquer all the sad forebodings which cling around my heart. Should I lose my brother, what will be poor Flora's fate?

FER. Courage, courage, my dear sister! banish all gloomy thoughts. My heart is gay and light, my arm is strong and willing, and, cheerful as a bridegroom at the marriage feast, I enter on the bold career which fate has decreed for me.—(*March nearer.*)—Hark! the clan approaches. My sword and target there! Come, dearest Flora! For a few days alone we separate; and, when we meet again, the halls of Holyrood shall echo back our shouts of victory. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Court in front of the Castle.*

Grand March, with bagpipes and other military instruments, commences as soon as the scene changes.—The Clan march on, led by EVAN MACCOMBICH, *and other officers.—The Royal Standard displayed, and also the banners of the clan.—They draw up on each side, and, as the march ceases,* FERGUS, *completely armed, with sword, target, &c., and* FLORA, *with female Attendants, enter from the gates in centre.—Loud shouts at their appearance.*

FER. Is all prepared for our departure?

EVAN. All. We wait alone our chief to lead us.

FER. Set forward then, at once, my gallant friends. The day we long have panted for at length has dawned upon us; the standard is unfurled, which we have sworn to follow to glorious victory or honourable death. Words cannot speak the joy, the pride, which swells my heart, to see you here united at your chieftain's call. Strike firmly for the glory of your name!—Farewell, dearest Flora! Be hope and confidence your watch-word! Warriors of Ivor, march! and rouse the echoes of our native hills with the proud war-song of the clan!

GRAND CHORUS WITH MILITARY INSTRUMENTS.

Awake on your hills, on your islands awake,
Brave sons of the mountain, the frith, and the lake!
'Tis the bugle—but not for the chase is the call;
'Tis the pibroch's shrill summons—but not to the hall.

Be the brand of each warrior like Fin's in his ire!
May the blood through his veins run like currents of fire!
At once burst the yoke as your sires did of yore,
Or die like your sires, and endure it no more.

(FERGUS *again embraces* FLORA, *who retires into the Castle—He places himself at the head of the Clan, who march out, and the Chorus is continued in the distance as the scene closes.*)

SCENE III.—*Outside of a Public House in a small Village—the sign of the Seven-branched Golden Candlestick.*

Enter CALLUM BEG *and* WAVERLEY.

CAL. Here's the public, yer honour; and, nae doubt, ye'll get a horse and a guide baith here. But if yer honour pleases, dinna say a word anent Vich Ian Vohr; for ta people in the village are nae friendly to us, ta deil burst them.

WAV. I shall observe your caution, Callum.—(*Goes up to the door and knocks.*)

Enter EBENEZER CRUICKSHANKS.

CRUICK. What's yer wull, Sir?

WAV. Refreshment in the first place, and a guide and horse to carry me to Edinburgh.

CRUICK. And whare may ye be coming frae?

WAV. I have told you where I wish to go. That I should think is sufficient, both for my guide and his horse.

CRUICK. Hem! ahem! yes, Sir—ye sae true. But these are kittle times; and these uncanny folk abroad, and—

WAV. My good friend, if you cannot let me have a horse and guide, my servant shall seek them elsewhere.

CRUICK. Aweel, your servant—and what for gangs he no forward wi' you himself?

WAV. Lookye, friend; I came here for my own accommodation, and not to answer impertinent questions. Either say at once you can or cannot get me what I want. I shall pursue my course in either case.

CRUICK. Weel, weel, yer honour. Dinna fash, I mean nae harm. First step into the house, and I'll see about it. Marion—gudewife, I say! see to the gentleman, and gi'e him what he calls for.

WAV. Be as speedy as possible; for I wish to pursue my journey immediately.—(*Exit into the house.* CALLUM *is following* —CRUICKSHANKS *stops him.*)

CRUICK. Eh!—ye'll be frae the north, young man?

CAL. (*Aside*) Aha, lad! (*To* CRUICK.)—And ye may say that.

CRUICK. And ye'll ha'e come a long way the day, it may weel be?

CAL. Sae lang that I would weel tak' a dram.

CRUICK. Here, gudewife—bring the gill-stoup.—(*Goes in, and returns with a bottle and glass.*)

CAL. Here's to ye, my man. It's braw and gude, sure aneugh: I'll e'en tak' anither.

CRUICK. Ye'll no ha'e muckle better whisky than that abune *the pass?*

CAL. I am no frae abune the pass.

CRUICK. Ye're a Highlandman, by your tongue.

CAL. Na—I'm but just Aberdeen-a-way.

CRUICK. And did your master come from Aberdeen with you?

CAL. Ay—that's when I left it mysel'.

CRUICK. And what kind of a gentleman is he?

CAL. A real braw gentleman. Ye are devilish curious, my friend. I believe he's ane o' King George's state officers—at least aye for ganging on to the south. And he has a hantle siller; and never grudges ony thing to a puir body, or in the way of lawing.

CRUICK. He wants a horse and guide frae this to Edinburgh.

CAL. Ay—and ye maun find it him forthwith.

CRUICK. Ahem! It will be chargeable.

CAL. He cares-na for that a bodle.

CRUICK. Aweel, Duncan—did ye say your name was Duncan or Donald?

CAL. Na man—Jamie—Jamie Steenson—I telt ye before. But gi'e us anither dram, for I am dry wi' answering sae mony o' yer questions.

CRUICK. Aweel, I believe I must just saddle my ain beast, and gang wi' the gentleman mysel'. Bide ye here a wee, my lad, and I'll be back in a minute.—(*Aside.*)—Ye'll no travel very far the day, friend, or I am out o' my reckoning. [*Exit.*

CAL. Ta foul fa' ye wi' your questions for a lang-tongued auld fule. But ye ha'enna made muckle out o' Callum Beg.

Enter WAVERLEY *from the house.*

WAV. Well, Callum, has your host attended to my orders?

CAL. Ta auld deevil is ganging to ride wi' the Duinhe-wassel hersel'.

WAV. That will be neither pleasant nor altogether safe, for he seems to overflow with curiosity; but travellers must submit to these inconveniences. Meanwhile, my good lad, you had better return, and here's a trifle for you to drink Vich Ian Vohr's health. (*Gives him a guinea.*)

CAL. Mony thanks to yer honour. Ta teil tak' ta Saxon *spleuchan*, I canna get ta gowd in till it—(*Comes up to* WAVERLEY, *and speaks in a low tone*)—but if yer honour thinks the auld deevil of a whig carle a wee bit dangerous, she can easily provide for him, and teil ane ta wiser.

WAV. How, and in what manner?

CAL. Her ain sel' could wait for him a wee bit frae the town, and kittle his quarters wi' her *skene-occle*.

WAV. Skene-occle! what's that?

CAL. Just this, your honour.

(*Unbuttons his coat, and produces a long dirk.*)

WAV. Good heavens! Callum, would you take the man's life?

CAL. Indeed, and I think he has had just a lang aneugh lease o't, when he's for betraying honest folk that come to spend siller at his public.

WAV. Callum, I command you to abandon all idea of such violence.

CAL. Aweel—ta Duinhe-wassel may please hersel'. Ta auld rudas loon never did Callum nae ill; but tak' ye heed that he plays yer honour nae cantrips. Sae gude day, and mony thanks to ye, and a braw journey, and lang life to yer honour and Vich Ian Vohr. [*Exit.*

Enter CRUICKSHANKS, *cautiously, with* MUCKLEWRATH, *drunk, and armed with a long iron bar, and several Peasants with sticks, pitch-forks, &c.* WAVERLEY *has his back turned to them.*

CRUICK. I tell ye, I kenn'd the lad weel that's with him, and I ha'e seen him afore attending on Vich Ian Vohr. It's as much as our heads are worth to let him pass. I'll warrant him some great rebel in disguise, so we are bound to seize him in the king's name.

MUCKLE. Ay, we are bound to seize him in the king's name.

WAV. (*Advancing.*) Well, my friend, have you procured me the horse and guide as I desired?

CRUICK. I go with your honour myself as far as Perth, but the nag wants a shoe, and I ha'e brought John Mucklewrath the smith to see to it.

WAV. Then lose no time, I beg of you.

CRUICK. You see his hurry to get off. (*Aside to* MUCKLE.)

MUCKLE. It's quite suspicious.

(*Noise and shouts of a mob without.* MARGERY MUCKLEWRATH *sings—"Charlie is my darling," &c.*)

MUCKLE. My wife, as I'm a sinner! I should ken her sweet voice amongst a thousand.

Enter MARGERY MUCKLEWRATH, *singing and dancing, and followed by a crowd of male and female Peasants.*

MAR. (*Sings.*)

Charlie is my darling, my darling, my darling,
Charlie is my darling,
The young Chevalier.

D'ye hear what's coming ower ye now, ye whingeing carles? D'ye hear wha's coming to cow yer cracks? (*Sings.*)

Little wot ye wha's coming,
Little wot ye wha's coming,
A' the wild Macraws are coming.

CRUICK. Whisht, whisht, gudewife; is this a time to be singing your ranting fule sangs in?

MAR. Why, ye cut-lugged graining carle ye, the lads wi' the kilts are coming, and wha cares for ye now; and wha cares for your stool of repentance now? Vengeance on the black face o't! mony an honest woman has been set upon't. Havena I mysel'—

MUCKLE. Gae hame, woman—gae hame, and be d——, (that I should say sae,) and put on the sowens for supper.

MAR. And you, ye doil'd dotard—ye'll stand a' the day yonder up by at yer forge, hammering dog heads for fules that will never snap them aff at a Highlandman, instead of earning bread for your family, and shoeing a horse for this winsome young gentleman that's just come frae the north. I'se warrant him a gallant Gordon at the least o' him.

WAV. My good friend, let me intreat you to shoe the horse at once, and let me be gone. My journey is of the utmost consequence, and every moment's delay injurious to me.

MAR. Do you hear what the weel-favoured young gentleman says, ye drunken ne'er-do-gude?

MUCKLE. Keep the woman quiet, neighbours, till I question him. What may your name be, Sir!

WAV. It is of no consequence to you, my friend, provided I pay your labour.

MUCKLE. But it may be of consequence to the king and state. I doubt ye are little better than a rebel; and we are bound to delay your journey till we have seen the laird.

WAV. You will find it both difficult and dangerous to detain me, unless you can produce some proper authority.

CRUICK. Perhaps it's the Chevalier himself! Here's an opportunity of making our fortunes! (*Aside to* MUCKLE.)

MUCKLE. Seize him, neighbours, in the king's name. We don't mean any harm, so submit quietly, or we'll knock your brains out.

MAR. Will ye? Will ye dare to molest ony gentleman that's the Prince's friend? I dare ye all to touch him! I'll set my ten commandments in the face o' the first loon that lays a finger on him.

CRUICK. Gae hame, gudewife, gae hame. It wad better set ye to be nursing the gudeman's bairns than to be deaving us here.

MAR. His bairns! his bairns! (*Sings.*)

O gin ye were dead, gudeman,
And a green turf on your head, gudeman,
Then I would ware my widowhood
Upon a ranting Highlandman.

MUCKLE. The deil be in me but I'll put this het gad down yer throat.

CRUICK. (*Holding him.*) Patience, neebor, patience. Dinna mind a woman's havers. For ye—(*To* WAVERLEY)—Sir, if ye are no friend to kirk and king, whilk I doubt mickle, and are detained as a suspicious person, ye maun be taken afore the magistrate. So, seize hold o' him, neighbours, while I gang and acquaint the laird. [*Exit.*

WAV. (*Drawing a pistol.*) Hold one moment! I tell you again I am a peaceable and well-disposed subject, journeying on my own private affairs. I seek contest with no one, but am determined to resist all unlawful authority. The first man who approaches to detain me does it at his own proper peril. Make way, I say, and let me pass.

(*The Mob shout—"Seize him, seize him!"—"Down with him!" &c., and rush on* WAVERLEY. *In the struggle his pistol goes off, and* MUCKLEWRATH *falls.* WAVERLEY *is seized.*)

MAR. Eh! preserve us! my poor gudeman! He's murdered! he's murdered—and I'm a lonesome widow all in a moment!

WAV. I call you all to witness it was in self-defence. Unfortunate man! I trust his wound is not dangerous.

MAR. Raise him, neebors. How's a' wi' ye, John? Yer no dead?

MUCKLE. I'm no just very sure about it. Where is the bloodthirsty rebel? Hold him fast, friends—hold him fast. I accuse him of wilful murder. I doubt I'm a dead man. Awa' wi' him up to the laird's. Awa' wi' him, I say.

(WAVERLEY *struggles with the mob, who hurry him out, with loud and confused shouting, followed by* MUCKLEWRATH *and his wife.*)

SCENE IV.—*An Apartment in Major Melville's house.*

MAJOR MELVILLE *seated at a Table covered with Papers. A Clerk and* CRUICKSHANKS *attending.*

MAJOR M. I have taken down your deposition, Sir. Let the gentleman be conducted here immediately, but use no violence.

(*Shouts without—"Bring him along," &c.*)

You may retire, Sir; I shall examine him privately.

CRUICK. But the reward, yer honour, for injury and loss of *time, and for* eminent services to kirk and state in attaching this *suspicious and formi*dable delinquent?

MAJOR M. That's as it may turn out, Sir. The result of my investigation will prove the magnitude of your services.

(*Shouts again without.*)

Enter a SERVANT.

SER. A large party of country people, Sir, have brought a gentleman in custody into the court yard.

MAJOR M. Let him be brought before me in charge of the proper officers. (*To* CRUCK.)—Be pleased to retire, Sir; and let the villagers go quietly to their own homes.

[*Exit* CRUICK. *and* SERV.

Enter WAVERLEY, *guarded by three or four Constables.*

MAJOR M. The distracted state of the country, Sir, compels me to make a minute inquiry into the causes of your present journey.

WAV. To you, Sir, as a magistrate, I am ready to answer any questions you may think proper to put.

MAJOR M. May I request, then, to know your name?

WAV. Edward Waverley.

MAJOR M. Indeed!—(*Takes a paper from the table.*)—Late of Gardiner's dragoons, and nephew to Sir Everard Waverley of Waverley-Honour?

WAV. The same.

MAJOR M. I am extremely sorry, young gentleman, that this painful duty has fallen to my lot.

WAV. Duty, Major Melville, renders apologies superfluous. I request to know, at once, of what I am accused, and the authority upon which I am forcibly detained?

MAJOR M. The authority, Sir, is one which you must not dispute, nor I disobey. A warrant from the Supreme Criminal Court of Scotland, in full form, for apprehending and securing the person of Edward Waverley, Esq., suspected of treasonable practices, and other high crimes and misdemeanours.—(*Hands him the paper.*)—Can that be the astonishment of conscious guilt?

WAV. And why not, Sir, the natural surprise of innocence unjustly suspected? But where are my accusers? produce the evidence against me—I am ready to confront it on the instant.

MAJOR M. It will appear in fitting place and time. But you will not, I presume, deny that you have, for some time past, resided with Mr Bradwardine, and Mac-Ivor of Glennaquoich, both of whom are now openly in arms against the established government.

WAV. I see, Sir, the inference you would draw from this. It will avail me little to reply here. You appear convinced of my

guilt. Enjoy, then, your opinion: heaven and my own conscience bear evidence with me that your suspicions are unjust, and I see no reason why I should answer any further questions.

MAJOR M. Allow me to remind you of one reason which might suggest the propriety of an open confession. You are young and inexperienced, and may have been entrapped by the artful and designing. You must be acquainted with the strength of the parties who have assumed arms, their means and their plans. Impart candidly to me your knowledge on these heads, and I pledge myself that a very short personal restraint will be the only ill consequences of your accession to these unhappy intrigues.

WAV. Major Melville, since that is your name, I have hitherto replied to you with temper, because your questions concerned myself alone. But, as you presume to esteem me mean enough to commence informer against others, who, whatever may be their public misconduct, received me as a guest and friend—I declare to you, that I consider your questions as an insult infinitely more offensive than your calumnious suspicions. Since my hard fortune permits me no other mode of resenting them than by defiance, you should sooner have my heart out of my bosom than a single syllable of information upon subjects which I could only become acquainted with in the full confidence of unsuspecting hospitality.

MAJOR M. I admire your spirit, Mr Waverley, but lament that duty compels me to be prompt and severe. You must instantly depart in charge of a proper escort to Stirling Castle.—(*Rings a bell.*)

Enter SERVANT.

Request Mr Gilfillan to speak with me—(*Exit* SERV.)—You shall be treated with no incivility, Sir; and I shall rejoice to hear that you are able to clear yourself. (*Sits down to write.*)

Enter GILFILLAN.

Mr Gilfillan, may I request you to take charge of a state prisoner as far as Stirling Castle?

GIL. Yea.

MAJOR M. Your party, I presume, is ready to march?

GIL. Yea.

MAJOR M. What may your force be?

GIL. Twenty and three.

MAJOR M. Humph! The escort is not so strong as I expected.

GIL. Some of the people hungered and were athirst by the *way, and tarried* till they were refreshed.

MAJOR M. Let me remind you, Sir, that you are to treat this

gentleman with no unnecessary rigour; but, as you are to deliver him, with these papers, into the hands of Governor Blakeney at Stirling, pray observe some rules of military discipline upon your march. For example, to prevent surprise, keep your men close together, and let each cover his file-leader, instead of straggling like geese upon a common.

GIL. (*Looks at* MAJOR MELVILLE, *and then takes out a paper, which he deliberately reads.*) I have looked into my commission, subscribed by a worthy and professing nobleman, William, Earl of Glencairn, nor do I find it therein set down that I am to receive any charges or commands, anent my doings, from Major William Melville of Cairnvreckan.

MAJOR M. Oh, Mr Gilfillan, I beg ten thousand pardons for presuming to interfere with a person of your importance—(*Aside.*)—A consequential blockhead! Six grenadiers of Ligonier's would send him and his whole party to the right-about. I'll detain you no longer, Sir. Mr Waverley, I am truly sorry for this business; but, I trust, when you are again in this country, I may have an opportunity of rendering Cairnvreckan more agreeable than circumstances have permitted on this occasion.

SCENE V.—*An extensive heath interspersed with thickets of furze and brushwood—Moonlight—The village in the distance.*

Enter CALLUM BEG *cautiously, disguised as a Pedlar.*

CAL. A' gangs right—Now for the signal.—(*Whistles, and several Highlanders rise up from behind the brushwood.*)—They're coming, lads—lie close—wait till I whistle the third time, and then at them with the claymore. Ye keen weel the rest ye are to do; but mind ye dinna harm the Saxon gentleman. See to that; for if a hair o' his head's singit, I wadna just be very sure but Vich Ian Vohr will hang up the haill clanjamfray. I hear them coming—down wi' ye.—(*The Highlanders conceal themselves.*)

Enter GILFILLAN *marching at the head of his party, with* WAVERLEY, *prisoner*—CALLUM *places himself directly in his way.*

GIL. How now, friend? What may ye be, and what for do ye stand directly in the road?

CAL. (*Assuming a Lowland dialect.*) I'm just a puir pedlar, yer honour, that's bound for Stirling, and craves the protection of yer honour's party, in thae kittle times.

GIL. Friend, honour not me. I do not go about to park-dykes, and to steadings, and to market towns, to have herds, and cottars, and burghers, pull off their bonnets to me, as they do to Major Melville o' Cairnvreckan, and ca' me laird, and worship,

and honour. Nor do I delight to be called captain, though I have the subscribed commission of William, Earl of Glencairn, in whilk I am so designated. While I live I am and will be called Habakkuk Gilfillan, who will stand up for the Kirk and the King as lang as he has a plack in his purse or a drap o' bluid in his body.

CAL. Ah, your worship! I have seen your land about Mauchlin—a fertile spot—and siccan a breed of cattle is not in any laird's land in Scotland.

GIL. Ye say right, friend—ye say right. They are the real Lancashire; and there's no the like o' them even at the Mains of Kilmaurs. Ye say right—ye appear to have intelligence, and ye shall willingly ha'e the protection of the party. Come yer wa's wi' us, and I'll expound to ye—

CAL. Mony thanks to yer honour; but whare the deevil's the bit doggie.—(*Whistles.*)

GIL. Hout, friend, ne'er mind the doggie. I canna waste time in looking for a useless cur.

CAL. Mony thanks to yer honour again, and a moment's patience. The wee bit doggie is no that useless as ye may imagine.—(*Whistles again.*)

GIL. Friend, ye are insolent, and I doubt I am mistaken in you.

CAL. It's no impossible, yer honour. But, nevertheless, I shall just e'en tak' leave to whistle again upon puir Bawty.

(CALLUM *whistles very loudly—The Highlanders spring up, and rush on the party of* GILFILLAN, *shouting "Claymore!"—They extricate* WAVERLEY, *who is instantly surrounded, and carried off*—CALLUM *throws off his disguise, seizes a musket, and knocks down* GILFILLAN *with the butt end—The whole of the party are overpowered—The scene closes immediately.*)

END OF ACT II.

Act Third.

SCENE I.—*The Gallery in Holyrood House.*

Enter an OFFICER *with a guard of Highlanders and* WAVERLEY.

OFFICER. Here, Sir, I am ordered to conduct you. In a few moments all your surprise will be at an end.

[*Exit.*

WAV. Mystery thickens on me. I shall indeed rejoice when it is unravelled. Unless through the kind offices of my friend Fergus, I cannot conceive how I have been liberated, and why with such haste and secrecy I have been conducted here.

Enter FERGUS.

FER. Said the Highland prophet sooth, or must the second sight go for nothing?

WAV. (*Turning round.*) Fergus!

FER. A thousand welcomes to Holyrood! Did I not tell you we should prosper, and that you would fall into the hands of the Philistines if you parted from us?

WAV. My dear Fergus, it is long since I have heard the voice of a friend; and yours is doubly welcome in this moment. But where is Flora?

FER. Safe, and a triumphant spectator of our success.

WAV. In this place?

FER. Ay, in this city at least; and you shall see her. But first I must introduce you to a friend whom you little think of, and who has been frequent in his inquiries after you.

Procession—Military Music—Grand March—Enter Highland Clans with their respective Banners, Officers, &c., Chieftains, Noblemen, and last of all, PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD STUART—*The music ceases when* PRINCE CHARLES *comes to the front of the stage.*

FER. Allow me to present to your Royal Highness—

CHARLES. The descendant of one of the most ancient and honourable families in England. I beg your pardon, my dear Mac-Ivor, but no master of the ceremonies is necessary to present a Waverley to a Stuart.—(*Offers his hand to* WAVERLEY, *who kneels and kisses it.*)—I am sorry to understand that, owing to circumstances not easily avoided, you have been subjected to some restraint during your journey here. But, situated as we are at present, it is difficult to know our real friends; and I am yet uncertain whether I can class Mr Waverley among that number?

WAV. Your Royal Highness will pardon me, if I—

CHARLES. I desire to gain no adherents from any motives but affection and conviction. If, Sir, you incline to prosecute your journey south, you shall have my passport, and free permission to do so. But if Mr Waverley should, like his ancestor Sir Nigel, determine to embrace a cause which has so little to recommend it, and follow a prince who throws himself upon the affections of his people to recover the throne of his ancestors or perish in the attempt, I can only say that among these noblemen and gentlemen he will find worthy associates in a gallant enterprise, and will serve a master who may be unfortunate, but I trust will never be ungrateful.

WAV. (*Aside.*) I cannot, I ought not to hesitate a moment longer. (*To the Prince.*)—If your Royal Highness can deem me worthy of your notice, from this moment, the sword, the heart of Edward Waverley are devoted to your service.

(*Kneels*—CHARLES EDWARD *raises and embraces him.*)

CHARLES. Not thus—not in this humble posture—Next to my heart let me receive the pledge of loyalty and friendship. And now, Mr Waverley, we will at once admit you into our confidence. The gallantry of my brave Highlanders has already lodged me in the Palace of Holyrood—the enemy, we understand, are collecting in the neighbourhood in force superior to any we can at present bring against them. The Council is divided in opinion whether it were best to fall back towards the mountains, till fresh succours arrive from France, or at once march boldly forward, and trust our cause to the event of battle. Will you favour us with your advice in these arduous circumstances?

WAV. I cannot presume to offer my opinion as derived from military experience; but that decision will best accord with mine which shall first afford me an opportunity of evincing my zeal in your Royal Highness's service.

CHARLES. Spoken like a Waverley! And that your situation may in some degree correspond with your name, allow me to present you with the rank of major, and the advantage of acting as one of my aides-de-camp, till you are attached to a regiment.

WAV. Your Royal Highness will, I trust, forgive me, if I decline accepting any rank until the time and place when I may have interest to raise a body of men myself. In the meanwhile, I request permission to serve as a volunteer under my friend Fergus Mac-Ivor.

CHARLES. At least, then, allow me the pleasure of arming you after the Highland fashion.—(*Presents him his sword.*)—The blade is a genuine Andrea Ferrara, and has been a sort of heirloom in our family; but I am convinced I put it into better hands than my own. Fergus, you must have much to say to your friend—I will detain you no longer from your private conversa-

tion, but remember we expect you both to attend us in the evening. It may perhaps be the last night we shall enjoy in these halls; and, as we go to the field with a clear conscience, we will spend the eve of battle merrily. Forward, gentlemen, to the council chamber.

[*Exit with Procession—Music till they are off.*

FER. Well, Edward, how do you like him?

WAV. A prince to live and die under!

FER. I knew you would think so. But he has a difficult part to play, and his foreign officers are but sorry advisers. But you did right to refuse the situation of aide-de-camp; it would only have made you enemies. Patience, cousin, and shuffle the cards. It is all very well for the present; and we must now get you properly equipped for the evening, for, to say the truth, your outward man is scarcely fit for a court. You shall soon be transformed into a complete son of Ivor.

WAV. Yes, my shooting jacket has seen some service since I left you. But now, my dear Fergus, you may find time to tell me something of Flora?

FER. Why, I can only tell you she is well, and you will see her this evening.

BARON. (*Without.*) But I aver to you, my friend, it is a total dereliction of all military discipline; and were you not, as it were, a mere tyro, you would deserve *castigatio et flagellatio.*

FER. Here comes our old friend the Baron. He will be delighted to see you.

Enter BARON.

BARON. My dear young friend, I rejoice doubly in this unexpected meeting. First, because you are safe; and, secondly, because, as I am given to understand, you are now one of us. But how is this, Mr Waverley? I should have deemed that the nephew of my old friend, before destining himself to any particular service in the army of the Prince, would have inquired what rank the Baron of Bradwardine held there, and whether, in his regiment of horse——

WAV. My dear Sir, nothing could have given me such pleasure as to have enrolled myself under your commands; but I was obliged to reply at once to the Prince's proposal, and ignorant whether you were here, or engaged upon service elsewhere. But Miss Bradwardine? She is, I trust, well, and in safety?

BARON. She is here; and I should propose to you to walk as far as my quarters in the Luckenbooths, and to admire, in your passage, the High Street, whilk I opine to be, beyond a shadow of dubitation, finer than any street either in London or Paris; but Rose, poor thing, is sorely discomposed with the firing of the Castle, though I *have* proved to her, from Blondel and Coe-

horn, that it is impossible a bullet can reach these buildings: and besides, I have it in charge from the Prince to go to the leaguer, or camp of our army, and see that the men do *conclamare vasa*, that is, truss up their bag and baggage for to-morrow's march.

FER. That will be very easily done by most of us, Baron.

BARON. Craving your pardon, Colonel Mac-Ivor, it will not be done quite so easily as you seem to opine. I grant, most of your people left the Highlands expedited, as it were, and free from the incumbrance of baggage; but it is unspeakable the quantity of useless sprechery they have collected on their march. I saw one fellow of yours, craving your pardon again, with a pier glass upon his back.

FER. (*Laughing.*) Ay, he would have told you, if you had questioned him, "A ganging foot is aye getting." But come, my dear Baron, you know, as well as I, that a hundred Uhlans, or a single troop of Pandours, would make more havoc in a country than the knight of the mirror, and all the rest of the clans put together.

BARON. And that is very true likewise. They are, as the heathen author says. *ferociores in aspectu, mitiores in actu*—of a horrid and grim visage, but more benign in demeanour than their physiognomy or aspect might infer. But I stand here talking to you two youngsters, when I should be in the King's Park.

FER. But you will dine with me and Waverley? I assure you, Baron, though I can live like a Highlander when needs must, I remember my Paris education, and understand perfectly *faire la meilleure chere.*

BARON. And wha the deevil doubts it when you bring only the cookery, and the good town must furnish the materials? But have with you lads—the vivers perhaps can't wait, and I can visit the camp after dinner. *Carpe diem*, as the old Roman says—live while you may. An old soldier has always a good appetite, and a light heart on the eve of a battle. Come along boys.

[*Exeunt—the* BARON *humming a French military air.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in Mrs Flockhart's House in Edinburgh.*

Enter MRS FLOCKHART *and* EVAN.

MRS. F. But will ye fight wi' Sir John Cope the morn, Ensign Maccombich?

EVAN. Troth I'se ensure him, an he bide us, Mrs Flockhart.

MRS F. And will ye face thae tearing chields, the dragoons, Ensign Maccombich?

EVAN. Claw for claw, as Conan said to Satan, Mrs Flockhart; *and the devil take* the shortest nails.

MRS F. And will the Colonel venture on the bagganets himself?

EVAN. Ye may swear it, Mrs Flockhart. The very first man he will be, by Saint Phedar!

MRS F. Merciful goodness! and if he's killed amang the red coats?

EVAN. Troth, if it should sae befall, Mrs Flockhart, I ken ane that will no be living to weep for him. But we maun a' live the day, and have our dinner. There's that grey auld stoor carle, the Baron of Bradwardine; he's coming down the close wi' that droghling, coghling, bailie body, they ca' Macwhupple, just like the Laird o' Kittlegab's French cook, wi' his turnspit doggie trindling ahint him; and I'll warrant the chief is as hungry as a gled, my bonny dow; sae bid Kate set on the broo, and do you put on your pinners; for ye ken Vich Ian Vohr will not sit down till ye be at the head of the table; and dinna forget the pint bottle o' brandy, my woman.

[*Exit* MRS FLOCK.

Enter the BARON, FERGUS, *and* MACWHEEBLE.

BARON. Yes, my young friend, I have been providing for the expenses of the campaign. And by my faith, as I think this will be my last, I just end where I began. I ha'e evermore found the sinews of war, as a learned author calls the *caisse militaire*, mair difficult to come by than either its flesh, blood or bones.

FER. What! have you raised our only efficient body of cavalry, and got ye none of the louis d'ors out of the Doutelle to help you?

BARON. No, Glennaquoich; cleverer fellows have been before me.

FER. That's a scandal: but you shall share what is left of my subsidy. It will save you an anxious thought to-night, and be all one to-morrow; for we shall all be provided for, one way or other, before the sun sets.

BARON. A good lad—I thank you—but I will not infringe upon your peculium. Bailie Macwheeble has provided the sum which is necessary.

BAILIE. Assuredly, your honour, by night or by day, living or dead, Duncan Macwheeble is devoted to your service; but the banks have removed a' their ready cash into the castle; yet, nae doubt, Sandie Goldie, the silversmith, would do muckle for your honour, though there is little or nae time to get the wadset made out. Doubtless, if Glennaquoich could accommodate—

BARON. Let me hear of no such nonsense, Sir, but proceed as we accorded before dinner, if it is your wish to remain in my service.

BAILIE. Most assuredly your honour's commands shall be obeyed. But Glennaquoich, if your honour has more ready siller than sufficient for your occasions in the field, I could put it out to use for your honour, in safe hands, and at great profit at this time.

FER. Ha, ha, ha! Many thanks to you, Bailie; but you must know it is a general custom amongst us soldiers to make our landlady our banker.

Enter MRS FLOCKHART.

Here, Mrs Flockhart, take charge of this for me—(*Throwing her a heavy purse.*)—Be my banker if I live, and my executor if I die; but take care to give something to the Highland cailliachs who shall cry the coronach loudest for the last Vich Ian Vohr.

MRS F. Oh, gude save us, Colonel! Hear to that now. It amaist breaks my heart to hear you talk sae. I'll not touch a penny o' the siller for fear ill luck should come o't.

FER. Well then, if I fall, it will go to the grenadier that knocks my brains out, and I will take care he works hard enough for it.

BARON. Assuredly it is the ancient *testamentum militare.*

BAILIE. Perhaps, your honour, I had better carry the gowd to Miss Mac-Ivor, in case of mortality or accidents of war. It might take the form of a *mortis causa* donation in the young leddy's favour, and wad cost but the scrape of a pen to make it out.

FER. Should such an event happen, the young lady will have other things to think of than these wretched louis d'ors.

BAILIE. True—undeniable—there is nae doubt o' that;—but your honour kens that a full sorrow—

FER. Is endurable by most folks more easily than a hungry one. True, Bailie—very true; and I believe there may even be some who would be consoled, by such a reflection, for the loss of the whole existing generation. But there is a sorrow which knows neither hunger nor thirst, and poor Flora—

BARON. If I fall, Macwheeble, you have all my papers, and know all my affairs. Be just to Rose.

BAILIE. Oh, your honour, if that doleful day should come, while Duncan Macwheeble has a bodle it shall be Miss Rose's. But only to think that a' the bonny barony of Bradwardine and Tully-Veolan, mosses, muirs—outfield, infield—buildings—orchards—dove-cotes—rights of pasturage—fuel, feal, and divot—parts, pendicles, and pertinents whatsoever—(*wiping his eyes with the end of his cravat*)—if, as aforesaid, they must a' pass from my master's child to Inch-Grabbit, and be managed by his doer, *Jamie Howie,* wha's no fit to be a birlieman, let be a bailie——

EVAN. Never mind, Bailie—for the gude auld times of rugging and riving are come back again, and Sneckus Mac-Snakus, an' a' the rest o' your friends, maun gi'e place to the langest claymore.

BAILIE. Eh, mercy defend us! Kittle times to look forward to.

FER. And that claymore shall be ours, Bailie.

> We'll give them the metal our mountain affords,
> And in place of broad pieces we'll pay with broad swords;
> With duns and with debts we will soon clear our score,
> For the man that's thus paid will crave payment no more.

Come, man, don't be cast down; the Baron shall return safe and victorious to Tully-Veolan, and unite Killancureit's lairdship with his own, since the cowardly half-bred swine would not turn out for the Prince like a gentleman.

BAILIE. Your honour says right. To be sure, they lie maist ewest, and should naturally fa' under the same factory.

FER. True, Bailie—so cheer up at the prospect of it. But where's Edward? Callum! Callum Beg!

Enter CALLUM.

Did you attend Mr Waverley as I ordered?

CAL. Troth did I, yer honour.

FER. Is he completely equipped?

CAL. Troth is he; and majoring afore the muckle glass in the parlour. My certie, he's amaist as fine as the braw Highlander that's painted on the board outside o' Luckie Middlemass's change-house.

FER. Ha, ha, ha! Come, Baron—we have no time to lose—the Prince's party commences early—so now to dinner with what appetite we may.

[*Exeunt* FERGUS, BARON, BAILIE, *and* CALLUM.

MRS F. Is it true, as they say, Ensign Maccombich, that the handsome young Englisher is to be married to the Chieftain's sister, Lady Flora?

EVAN. That may or may not be, and it is neither your business nor mine, Mrs Flockhart.

MRS F. Very true—very just, Ensign Maccombich—ye're a discreet gentleman. He is a bonny chiel enough, that Mr Waverley.

EVAN. He's a pretty man, a very pretty man, Mrs Flockhart.

MRS. F. He's vera weel, but naething sae weel fa'rd as your Colonel, Ensign.

EVAN. I wasna comparing them, nor was I speaking about

his being weel-favoured; but only that Mr Waverley looks clean-made and *deliver*, and like a proper lad o' his quarters, that will not cry barley in a brulzie. And, indeed, he's gleg aneugh at the broadsword and target. I ha'e played wi' him mysel' at Glennaquoich, and sae has Vich Ian Vohr, often of a Sunday afternoon.

MRS. F. Lord forgi'e you, Ensign Maccombich! I'm sure the Colonel wad never do the like o' that?

EVAN. Hout, hout, Mrs Flockhart! we're young blude, ye ken; and young saints, auld deils.

(*Piper plays without.*)

MRS. F. Eh, preserve us, we're gaun to be deaved.

EVAN. It's Mac-Murroch. He always plays when the chieftain goes to dinner.

MRS. F. Weel, Ensign Maccombich, there's nae disputing on taste; but, my certie, he's garring the very stane and lime wa's dingle wi' his screiching.

EVAN. Ye're no just accustomed to it; but it's bonny music, and it gars a Highlandman's heart aye beat quicker. Sae come your wa's, my bonny woman. Troth, Mrs Flockhart, you're comely, and ye are gay gude-natured. Deil fetch me, an' I had time to think o' daffin, I wad e'en like to transform you into Mrs Ensign Maccombich. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Gallery in Holyrood House splendidly illuminated—Music as the scene changes—The Stage entirely filled with Ladies and Gentlemen in Full Costume—*FLORA MAC-IVOR *and* ROSE *are among them—Grand March played in the Orchestra—The Folding Doors are thrown open at the back of the Scene.*

Enter in Procession, GUARDS, OFFICERS, NOBLEMEN, *&c., &c., &c., and then the* PRINCE—*General Flourish of all the instruments—The* PRINCE *assumes a place under a canopy.*

GRAND CHORUS.

Welcome hither—welcome hame,
Him whom lang we durstna name,
But, while his back was at the wa',
We thought of him sae far awa'.

Oh hon, my Highlandman,
O my bonny Highlandman;
Weel would I my true love ken
Among ten thousand Highlandmen.

See he comes of whom we sing:
He speaks, he moves, he looks a King!
On his breast he wears a star—
You'd take him for the god of war!

Oh hon, my Highlandman,
O my bonny Highlandman!
Weel could I my true love ken
Among ten thousand Highlandmen!

(*At the end of the Chorus the* PRINCE *comes forward.*)

PRINCE. Thanks, thanks! my kind, my generous friends, who have thus highly honoured a proscribed and banished prince. May the happiness we enjoy this evening be an omen of our return to these our paternal halls, speedily, and in triumph, and of many and many future meetings of mirth and pleasure in the palace of Holyrood!

(*Turns and enters into conversation with* FLORA *and* ROSE.)

Enter FERGUS, *the* BARON, *and* WAVERLEY, *in Highland Costume.*

BARON. Now, my good young friend, if you have any design upon the heart of a bonny Scotch lassie, I would premonish you, when you address her, to remember the words of Virgilius, whilk verses Robertson of Struan has thus elegantly rendered:

For cruel love has gartan'd low my leg,
And clad my hurdies in a philabeg.

Although, indeed, ye wear the trews, a garment whilk I approve maist of the twa as mair ancient and seemly.

(FERGUS *brings* FLORA *down to* WAVERLEY.)

FER. Flora, I bring you an adopted son of Ivor.

FLORA. (*Giving Waverley her hand.*) And I receive him as a second brother.

WAV. (*Aside.*) Yes, it is too pointed—too decisive. This, then, is the end of my day-dream.

ROSE. Good heavens! Flora—surely he is indisposed.

PRINCE. (*Coming forward.*) Mr Waverley, you seem disturbed. Nothing, I trust, can have happened to——

WAV. I intreat your Royal Highness's pardon. A momentary spasm only. Can I be otherwise than well and happy on this joyful occasion?

PRINCE. (*Taking him a little aside.*) I know the cause of your uneasiness, and assure you I am deeply interested in the affair. But, my good friend, you must put a more severe restraint upon your feelings. There are many here whose eyes can see as clearly as mine, but the prudence of whose tongues may not be equally trusted.—(*Leaves him.*)

WAV. I scarcely comprehend—yet he is right. Her chilling coldness has awakened my pride. I will command myself; and come what may, my outward bearing shall not again betray the feelings of my heart.

(*Goes up the stage and addresses* ROSE.)

PRINCE. Baron, I would scarcely trust my mistress in the company of our young friend. Though somewhat romantic, he is one of the most engaging young men I have ever seen.

BARON. And by my honour, Sir, for all that, the lad can sometimes be as dowff as an old crabstick like myself.

FER. Truly, I hope the tartans may inspire him; for, though Waverley be always a man of sense and honour, I have often found him a very absent and dull companion.

PRINCE. Come, gentlemen, the night advances, and the business of to-morrow must be early thought on. But let the tide roll on—the present moments only are our own, and we'll dedicate them to joy and to festivity. Gentlemen, select your partners for the dance. Miss Mac-Ivor, will you honour me with your hand?

(*The* PRINCE *leads out* FLORA. *Dance, at the end of which the curtain falls.*)

END OF ACT III.

Act Fourth.

SCENE I.—*The Country near Edinburgh.*

Enter the BARON, *meeting* FERGUS *and* WAVERLEY.

BARON. Weel, my brave young friends, we have gained a glorious and decisive victory. But those loons of troopers fled ower soon; I should like to have shown you the true points of the *prælium equestre*, or equestrian combat, whilk their cowardice has postponed, and whilk I hold to be the pride and terror of warfare. But Glennaquoich, and you, Mr Waverley, I pray ye to give me your best advice on a matter of mickle weight, which deeply affects the honour of the house of Bradwardine.

FER. We are all attention, Baron.

BARON. I doubtna, lads, but your education has been sae seen to, that you understand the true nature of the feudal tenures?

FER. Intimately, Baron. (*To* WAV.)—Don't acknowledge ignorance, for heaven's sake.

BARON. And ye are aware, I doubt not, that the holding of the Barony of Bradwardine is of a nature alike honourable and peculiar, being expressly *pro servitio detrahendi, seu exuendi, caligas regis post battaliam*, which, rendered in the vulgate, implies, for pulling off the king's boots after battle. Now, twa *points of dubitation* occur to me on this subject: First, whether

this feudal homage be at any time due to the person of the prince, the words being, *per expressum, caligas regis*,—the boots of the king himself; and I pray your opinion anent that particular, before we proceed further.

FER. Why, he is Prince Regent; and in the court of France all honours are rendered to the person of the Regent which are due to that of the King. Besides, were I to pull off either of their boots, I would render that service to the young Chevalier ten times more willingly than to his father.

BARON. Ay, but I talk not of personal predilections. However, your authority is of great weight as to the usages of the court of France: But here lieth the second difficulty—The Prince wears no boots, but simply brogues and trews.

FER. Why, you know, Baron, the proverb tells us, "It's ill taking the breeks off a Highlandman;"—and the boots are here in the same predicament.

BARON. But the word *caligæ*, though by familiar tradition we render it boots, means rather, in its primitive sense, *sandals*, and they were tied with latchets.

WAV. Will not that, Sir, apply to the brogues?

BARON. It will so, my dear boy, unquestionably. The words of the charter are also alternative, *exuere* seu *detrahere;* that is, to undo, as in the case of sandals or brogues; and to pull off, as we say vernacularly, concerning boots. I wish we had more light on the subject; but I fear there is little chance of finding hereabouts any erudite author *de re vestiaria.*

FER. I should doubt it very much, though, to judge from the spoils of our straggling parties, the *res vestiaria* itself appears to be in some request at present.

BARON. Ha, ha! well said, Glennaquoich. But fare ye well, lads, for the present; I am over well pleased that your notions accord sae well with my own. Now, then, to prepare for the august ceremony. [*Exit.*

FER. Long live our dear friend, the Baron, for the most absurd original north of the Tweed! I wish to heaven I had recommended him to attend the circle this evening with a boot-jack under his arm.

WAV. How can you take pleasure in making a man of his worth so ridiculous?

FER. Begging your pardon, my dear Waverley, you are as ridiculous as he. Why, don't you see the man's whole mind is wrapt up in this ceremony? He has heard and thought of it since infancy, as the most august privilege in the world. I doubt not but the expected pleasure of performing it was a principal motive with him for taking up arms. Depend upon it, had I endeavoured to divert him from exposing himself he would have treated me as an ignorant conceited coxcomb, or perhaps he might have taken a

fancy to cut my throat, a pleasure which he once proposed to himself in a point of etiquette, not half so important, in his eyes, as the matter of boots or brogues, or whatever the *caligæ* shall finally be pronounced by the learned. But I must go to head-quarters: I too am to have a particular audience on an important subject, the success of which I securely anticipate. Meet me on my return to wish me joy. I shall prepare the Prince for the extraordinary scene that awaits him. My information will be well taken, for it will give him a hearty laugh at present, and put him on his guard against laughing, when it would be very *mal-a-propos*. So, *au revoir*, my dear Waverley.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*An Old-Fashioned Apartment.*

Enter FLORA *and* ROSE.

FLORA. My dear Rose, you have treated me with the confidence of a sister, and I will prove myself worthy of the title. I love my brother—his high energies would command my esteem even without the mere ties of affection which bind us together. But I am not blind to his faults. You found your ideas of happiness on the peaceful enjoyment of domestic society. Fergus, by temper and habit, is unfitted for this, and I trust he will never seriously persist in his suit. Were I to chose for you, my dear girl, I should fix on Edward Waverley.

ROSE. (*Smiling.*) You forget, dear Flora, he is your lover.

FLORA. He was, but I have dealt candidly with him, and I trust he is now convinced we are in every respect unsuited to each other. Were I to dream of happiness in marriage I should think of some more high and enterprising spirit. Waverley, I grant, is amiable, but his energies are passive: he seems to take no interest in the busy scenes which are acting round him.

ROSE. I am not surprised at that. What is it to him, for example, whether the chief of the Macspulzies, who has brought only fifty men, should be a colonel or a captain? or how could he interfere in the altercation between your brother and young Corrinaschian, whether the post of honour is due to the oldest or the youngest cadet of a clan?

FLORA. My dear Rose, if he were a hero, he would interest himself in these matters, not as important in themselves, but to mediate between the ardent spirits who make them the subject of discord. You saw when Corrinaschian raised his voice in anger, and laid his hand upon his sword, Waverley lifted his head as if he had awaked from a dream, and asked, with great composure, what was the matter?

Rose. Well, and did not the laughter they fell into at his

absence of mind serve better to break off the dispute than any thing he could have said to them?

FLORA. True, but not quite so creditably for himself as if he had brought them to their senses by force of reason.

ROSE. Why, you would have him peace-maker general between all the gunpowder Highlanders in the army? I beg your pardon, Flora, your brother, you know, is out of the question; he has more sense than half of them. But can you think the fierce, hot, furious spirits, of whose brawls we see so much and hear more, and who terrify me out of my life every day in the world, are at all to be compared to Waverley?

FLORA. I do not compare him with those uneducated men, my dear Rose. I only lament that, with his talents and genius, he does not lend their full impulse to the noble cause in which he has enlisted. I often believe his zeal is frozen by the cold-blooded pride of his country.

ROSE. Why, I have often heard that the generality of the English think no Scottish woman worth the trouble of handing a cup of tea to. But Waverley is so gentle, so well informed.

FLORA. Yes, he can admire the moon, and quote a stanza from Tasso.

ROSE. Besides, you know how bravely he fought.

FLORA. For mere fighting, I believe all men (that is, all who deserve the name,) are pretty much alike: in my opinion, there is more courage required to run away. But high and perilous enterprise is not Waverley's forte. He would never have been his celebrated ancestor Sir Nigel, but only Sir Nigel's eulogist and poet. I will tell you where he will be at home, my dear, and in his place—in the quiet circle of domestic happiness. He will refit his old library in the most exquisite Gothic taste—he will draw plans and landscapes, and write verses, and rear temples, and dig grottos;—and he will stand in a clear summer night in the colonnade before the hall, and gaze on the deer as they stray in the moonlight, or lie shadowed by the boughs of the huge old fantastic oaks;—and he will repeat verses to his beautiful wife, who shall hang upon his arm;—and he will be a happy man.

ROSE. Yes—and his wife will be a very happy woman.

FLORA. And you, my dear, I have little doubt—

ROSE. Flora!

FLORA. Things much more unlikely have happened ere now. Well, well, we'll say no more on the subject at present—You know you have consented to be my pupil, and I have a right to direct your taste and inclinations. In this instance I make no sacrifice. But though, to secure your happiness, I should yield my own, believe me, I am not so selfish as to hesitate a single moment on the course I should pursue.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Mrs Flockhart's House.*

FERGUS (*Without.*)

FER. Why, Callum! Callum Beg, I say!—(*Entering and flinging his sword from him.*)—I know not what withholds me from taking a solemn oath I will never more draw it in his cause. Callum, load my pistols, and bring them hither instantly! instantly!

CAL. Instantly, yer honour.

Enter Mrs FLOCKHART.

MRS F. Preserve us! the Colonel's in an unco kippage! I wish he may be weel. The veins on his brent brow are swelled like whip-cord. Wad he no tak' something?

CAL. He usually lets blood for these fits, Mrs Flockhart; we had better no come just in his way. [*Exit.*

MRS F. Mercy on us, I'm maist frightened! But he's unco weel-far'd, and as tender-hearted a gentleman as ever lived, when he's no in ane o' thae deevilish tirrivees. [*Exit.*

(FERGUS *paces the room in all the agitation of violent passion.*)

Enter WAVERLEY.

FER. Ah, Waverley, are you there! I remember I asked you to share my triumph—my—my—my disappointment we shall call it. Would you believe it—I have made, this very morning, two suits to the Prince, and he has rejected them both. What do you think of it?

WAV. What can I think till I know what your requests were.

FER. You remember my earl's patent; it is dated some years back: I wished now, for particular reasons, to assume it, though I value this bauble of a cornet as little as you or any philosopher upon earth. The Prince, it seems, has been pressing Bradwardine to disinherit his heir-male, or nineteenth or twentieth cousin, and to settle his estate on your pretty little friend, Rose; and this, as being the command of his sovereign, the old gentleman seems well reconciled to.

WAV. In that case what becomes of the homage?

FER. Curse the homage!—I believe Rose is to pull off the Queen's slipper on her coronation day, or some such trash. Well, Sir, as Rose Bradwardine would always have made a suitable match for me but for this idiotical predilection of her father for the heir-male, it now appeared to me there could be no obstacle at all.

WAV. You astonish me, Fergus! I had no idea you had any affection for Miss Bradwardine, and you are always sneering at *her father.*

FER. I have as much affection for her as I think is necessary for the future mistress of my family, and the mother of my children. She is a pretty intelligent girl, of one of the best Lowland families; and, with a little of Flora's instructions, will make a very good figure. As to her father, he is an original, 'tis true, and an absurd one enough; but he has given such severe lessons to Sir Hew Halbert, that dear defunct the Laird of Balmawhapple, and others, that nobody dares laugh at him; so his absurdity goes for nothing. I tell you there could have been no earthly objection—none. I had settled the thing entirely in my own mind.

WAV. But had you asked the Baron's consent or Rose's?

FER. To what purpose? To have spoke to the Baron before I had assumed my title would only have provoked a discussion on the change of name, when, as Earl of Glennaquoich, I had only to propose to him to carry his d——d bear and bootjack *party per pale*, or in a scutcheon of pretence, or in a separate shield perhaps —any way that would not blemish my own coat of arms. And as to Rose, I don't see what objection she could make, her father being satisfied.

WAV. Perhaps the same that your sister makes to me, you being satisfied.

FER. Eh!—(*Stares at him with astonishment, and pauses for a moment.*)—O, we should easily have arranged all that: so, Sir, I ask a private audience—I state my pretensions—they are not denied—the patent, the promises are all acknowledged. But when I propose as a natural consequence to assume the earldom, he asks me as a personal favour, for fear of exciting jealousies, to forbear from pressing my just and reasonable request at this moment. After this put your faith in princes!

WAV. And did your audience end here?

FER. End? O no: I was determined to leave him no pretence; so, with all the composure I could muster, for I promise you I trembled with passion, I explained to him my full plan.

WAV. And what did the Prince answer?

FER. Answer? Why, he answered that truly he was glad I had made him my confidant to prevent more grievous disappointment, for he could assure me, on the word of a Prince, that Miss Bradwardine's affections were engaged, and he was under a particular promise to favour them. So, my dear Fergus, said he, with his most gracious cast of smile, as the marriage is utterly out of the question, there need be no hurry you know about the earldom. And so he glided off and left me *plante la.*

WAV. And what did you do?

FER. What did I do? I scarcely know what I could not have done at the moment. However, thank heaven, I am now quite cool. I know he intends to marry her to some of his

rascally Frenchmen, or his Irish officers, but I will watch them close; and let the man that would supplant Fergus Mac-Ivor look well to himself. [*Exit.*

WAV. I am the very child of caprice. What is it to me that Fergus should wish to marry Rose Bradwardine? I love her not. I might have been loved by her perhaps, but I neglected her natural simplicity to dedicate myself to one who will never love mortal man, unless old Warwick, the king-maker, should arise from the dead. The Baron, too,—the devil might have drawn off the royal *caligæ* for what I would have cared. Fergus will not use her ill, to be sure. No, no, of that he is incapable; but he will neglect her after the first month; that alone will make her miserable. And this might have been avoided, if Mr Edward Waverley had chosen to use his eyes. Upon my word I cannot understand how I thought Flora so much, that is, so very much handsomer than Rose. She is taller indeed, and her manner more formed, but many people think Miss Bradwardine's more natural: then she is certainly much younger. I should think Flora at least two years older than I am. I will go immediately—observe them both—and this interview shall certainly decide my conduct.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*An Old-Fashioned Apartment.*

FLORA, ROSE, *the* BARON, EVAN, *and* MACWHEEBLE *discovered.*

BARON. I cannot exactly accord with your opinion, leddies, respecting the play which Miss Mac-Ivor has favoured us by reading those beautiful passages from. Romeo is certainly a pretty chield enough; but Mercutio, as a man of spirit and humour, is far beyond him. I could scarcely follow all his old-fashioned wit; but he must nevertheless have been a finished cavalier, according to the ideas of his time.

EVAN. And it was a shame, Baron, for that Tibbert, or Taggart, or whatever was his name, to stick him under the other gentleman's arm while he was busy redding the fray.

MAC. Here comes Mr Waverley. He is an Englisher, and a poet himself, and doubtless can give profound opinions on the subject.

Enter WAVERLEY.

ROSE. Mr Waverley, you are come in good time. Flora and I are divided in our opinions on the character of Shakspeare's Romeo, and your voice shall decide the question.

WAV. As a specimen of true love he is generally considered admirable; but I confess I cannot altogether approve the facility with which he transfers his affections from Rosalind to Juliet.

ROSE. Now Flora, what can you say?

FLORA. Still that, in his situation, I think his conduct perfectly natural, and a proof of consummate art in the poet. Romeo has fixed his affections on one who can afford it no return —he tells you so repeatedly—"From love's weak childish bow she lives unharmed;" and again—"She hath forsworn to love." No hope remains for him; and, when reduced to despair, he encounters an object more amiable than her by whom he has been rejected, and who is disposed to repay his regard. I can conceive no situation more calculated to excite a new and more permanent attachment.

BARON. Craving your pardon, Miss Mac-Ivor, you cheat your sex out of their just prerogative. Would you admit that love cannot subsist without hope, or that the lover must become fickle if the lady's cruel?

FLORA. A lover, my dear Baron, may, I conceive, persevere in his suit under very discouraging circumstances. Affection can (now and then) withstand very severe storms of rigour, but not a long polar frost of downright indifference. Love will subsist on wonderfully little hope, but not altogether without it.

EVAN. If your ladyship pleases, it will be just like Duncan MacGirdie's mare; he wanted to use her by degrees to live without meat, and just as he had got her to a straw a-day the puir thing died.

FLORA. Ha, ha, ha! Upon my word, a most pithy and plain illustration. But come, Rose, Lady Mary, I dare say, waits for her tea. Gentlemen, we leave you to pursue the discussion, or follow us at your own pleasure to the drawing room.

BARON. Have with you, my bonny lasses. Edward!—By my faith, the lad's asleep!

[*Exit with the ladies.*

WAV. (*Starting from a reverie.*) I beg pardon; I follow instantly.

EVAN. And I must awa' to the trench afore the castle, to bring the report to the chief.—(*Going.*)

BAILIE. With your gude leave, Ensign Maccombich, I wad crave the favour of yer protection, that is, o' yer company, to my lodgings in the confounded Luckenbooths, and maybe a dram of usquebaugh——

EVAN. Ay, ay, Bailie, come yer wa's. I ken ye are nae fighting man; sae tuck yersel' under my arm, and I'll see ye safe hame. Hoot man! dinna fash; ye ken it's no yer ain faut that ye ha'ena mair heart than a lev'ret. My certie! ye may do for a bailie, but no for a fighting commissary.

[*Exit with* MACWHEEBLE.

WAV. Yes, I am now decided. I will love my Rosalind no more. She has given me a broad enough hint for that. I will

speak to her brother and resign my suit. But for a Juliet! would it be handsome to interfere with Fergus's pretensions? It is impossible they can ever succeed, and then—

Enter FERGUS *hastily.*

FER. Waverley, I have sought you everywhere. Orders are given for an immediate march to the south; the army is already in motion. Come, we haven't a moment to lose.

WAV. One instant, Fergus—we may not find another opportunity; and some things are better explained at once. The alliance we both wished for can never take place.

FER. How am I to understand that, Mr Waverley? Have I the pleasure to hear you aright?

WAV. Perfectly right, Fergus.

FER. Am I then to conclude that you no longer desire my alliance, and my sister's hand?

WAV. Your sister has refused mine, both directly and by all the usual means by which ladies repress undesired attentions; and I must tell you plainly, Fergus, without meaning to undervalue Miss Mac-Ivor's admitted beauty and accomplishments, that I would not take the hand of an angel, with an empire for a dowry, if her consent were extorted by her friends, and did not flow from her own free inclination.

FER. An angel, with the dowry of an empire, is not very likely to be pressed upon a Lancashire squire. But, Sir, if Flora Mac-Ivor has not the dowry of an empire, she is *my* sister, and that must secure her, at least, from being treated with anything approaching to levity.

WAV. She is Flora Mac-Ivor, Sir, which, to me, were I capable of treating *any* woman with levity, would be a more effectual protection.

FER. (*With a violent effort to suppress his passion*). I—I believe —I am too warm—but the affair is at an end. I have no occasion to press my sister upon any man.

WAV. Nor have I occasion to court repeated rejection from the same young lady.

FER. (*Half aside*). I shall make due inquiry however, and learn what my sister thinks of all this. For the present, Mr Waverley, we must suspend further discussion on this subject. Duty calls us both—we have already loitered too long; but a convenient time may soon arrive, and we shall then see whether the business is to end here. [*Exit.*

WAV. Thank heaven, I have taken the decisive step, and my mind is easy. A happy time I should have had to have been so closely allied to one so selfish and opinionated! Were Flora in reality an angel she would bring with her a second Lucifer of *wrath* and ambition for a brother-in-law. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.—*The Outskirts of the City—Shouts—Martial Music dying away gradually as the scene changes.*

Enter several COUNTRYMEN.

1ST COUN. Eh, neibors, but it was a bonny sight to see a' yon brave fellows, wi' their guns and their broadswords, and their pipes; and a' as gay as if they were gaun to a bridal.

2D COUN. But I doubt there's a hantle o' them will never see their ain country again: think o' that, neibor; war's a fearsome thing.

3D COUN. Wha's this, and in sic a hurry? Eh! it's the commissary body, as they ca'd him, that tumbled off his horse the ither day in the park when the gun fired.

Enter MACWHEEBLE, *completely accoutred, with a large white cockade in his hat, and a portmanteau under his arm.*

BAILIE. Gude safe us! I'm clean winded! and that deevil Donald has gaen on wi' the horses. I shall never overtake them. I'm in nae plight for a tramp on foot.

1ST COUN. If your worship pleases, they are not far off. I'll show yer honour a short cut round the hill, and ye'll overtake them in five minutes.

BAILIE. Mony thanks t'ye, my gude lad. I ken ye are the Prince's friend; an' ye'll doubtless expect nae reward for helping ane o' his officers. In thae kittle times we ha'e little left to give. Preserve us! it is a toilsome thing a commissary!

[*Exit with Countryman. The rest go off.*

Enter WAVERLEY, *completely armed, with target, &c., and* ALICK POLWARTH.

ALICK. But, yer honour, the Mac-Ivors have no passed by yet. They are in the trench afore the castle, and I hear their pipes coming down the hill e'en now.

WAV. I shall march no longer with the Mac-Ivors, Alick. I wish to overtake the rest of the army as soon as possible.

ALICK. I wad just crave a hearing for one half-minute first. The ne'er be in me if I think you are safe amang these Highland rintherouts.

WAV. What do you mean, Alick?

ALICK. The Mac-Ivors, Sir, ha'e gotten it into their heads that ye ha'e affronted their young lady, Miss Flora; and I heard mair than ane say, e'en now, as I passed by, they wadna tak' muckle to mak' a black cock o' ye; and ye ken yoursel' there's o' them wadna mind a bawbee the weising a ball through the Prince himsel' an the chief gied them the wink, or whether he did or no, if they thought it would please him when it was done.

(*During this,* CALLUM BEG *steals in behind and conceals himself. He fires his pistol at* WAVERLEY, *and escapes immediately.*)

WAV. Ha! Surely that shot was fired at me? Fergus is incapable of treachery, but I am not so confident of his followers. I know their proverb—the best revenge is most speedy.

ALICK. It was that deevil's buckie, Callum Beg. I see him whisking alang ahint the long wall, and now he has joined the clan. (*Military music.*)

The Clan march on the Stage with banners, Officers, &c. WAVERLEY *steps up to* FERGUS *indignantly.*

WAV. Colonel Mac-Ivor, one of your people has this instant fired at me from a lurking-place.

FER. (*To the Clan.*) Halt! (*To* WAVERLEY.)—As that, excepting the circumstance of a lurking place, is a pleasure which I presently propose to myself, I should be glad to know which of my clansmen has dared to anticipate me?

WAV. I am at your command, Sir, whenever you please. The gentleman who has taken your office upon himself is your page there, Callum Beg.

FER. Callum, stand forth from the ranks! Did you fire at Mr Waverley?

CAL. No.

ALICK. You did. I saw you as plainly as ever I saw the Old Kirk at Coudingham.

CAL. You lie.

FER. Silence, I command you both. Callum, give me your pistol.—(*Examining it.*)—The pan and muzzle are black with the smoke—it has been this instant fired. Take that, for acting without orders, and lying to disguise it.—(*Strikes him down.*)—Stand still, upon your lives. I'll blow out the brains of the first man who interferes between Mr Waverley and me. I could not but wonder, Sir, at the fickleness of taste which you were pleased to express to-day. But it was not an angel, as you justly observed, who had charms for you, unless she brought an empire for a fortune. I have now an excellent commentary on that obscure text.

WAV. I am at a loss even to guess at your meaning, Sir, unless it seems plain that you intend to fix a quarrel on me.

FER. Your affected ignorance shall not serve you. The Prince—the Prince himself has acquainted me with your manœuvres. You break off your intended match with Flora to fulfil more advantageous engagements with Miss Bradwardine. Not content with slighting the sister of your friend, you could also *carry off his mistress.*

WAV. Did the Prince tell you I was engaged to Miss Bradwardine? Impossible!

FER. He did, Sir—so either draw and defend yourself, or resign your pretensions to the lady.

WAV. This is absolute frenzy, or some strange mistake.

FER. No evasion, Sir, draw your sword.

WAV. Must I fight in a madman's quarrel?

FER. Then give up, now and for ever, all pretensions to Miss Bradwardine's hand.

WAV. What title have you, or any man living, to dictate such terms to me? Sooner will I resign my life.

(*They are on the point of engaging, when shouts of "Room, room for his Royal Highness!" are heard.*)

The PRINCE *enters, with his Suite.*

PRINCE. Hold, gentlemen, I entreat you! Quarrelling among yourselves, and at such a moment! Will you, upon every slight caprice, endanger the cause in which you are engaged?

WAV. I am ignorant why Colonel Mac-Ivor fixes a quarrel on me, except that he accuses me, most unjustly, of having engaged the affections of a young lady in prejudice of his pretensions.

FER. If there is an error it has arisen with his Royal Highness himself.

PRINCE. Am I then mistaken, Mr Waverley, in supposing you are an accepted lover of Miss Bradwardine, a fact of which I was by circumstances, though not by communication from you, so absolutely convinced that I alleged it to Vich Ian Vohr, as a reason why, without offence to him, you might not continue to be ambitious of an alliance which, to an unengaged person, even though once repulsed, holds out too many charms to be lightly laid aside?

WAV. I have no title to the honour conferred by your Royal Highness's first supposition; and, for the rest, my confidence in my own merit is, justly, too slight to admit of my hoping for success in any quarter after plain and positive rejection.

PRINCE. Upon my word, Mr Waverley, you are a less happy man than I had good reason to think you. But allow me, my friends, to be umpire in this matter, not as your Prince, but as Charles Stuart—a brother adventurer in the same gallant cause. Consider your own honour! Shall we give our enemies the advantage, and our friends the scandal, of showing that, few as we are, we are not united? And forgive me, if I add that the names of the ladies who have been mentioned crave more respect from us all than to be made themes of discord.

FER. His Royal Highness is right. This, at all events, is

neither the time nor place to settle our pretensions. Edward, there's my hand.

(WAVERLEY *takes his hand with cordiality—Loud shouts from the Clan*)

PRINCE. Now, then, my gallant friends, we'll march with double confidence against our common foes. We hear they have collected in force to oppose our progress to the south. A few hours will bring us to their encampment. At once we will attack, and prove our swords as true, our hearts as firm, as when we fought and won the gallant day of Gladsmuir. On foot your Prince will lead you, and fall with honour, or deserve the palm of victory! Forward!

[*Grand march, and exeunt.*

END OF ACT IV.

Act Fifth.

SCENE I.

Enter MRS FLOCKHART *and* BAILIE MACWHEEBLE.

MRS F. Come yer wa's in, Mr Macwheeble; ye needna be afraid for me. I wad betray nae gentleman in your circumstances. Eh! lack-a-day! lack-a-day! there's a change o' markets! How merry poor Colonel Mac-Ivor, and all o' ye, used to be in our house. Oh, d'ye ken, Sir, when he's to suffer?

BAILIE. Suffer? Why, where is he?

MRS F. Eh! Lordsake, d'ye no ken? Ye maun mind he was ta'en somewhere about the English border, when it was sae dark that his folk never missed him till it was ower late, and then they were like to gang clean daft. And now the word is gane that the Colonel is to be tried, and to suffer wi' them that were ta'en at Carlisle.

BAILIE. But, Mrs Flockhart, can you gi'e me ony tidings of my old master, the Baron of Bradwardine?

MRS F. The auld laird that used to tak' sae muckle snuff and sing thae outlandish sangs? Naebody kens whare he has concealed himself: but Deacon Clark, the white-iron smith, says it *will go* hard wi' him for having been out twice;—and troth he

might hae ta'en warning; but there's nae fule like an auld fule—the puir Colonel was only out ance.

BAILIE. And the laird's daughter, Miss Bradwardine——

MRS F. Ou ay, the laird's daughter. She was a very bonny lassie, puir thing, but no sae grand as the lady Flora.

BAILIE. But where is she? Tell me, if ye ken, for Heaven's sake!

MRS F. Ou, wha kens whare ony o' them are now, puir things; but I doubt some of her friends will ha'e ta'en her awa' up the country. Eh, eh!—kittle times and sair changes!

BAILIE. Ye may say sae, Mrs Flockhart. This a' comes o' white cockades, and lang guns, and Highland gillies, tramping about as though the world was their ain. Gude guide us! They'll be clever folks that get Duncan Macwheeble into another rising.

MRS F. But I doubt ye are not quit this time, Bailie. My certie! ye are no gude for muckle at the fighting trade; but I would like ill to see ye carried down the Grass-market.

BAILIE. Hout, Mrs Flockhart! Dinna mention sic a thing. Ye gar my very flesh tremble to think o't. But it will no come to that this time, I hope—the heading and hanging aye gangs to the great folk, as just reason it should, seeing they were like to mak' maist by the job, if it hadna gaen against them.

MRS F. And the puir Colonel? Will they no gae him his life this time—sae well fa'rd as he was too!

BAILIE. I dinna wish the young gentleman ony ill, Mrs Flockhart; but I hope they that ha'e got him will keep him, and no let him back to the Highland border, to plague us wi' black mail, and a' manner o' wrongous oppression and spoliation. For my part, I never wish to see a kilt in the country again, nor a red coat neither, nor ever a gun, for that matter, unless it were to shoot a paitrick. My certie! They're a' tarr'd wi' ae stick.

MRS F. I doubt ye are right, Bailie; but I canna help greeting when I think o' the puir Colonel. But ye seem sair ta'en down, sae come yer wa's, and I'll get ye some refreshment and a gill o' gude usquebaugh. Ye had better no gang out again till the gloamin'. There's naebody here will ken ye—Kate and Mattie, the limmers, gaed aff wi' twa o' Hawley's dragoons, and I hae twa new queans instead o' them.

BAILIE. Mony thanks to ye, Mrs Flockhart. Ye were aye a kind-hearted soul. Oh, Duncan Macwheeble, an I ance get ye safe hame again, out o' a' their devildom and mischief, ye sallna gang a-sodgering a second time, to be made commissary-general to a' King George's army. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Court-house in Carlisle.*

Court assembled for the trial of prisoners—FERGUS MAC-IVOR *and* EVAN DHU *in the front, ironed and guarded by dismounted dragoons—The back of the Stage and Galleries filled with Spectators.*

CLERK. Fergus Mac-Ivor of Glennaquoich, otherwise called Vich Ian Vohr, and Evan Mac-Ivor, otherwise called Evan Dhu Maccombich, you, and each of you, stand attainted of high treason. What have you to say for yourselves, why the court should not pronounce judgment against you that you die according to law?

FER. I cannot suffer this numerous assembly to suppose that to such an appeal I have no answer to make. But what I have to say you would never endure to hear, for my defence would be your condemnation. Proceed, then, in the name of Heaven, to do what is permitted to you! Yesterday, and the day before, you have condemned honourable blood to be poured forth like water. Spare not mine. Were that of all my ancestors in my veins I would have perilled it in this quarrel.

EVAN. (*Rising.*) I would crave your lordship's permission to —that is—if your lordship's honour were agreeable—I—I—I would just say——

(*A murmur of compassion among the spectators.*)

PRESID. Speak freely, and without fear. If you have been operated upon by the influence of your superiors, your case will receive all due mitigation.

EVAN. Weel, then, my Lord, I was only just gaun to say that if your exalted honour and the honourable court would let Vich Ian Vohr go free just this ance, and let him gae back to France, or ony where else, so as no to trouble ye ony mair, ony six o' the very best o' his clan will be willing to be justified in his stead; and if ye'll let me gang down to Glennaquoich' I'll fetch them up to ye mysel', to head or hang just as it pleases your fancy, and ye may begin with me the very first man.

(*Laughter in the Court.*)

PRESID. Silence, gentlemen. Such merriment is both unseasonable and unmanly.

EVAN. (*Looking sternly round.*) If the Saxon gentlemen are laughing because a poor man, such as me, thinks my life, or the life of six of my degree, is worth that of Vich Ian Vohr, it's like enough they may be very right. But if they laugh because they think I would not keep my word and come back and redeem him, I can tell them they ken neither the heart of a Highlandman nor the honour of a gentleman.

PRESID. Ignorant and infatuated man! Following the ideas

in which you have been educated, you have this day given us a striking proof how the loyalty due to the king and state alone are, from your mistaken ideas of clanship, transferred to some ambitious individual, who uses you as the tool of his schemes. If you will make up your mind to petition for grace, I will endeavour to procure it for you, otherwise——

EVAN. Grace me no grace! If you are determined to shed Vich Ian Vohr's blood, the only favour I would accept from you is to bid them loose my hands, gi'e me my claymore, and bide ye just a minute sitting where ye are.

PRESID. This is enough. Your blood be upon your own head. For you, Fergus Mac-Ivor, I can hold out no hope of mercy, nor even of delay. You are permitted to hold free conversation with your friends; but, in consequence of your late desperate attempt to escape, your execution is ordered to take place immediately. Prepare then to meet, within an hour, your last sufferings here, and your final audit hereafter.

FER. I desire nothing else, my Lord. Even on the instant I am prepared to meet my fate. I knew well the desperate stake I risked, and am no boy to sit down and weep because fortune has declared against me. The game has been played nobly—the forfeit shall be paid manfully. With my last breath will I pray for the cause I have maintained through life. In the field or on the scaffold I am equally prepared to die for it.

PRESID. Break up the court, and remove the prisoners till the hour of execution. [*Scene closes.*

SCENE THE LAST.—*A Tower in the Castle of Carlisle.*

KEEPER *unbars the gate, and admits* WAVERLEY.

KEEPER. There, Sir, you may remain till the prisoner returns from receiving sentence. His execution is ordered in an hour; but till then his friends are permitted to have access to him.

[*Exit.*

WAV. Can it be of Fergus Mac-Ivor they speak thus—of Fergus, the bold, the chivalrous, the free-minded? The lofty chieftain of a tribe devoted to him. Is it he that I have seen lead the charge and head the attack? The brave, the active, the young, the noble, the love of ladies, and the theme of song! Is it he who is ironed like a malefactor—who is to be dragged on a hurdle to the common gallows—to die a lingering and a cruel death—and to be mangled by the hand of the most outcast of wretches?

(*The door is unbarred*—FERGUS *and* EVAN *enter ironed and guarded*—FERGUS *perceives* WAVERLEY, *and throws himself into his arms.*)

FER. My dear Edward!

WAV. My dear Fergus!

FER. This is truly kind. But how did you gain admittance? Are you not endangering yourself?

WAV. No, Fergus, I run no risk. Through the interest of my friends I have obtained an unconditional protection.

FER. And the worthy old Baron?—

WAV. Has been equally fortunate. Fergus, my friend, why should you alone be excepted?

FER. Of myself I think not. But you—you will—you will marry Rose—you will live long and happily—You will sometimes remember Fergus; and the bitterness of my own fate is alleviated when I think that some of my dearest friends at least have escaped the storm which crushed our lofty expectations. But how will you conquer all the prejudices of our whimsical old friend? How settle precedence between the three ermines passant and the bear and boot-jack?

WAV. How, oh, how, my dear Fergus, can you talk of such things at such a moment?

FER. Why, we have entered Carlisle with happier auspices to be sure. On the 16th November last, for example, when we marched in, side by side, and planted the white flag on these ancient towers. But, since my time is short, let me come at once to what interests me most: The Prince—has he escaped?

WAV. He has—and is in safety.

FER. Praised be Heaven for that! And my poor clansmen?

WAV. They left the army immediately after your capture, and, not being present at the final conflict, have suffered less than other tribes.

FER. You are rich, Waverley, and you are generous. When you hear of these poor Mac-Ivors being distressed about their miserable possessions, remember you have worn their tartan, and are an adopted son of their race. The Baron, too, who knows our manners, and lives near our country, will apprise you of the time and means to be their protector. Will you promise this to the last Vich Ian Vohr?

WAV. Solemnly, Fergus. The memory of Edward Waverley shall live in those glens as the friend of the sons of Ivor.

FER. I would to heaven I could bequeath to you my rights to the love and obedience of this brave and primitive race: Or, at least, as I have striven to do, persuade poor Evan to accept of his life upon their terms, and be to you, what he has been to me, the kindest—the bravest—the most devoted——But no—that cannot be—you cannot be to them, *Vich Ian Vohr;* and those three magic words are the only *Open Sessame* to their feelings and sympathies. Poor Evan must—must attend his foster-*brother* in death, as he has done through his whole life.

EVAN. And I am sure Evan never desired nor deserved a better fate than just to die with his chieftain.

Enter a Party of dismounted Dragoons, KEEPER, *and Assistants.*

KEEPER. Strike off their fetters—Your time is nearly expired.

EVAN. These are the very chields that galloped off at Gladsmuir before we could kill a dozen of them. They look bold enough, now, however.

FER. You see, Edward, the compliment they pay to our Highland strength and courage. We have lain here, like wild beasts, till our legs were cramped with palsy: and when they free us, they send six troopers, with loaded carabines, to prevent our taking the castle by storm.—(*Drums without beat to arms.*)—That is the last turn-out I shall ever hear and obey. And now, my dear, dear Edward, but a few moments remain to me. Ere we part let us speak of poor Flora—a subject which awakes the tenderest feeling that yet thrills within me.

WAV. Fergus—we part not here.

FER. Yes, Edward—we do.—You must come no further. Not that I fear what is to follow for myself—Nature has her tortures as well as art; and how happy should we think the man who escapes from the throes of a mortal disorder in half-an-hour. This matter, spin it as they will, cannot last much longer. But what a dying man can suffer firmly may kill a living friend to look upon. The mummery, too, of exposing the senseless head—they have not the wit to grace mine with a paper coronet; there would be some satire in that, Edward. I hope though, at least, they will set it upon the Scotch gate, that I may look, even after death, towards the blue mountains of my own dear country, the love of which is twined round every fibre of my heart!

Enter an OFFICER *and Attendants.*

OFFICER. Fergus Mac-Ivor and Evan Maccombich, the guard awaits to conduct you to execution.

FER. A moment, Sir, and I am ready. Give this letter and this lock of hair to poor Flora: My last remembrance, in token that her brother blessed her with his dying breath. You, Waverley, will soon know the happiness of mutual affection in the married state. Long may Rose and you enjoy it; but you can never know the purity of feeling which combines two orphans like me and Flora—left alone in the world, and being all in all to each other, from our earliest infancy. Heaven, I trust, will strengthen her to bear the shock, and she will think of Fergus as of the departed heroes of our race, upon whose deeds she loved to dwell.

WAV. Will she not see you, then?

FER. A necessary deceit will spare her the agony of a last dreadful parting. I could not sustain the interview without tears, and I cannot bear that these men should think they have the power to extort them. She was made to believe she would see me at a later hour, and that letter will apprize her that all is over.

FLORA. (*Without.*) Where is he? Oh, for mercy's sake withhold me not! A moment's delay is all I ask.—(*Enters.*)—Ah! he is still here!—(*Falls in his arms.*)—Fergus! Fergus! They would have kept me from you—they would have deprived poor Flora of the consolation of a last embrace!

FER. Strengthen me, heaven, that I may endure this trial with the firmness of a man. My dearest Flora! it was I who would have deceived you—but in kindness. I wished to spare us both the bitter agony of parting.

FLORA. Then it is no dream, but a terrible reality! My mind has wandered, and scarcely would admit conviction of the horrors that surround me. Those men—the muffled drums—the awful preparations! I see—I feel them all!—And will they tear you from me, my brother? Will they deprive me of my only stay—my only prop on earth?—But I cannot suffer long—my heart will soon break—and then, Fergus, they can never separate us more!

FER. Flora! My beloved sister! Calm this dreadful agitation. You terrify and unman me. I can smile at tortures—I can look on death with an unchanging eye—but to see you thus, is more than human fortitude can bear.

FLORA. Oh, yes!—yes—I am—I am calm—I am still and composed as the silence of the grave! But do not let them tear you from me yet—Let me for a few moments only gaze upon those features, and clasp this hand in mine. Could I but die thus!—

FER. Flora, we must submit to our destiny. It is in vain now to reflect on what might have been.

FLORA. Oh, vain indeed! The past and the future are alike beyond our control. I thought I had prepared myself for this. How often have I pictured to my mind the strong possibility of this horrid issue, and tasked myself to consider how I could support my part; and yet how far have all my anticipations fallen short of the unimaginable bitterness of this dreadful hour!

FER. Heaven will protect and strengthen you, my sister! Your high sense of duty—your strength of mind, superior to your sex—

FLORA. Ay—there—there it is! There is a busy devil at my heart that whispers—and the thought carries madness with it—that the strength of mind on which Flora prided herself has mur*dered her brother!*

FER. My dearest Flora, how can you give utterance to a thought so shocking?

FLORA. Is it not so? But yet it haunts me like a phantom—it is ever present—ever intrudes its horrors on my mind—ever whispers, that my brother, as volatile as ardent, would have divided his energies among a hundred different objects. It was I who taught him to concentrate them, and to gage all on this single desperate cast. Oh, could I recollect that I once—but once—had said to him,—Remain at home—spare yourself—your vassals—your life—for enterprises within the reach of man! But O! the dread conviction presses on my brain—that I hurried him on to his fate—I spurred his fiery temper—and half of his ruin at least lies with his sister.

FER. Banish such wild and incoherent fancies. Recall to your mind the principles in which we have both been educated, and the only path of duty which, from infancy, we were bound to follow.

FLORA. Do you think I can have forgotten them? I do not regret the attempt we have made, because it was wrong. Ah, no! On that point I am armed—but because it was impossible it could end otherwise than thus!

WAV. (*Coming forward.*) Yet it did not always seem so desperate and so hazardous as it was; and would have been chosen by the bold spirit of Fergus whether you had approved it or no. Your counsels only served to give unity and consistence to his conduct—to dignify, but not to precipitate his resolutions.

FLORA. Oh, you are a true friend! This is indeed kind! To see you here at such a moment! Pardon me that I perceived you not before; agitation and distress had bewildered me. He always loved you at his heart, though, perhaps, I too have occasioned you uneasiness. But you must forgive us both.—(*Endeavouring to be calm,* WAVERLEY *takes her hand and tries to speak, but is unable.*)

FLORA. (*Wildly.*) Do you remember you once found me making Fergus's bride-favours? Now I have been sewing his bridal garments. We have kind friends here, who are to give hallowed earth in their chapel to the bloody reliques of the last Vich Ian Vohr. But they will not all rest together! No!—his head!—I shall not have the last miserable satisfaction of kissing the cold, cold lips of my dear, dear Fergus!—(*Faints in strong convulsions in* FERGUS'S *arms.*)

FER. Flora! Dearest Flora!

OFFICER. (*Coming forward.*) The hour is long expired, Sir, we can delay no longer. Pardon me, but, however painful, we must perform our duty.

FER. I am ready, Sir. One moment only. Give me one moment!—(*Presses her affectionately to his heart.*)—She cannot feel the

last pressure of affection! She hears not the last fervent blessing of her brother! In such a moment insensibility is happiness. Flora! Beloved sister! Farewell for ever..——Edward, I cannot speak—you understand me?

WAV. (*Receiving her.*) Confide her to my care.

FER. (*With a strong effort recovers perfect composure, and turns to the officer with dignity*)—The bitterness of death is past!—Lead me to my fate!

[*Exit with Officer, Guards, &c.*

WAV. Flora! Dear Flora!—Yet 'tis cruelty to arouse her torpid faculties. She wakes to misery. To her the world is now a blank and cheerless desert.

(*Muffled drums without.*)

FLORA. (*Starts up with a shriek of agony.*) Ah! that dreadful sound! Where am I? Who brought me here? Who surround me?—Stand off! The thick air obscures my sight!—Fergus, Fergus! Where is he? A moment since I clasped him in my arms—and now—(*Drums louder.*)—Ha! that dreadful sound again! All flashes on my mind—it rushes through my brain like molten lead! Ha! I see him still—he is there—one moment—hold me not—Fergus, Fergus!—He calls me again—he beckons me to approach—again I feel his hand inclosed in mine—I hold him in my arms. Now we defy our destiny—Fergus—they can never separate us more!—(*Dies.*)

THE END.

GUY MANNERING;

AN OPERATIC DRAMA IN THREE ACTS.

Dramatis Personæ.

First performed at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, Tuesday, March 12th, 1816.

	Covent Garden, 1816.	*Glasgow, 1817.**	*Edinburgh, 1818.*
Col. Mannering,	Mr Abbott.	Mr Meggett.	Mr Calcraft.
Henry Bertram,	Mr Sinclair.	Mr Jones.	Mr Huckel.
Dominie Sampson,	Mr Liston.	Mr Russell.	Mr Mackay.
Dandie Dinmont,	Mr Emery.	Mr J. H Alexander.	Mr J. H. Alexander.
Dirk Hatteraick,	Mr Tokely.	Mr W. Murray.	MrW.H.Murray.
Gilbert Glossin,	Mr Blanchard.	Mr Chippendale.	Mr Roberts.
Bailie Muckelthrift,	Mr Simmons.	Mr Mason.	Mr Duff.
Sergeant M'Craw,	Mr King.	Mr Martin.	Mr Simpson.
Gabriel,	Mr Higman.	Mr Anderson.	Mr Hillyard.
Sebastian,	Mr Jefferies.	Mr Crook.	Mr Crook.
Franco,	Mast. Williams.	Mast. Edwards.	Master Roberts.
Jock Jabos,	Mr Treby.	Mr Duff.	Mr Lee.
Farmer Harrow,	Mr Norris.	Mr Edwards.	
Palmer Flail,	Mr Tinney.		
Lucy Bertram,	Miss Stephens.	Mrs Cummings.	Miss M. Tree.
Julia Mannering,	Miss Matthews.	Miss Dyke.	Mrs Cummins.
Flora,	Mrs Gibbs.	Mrs Meggett.	Mrs Eyre.
Mrs M'Candlish,	Mrs Davenport.	Mrs Nicol.	Mrs Nicol.
Meg Merrilies,	Mrs Egerton.	Mrs H. Siddons.	Mrs Renaud.
Gipsy Girl,		Miss Stanfield.	Miss J. Nicol.

Subordinate Characters—Covent Garden Company.

Colonel's Servant—Mr Watson. Glossin's Servant—Mr Menage.
Smugglers—Messrs Atkins and W. Chapman.
Gipsies—Messrs T. Brown, Crumpton, Everard, Lee, Linton, Montague, Terry, Tett, S. Tett, Williams.
Highlanders—Messrs Vedy, Berthet, Begrand, Brown, Grant, Heath, Louis, Platt, Sarjant, Sutton, White.
Gipsy Girls—Mrs Sterling and Miss Carew.
Gipsy Women—Mesdames Boyce, Chip, Coates, Corri, Davies, Findlay, Heath, Stiff, Ryall, Standen, West.
Lasses—Mesdames Boyce, Chip, Heath, Lever, Louis, Ryall, Standen, Watts.

Subordinate Characters—Glasgow Company.

Gipsies by Messrs Arnot, Bulkley, Chisholm, Dallas, Edgeworth, Frome, Grant, Heath, Innes, Johnston, Kelly, Lumsden, &c.

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* *Extracted from* a Play-bill in the possession of George R. Alexander, Esq., of Hillhead, Glasgow.

GUY MANNERING.

Act First.

SCENE I.—*Mrs M'Candlish's Inn.*

Several FARMERS *and others at one table drinking, &c.*—MRS M'CANDLISH (*the Landlady*), *and* BAILIE MUCKLETHRIFT, *seated in chairs at another table at tea—A large comfortable fire, &c.—The curtain rises to the symphony of the following*

GLEE.

The winds whistle cold,
And the stars glimmer red,
The flocks are in fold,
And the cattle in shed.
When the hoar frost was chill,
Upon moorland and hill,
And was fringing the forest-bough,
Our fathers would trowl
The bonny brown bowl,
And so will we do now,
Jolly hearts!
And so will we do now!

Gaffer Winter may seize
Upon milk in the pail;
'Twill be long ere he freeze
The bold brandy and ale!
For our fathers so bold,
They laugh'd at the cold,
When Boreas was bending his brow;
For they quaff'd mighty ale,
And they told a blythe tale,
And so will we do now, &c

MRS M'C. A merry, social glee, and well sung, good neighbours.

FIRST F. Then, here's your good health, landlady, in the parting glass! for we must away up to West-green to-night, to be ready for the fair on Monday.

Mrs M'C. Well, then, good evening, and a good sale to you, farmer. I wonder I haven't seen your old friend, Andrew Dinmont, on his way there; he generally leaves his little horse, Dumpling, here at fair time.

Second F. You'll see him, never fear; there'd be no cattle worth the handling, and no cudgelling worth a broken head, without Dandie Dinmont at the fair. But come along, neighbours; the evening wears, and we must be jogging. Good night t'ye, mistress. [*Exeunt* Farmers.

Mrs M'C. He's as kind a heart, and as strong an arm, that Dinmont, as any for forty miles round the country.

Bailie. And of good worldly substance, they say, Mrs M'Candlish, considering the instability of human affairs.

Mrs M'C. He's e'en as good as yourself, Bailie—and would I were no worse; but I need not complain, for who would have thought, when I was housekeeper at Ellangowan Castle, and Sir Godfrey Bertram member for the county, that I should sit here this night, landlady of the Gordon Arms in Kippletringan, expecting his only child to come to this poor house of mine, to pay off all his servants, without knowing, poor girl, where she's to go next.

Bailie. Ay, ay! the instability of human concerns. And who would have thought that Gibbie Glossin, the attorney, (whom I, Robin Mucklethrift, the hardware-man, remember to have refused credit for a sixpenny penknife,) should have been giving a grand dinner, and claret, in your house this very day, on purchasing the estate of his aforesaid benefactor, and turning that only child out of doors; and he'll pay the bill, ready money, doubtless, Mrs M'Candlish?

Mrs M'C. That he does, or the devil a drop of wine shall go down his throat in this house. I wish I had the tying a halt—(*Bell rings violently.*) But, there, I must be waiting on them; they'll be wanting another magnum of claret. (*Takes up a large bottle, and is going, but stops.*) No, take it you, Grizzy, and say I'm gone to bed. (*Exit* Grizzy *with the bottle.*) I have not the heart to look at them, making merry on the orphan's substance! the property that should, by right, belong to poor Miss Bertram! If it were not that we victuallers must keep open doors to all cattle, I'd soon clear the house of them. I trust, Miss Bertram will not come up till to-morrow; I would not for a silver pound she found them ranting and rioting here. (*Knocking heard without.*) And there she is, I doubt.

Enter Jock Jabos (*the Ostler.*)

Well, Jock, is it Miss Bertram?

Jock. No, it's only a single rider, mistress.

MRS M'C. A single rider! some Manchester lad in the cotton line. Well, he must just come in here. [*Exit* JOCK.

Enter COLONEL MANNERING, *wrapped up in a great-coat, as from horseback, ushered in by* JOCK.

COL. Let me disturb nobody, landlady; your house is full, I understand; I can sit very well here (*Crosses to the fire-place.*)

MRS. M'C. (*Looking at him.*) Not much of the rider, either.

JOCK. I'll tell you what, mistress; he's got as pretty a piece of horseflesh as ever stood in your stable. I'm a judge, I reckon, by this time, and one may always know a gentleman by his horse. [*Exit.*

COL. (*Seating himself near the fire.*) It's lucky the old inn was at hand to shelter me in this sudden storm; but great changes, I perceive, have taken place since I saw it. I wish I may find my kind friend at the castle well; but he'll scarcely recollect me, I daresay. Sixteen years' hard military service in India is apt to rub a young man's features a little out of memory.

[*Pulls off his great-coat.*

MRS M'C. (*Approaching and receiving it.*) I beg your honour's pardon; would your honour choose any refreshment after your ride?

COL. (*Seating himself.*) If you please, my good lady.

BAILIE. (*Aside.*) Your honour to a Manchester rider! Pshaw! (*Apart to* MRS M'CANDLISH, *after eyeing the* COLONEL.) I'll soon find out what he is. (*Crosses to the* COLONEL, *draws a chair, and sits facing him.*) Any news of trade, friend? How's cotton in the market now?

COL. (*Dryly.*) Cotton! really, sir, I do not know.

BAILIE. Ay, you don't know—humph! (*Apart to* MRS M'CANDLISH.) He's in the hardware line. (*To the* COLONEL.) You'll be dealing in the steel article, I fancy.

COL. (*Smiling.*) Steel! why, sir, you are a little nearer the mark.

BAILIE. I thought so. Pray, do you Birmingham folk find the patent never-spilling coal-scuttle answer in the trade? They go off pretty bobbishly here, when they are double japanned; I sent five to Ellangowan Castle last week.

COL. Ellangowan Castle, sir! I was on my road thither.

BAILIE. You need not trouble yourself, sir; I furnish them with all articles in your line, at the lowest Birmingham prices.

COL. Sir!

BAILIE. (*Consequentially.*) Yes, sir, in the hardware line, and I shall suffer no interlopers!

COL. Sir, you're an impertinent little fellow! (*Advancing his*

cane.) Perhaps this is harder ware than you would like to deal in.

Mrs M'C. (*Interposing.*) Our Bailie, sir, is an honest little body, but he's apt to mistake. You were asking after Ellangowan, sir. Was it the old family, or the present, that you came to visit, sir?

Col. I mean Sir Godfrey Bertram, of Ellangowan.

Mrs M'C. Alas! you come too late for him, poor gentleman; he died last week, sir, under sad circumstances.

Col. Sir Godfrey Bertram dead!

Bailie. A melancholy instance of the mutability of worldly matters—fallen from all his greatness, and twenty-seven pounds six shillings and eightpence halfpenny in my books.

Col. Dead! good heaven! I owed him much.

Bailie. If you please to make me payment of the aforesaid sum, sir, I will give you a receipt of so much of your debt.

Col. Has he no child?

Mrs M'C. An only daughter, sir—thought to be an only child.

Bailie. My receipt will be exactly the same as hers.

Col. Thought to be an only child! When I was in India I heard he had a son.

Mrs M'C. Ah! well-a-day! you heard right, sir, he had a son indeed—but, oh me!—

Bailie. Now, don't begin whimpering. (*To the* Colonel.) She lost her husband, sir, on the very day that son disappeared.

Mrs M'C. Aye, I did indeed! sixteen years ago.

Bailie. Well, don't cry so far back. He was a revenue officer, sir, and was found murdered in the wood, hard by—by smugglers it was supposed, headed by a desperate fellow—one Dirk Hatteraick—half devil—half Dutchman.

Mrs M'C. The villain! that there should be such lawless, contraband ruffians, suffered in a Christian land.

Col. I beg your pardon, madam; but may I ask what connection the misfortune of your first husband had with the young heir of Ellangowan?

Mrs M'C. Yes, surely, your honour:—Little Harry Bertram, then a beautiful boy, five years old, and his tutor, one Dominie Sampson, as they call him—you'll maybe remember him, sir, if you remember Ellangowan long ago.

Col. A tall, stiff, silent man, is he not?

Bailie. The same, sir, half crazed with his learning, poor silly man, and knows nothing of business.

Mrs M'C. He's a little absent, indeed, poor man; but very affectionate, and as simple as any child. Well, sir, this Dominie Sampson, and little Harry Bertram, were walking in the wood, *and by came my* poor husband from looking down the coast, and

offered to give the boy a ride on his horse, and bring him back to dinner to the castle in an hour; but, lack-a-day! lack-a-day! that hour never came, for poor Duncan was found weltering in his blood!

COL. And was the child murdered, too?

BAILIE. That no man can tell, sir, for he was never found.

MRS M'C. There was an old gipsy-woman (that then lived on the estate, and used to nurse the infant), was suspected of stealing him, out of revenge for Sir Godfrey's transporting one of her sons for poaching.

COL. And has nothing ever been heard of him since?

MRS M'C. Nothing, sir; but from that day, the old gentleman, Sir Godfrey Bertram, who was never over careful, became worse and worse, and wasted and wanted, and wanted and wasted, and trusted and trusted—

BAILIE. Till he trusted an attorney.

MRS M'C. And then, sir, distresses broke his heart, and he died, leaving his poor daughter penniless and unprotected on the wide world!

BAILIE. His affairs in utter disorder, and twenty-seven pounds six shillings and eightpence halfpenny in my books.

MRS M'C. But, the worst of it, Bailie, was the advantage it gave that rogue of an attorney.

BAILIE. Yes, sir; for, if the boy had lived, the old gentleman could not have burdened, or parted with an acre, it was all so strictly settled on heirs male. But Glossin contrived, they say, while his mind was so distressed, to wheedle him out of some rash deed.

MRS M'C. But it will never prosper; if he has cheated the helpless, and oppressed the fatherless, he'll die—mark my words, Bailie—a good-for-nothing beggar, yet.

BAILIE. Why, I hope the young heir may cast up; the mutability of human affairs is great, and there's news of Dirk Hatteraick's running a cargo on these shores again for the first time since the business; if so, the gipsy wife, if she's alive, won't be far off, I dare say.

MRS M'C. The murderous wretches! if I catch them I'll bring them to justice if I sell the very sign over my door. (*A noise heard without.*) Gracious heaven! I hope that's not Miss Bertram come just now, before the house is clear of those drunken —— and if it is, what shall I do?—for their room's close to the only one I have to show her into. (*Goes and listens.*)

BAILIE (*To the* COLONEL.) There was some little mistake between you and me, sir; you said you dealt in steel, whereby I thought—

COL. (*Smiling.*) I *have* dealt in steel, sir; I am an officer in the army, retired *from service.*

BAILIE. (*Aside.*) Retired from service! Then it would not be worth my while to offer him my shop-bill.

COL. And am just arrived from India, to settle in this neighbourhood. [*Retires.*

BAILIE. (*Aside.*) From India! and settling here!—that's a different story!

[*Goes to the table, fumbles in his pockets, pulls out a spectacle case, large pocket-book, &c.*

Re-enter JOCK JABOS.

JOCK. Mistress! mistress! there's Miss Bertram, poor young lady, just stepping out o' the chaise, wi' Mistress Flora, and Dominie Sampson buried up to the chin in old books,—you must go to them directly;—and mistress, who do you think yon gentleman is?

MRS M'C. Who, Jock?

JOCK. The great Colonel Mannering!

MRS M'C. What? for whom the Woodbourne estate was bought?

JOCK. The very same.

MRS M'C. & BAILIE. } No, sure!

JOCK. Ay, as sure as boots are not brogues—he was daily expected, you know. There's his servant, just rode in—a genteel lad like myself, and a good judge of horses; and there's his sister, and the devil and all, following as fast as they can—there's news for ye, mistress. [*Exit.*

MRS M'C. He shall see Miss Bertram; he may be a good friend to the poor young lady. (*Crossing to the* COLONEL.) Your honour will excuse me, I must attend to Miss Bertram, who is just arrived, sir.

COL. If you would take an opportunity of informing her, a friend of her late father is anxious to be acquainted with her, you will greatly oblige me.

MRS M'C. That will I, sir, and gladly; for I am quite fearful of that Glossin's riotous party up stairs; perhaps some of 'em may intrude on her, and your presence may be a protection to her. I am but a poor double widow, sir! and as for the Dominie, worthy soul! he's just nobody at all. Your servant, sir. [*Exit.*

[*The* BAILIE, *who has found his advertisement, struts up to the* COLONEL *and presents it.*

BAILIE. Colonel Mannering, sir! If, on your settlement in a strange land, you should have occasion for fire-grates, tongs, pokers, shovels, coal-scuttles—plain or patent; candlesticks, snuffers, extinguishers, savealls, &c., &c., &c. You may be supplied *as far as* an extensive stock—

COL. *And* the mutability of human affairs—

BAILIE. True, sir—will permit—and that at the sign of the Three Trouts and the Frying-pan, kept by your humble servant, Robin Mucklethrift, ironmonger and brazier, of Kippletringan, in Scotland. [*Exit.*

COL. The honest, and worshipful magistrate, I perceive, doesn't lose sight of the main chance, in the uncertainty of affairs. But yonder goes Miss Bertram—poor girl! how pale and melancholy, and yet how engaging! Well, the daughter of my earliest, and best friend, shall not be left without a protector, to shield her sorrows from injustice and oppression. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Another Room in the Inn—large doors in the back.*

Enter LUCY BERTRAM.

AIR.

Ye dear, paternal scenes, farewell!
The home where early fortune smil'd!
No longer there must Lucy dwell—
Of fortune robb'd, from home exil'd,
A wretched orphan child
Now weeps her last farewell,
Farewell!

Tho' doom'd to wander far and wide,
A maiden, friendless, desolate,
With Heaven my innocence to guide,
I fear not, tho' I mourn my fate,
But all that it ordains await,
And weep my last farewell!
Farewell!

Enter MRS M'CANDLISH—FLORA *and* JOCK *bringing in boxes and various light luggage.*

MRS M'C. Dear Miss Bertram, I ask pardon—I never was so sorry in my life—my house quite full, and a noisy party of gentlemen in the best room. I have not another place but this to show your ladyship into—and this is but a public sort of a room rather, and I didn't expect your ladyship till to-morrow.

MISS B. Do not disturb yourself; I shall be but a few minutes in any one's way. I will but dismiss my servants, and retire to my bed-room.

MRS M'C. And here is Dominie Sampson, your ladyship's old tutor, stalking up stairs out of your carriage.

MISS B. Do not suffer your people, my good dame, to exercise their merriment at the expense of that worthy man.

MRS M'C. Not for the world, my dear lady.

MISS B. His person, his retired habits, and great absence of mind are, at times, I own, calculated to excite somewhat more

than a smile; but, when the impulse of his excellent heart breaks forth, he rather forces a tear from the eye of sentiment, than a laugh from the lungs of ribaldry.

MRS M'C. Very true, indeed. But I beg pardon, Miss Bertram, there is a stranger, a gentleman now in the house, a particular friend, he says, of my late honoured master, who wishes to be permitted to speak with you.

MISS B. If he has business I suppose I must see him; but do not let me be unnecessarily troubled.

[*She retires*—MRS M'CANDLISH *turns to go out.*

Enter DOMINIE SAMPSON, *with an immensely large book under his arm, in old fashioned binding, and brass clasps, his appearance puritanical, ragged black clothes, blue worsted stockings, pewter headed long cane, &c.*

MRS M'C. You're welcome to Kippletringan, Mr Sampson; how have you been this long time?

DOM. Thanks, worthy madam. And how is your husband, Mr Kennedy? (*Observing her surprise.*) Eh, eh! out upon my tongue, he's dead!—I mean honest Provost M'Candlish.

FLORA. (*Pulling him by the sleeve.*) Why, Dominie Sampson, what are you about? he's dead too. Would you bring both the poor woman's husbands alive one after the other?

DOM. Prodigious!

(*He is confounded, and silent, and retires.*)

FLORA. Come, Mrs M'Candlish, don't take it amiss; the poor Dominie, you know, is apt to make mistakes.

MRS M'C. 'Twas kindly meant in Mr Sampson, I dare say; but both my dear departed husbands to be called to mind at once! Oh! 'twas too distressing!

FLORA. 'Twas indeed! too much for any woman to bear.

[*Exit* MRS M'CANDLISH—DOMINIE *by this time has opened his great book and sat down to read upon some band boxes, which give way under him.*

FLORA. Oh! my best bonnet! I had rather have had twenty husbands at once than had it spoiled.

DOM. Prodigious! *Ubi lapsus? Quid feci?*

FLORA. Fecey! What's your fecey to my bonnet? Your head's too learned for the rest of your body, Mr Sampson, and leads it into sad errors. What do you do with that great lumbering book now?

DOM. Josephus's history—light reading, Mistress Flora, for travellers. (*Goes to the table.*)

MISS B. (*Calling.*) Flora.

FLORA. Yes, ma'am. (*Looking at* DOMINIE, *who has put his hat upon one of the lighted candles.*) Mercy on me.

(*Goes to* LUCY.)

MISS B. Before I part with you, my good girl, I must thank you for the affectionate attention you have shown to me under my misfortunes. In this purse you will find an additional remembrance of your kindness; it is indeed but a trifle, yet——

FLORA. (*Half crying.*) Don't mention it, madam, I shall never find such another mistress, I'm sure.

MISS B. Not so; I hope you will find, at least, as kind a mistress in the English young lady, Miss Mannering.

FLORA. I hope I may, ma'am; but I shall never cease to think of you and all your goodness—and poor Mr Sampson, though he has spoilt my bonnet, poor dear, good man!—what will become of him now?

MISS B. That, indeed, is a grievous question. He was the tutor of my youth, my dear father's last and only friend; it is like a second separation from him; but it is part of the severity of my fate, and must be endured, however hard the struggle. (*Calling.*) Mr Sampson! Mr Sampson!

(*The* DOMINIE *is deeply involved in his book, and does not hear her.*)

FLORA. (*Looking over him.*) Come, Mr Sampson, leave Jo—heefus, and attend to Miss Bertram.

DOM. My honoured young lady! I crave pardon; I was oblivious.

(*He jumps up, and, with awkward eagerness and ludicrous officiousness, snatches up the snuffers, and snuffs out one candle, then another—Draws the table, overturns it, and advances to* MISS BERTRAM.)

FLORA. Only see now; the poor dear man thinks himself in the parlour at Ellangowan, trimming the candles for my poor old master, to read the newspapers. Oh! he has a rare head!

MISS B. You give yourself too much trouble, Mr Sampson; it was not that I wanted of you: but I have a small account to settle. Permit me. (*Putting a little-pocket book into his hand.*)

DOM. (*Looking at it.*) Truly, a very small duodecimo! (*Opens it, takes out a bank note, and unfolds it.*) It is for the sum of fifty pounds—prodigious! Is it your pleasure that I should hie me forth to procure little notes in exchange for the same?

MISS B. No, Mr Sampson; but in my present circumstances, alone, almost without fortune, it is impossible—I have not indeed the means—to support a household, and that note is your own, till some other situation——

DOM. (*Slow at first to comprehend, he becomes agitated, and speaks with great feeling.*) No! Miss Lucy, never! If your father, whom I served and loved in prosperity and adversity, should rise from the dead, and bid me leave you, it were impossible, impossible! And that note—that note befits not me, young lady. (*Returning it.*)

MISS B. I know it is inadequate. Yet, trifling as the recompense is, take it—oh! take it, I beseech you.

DOM. (*Pushing back her hand gently.*) Peradventure, Miss Lucy, you are too proud to share my pittance, and I grow wearisome unto you.

MISS B. (*Greatly distressed.*) Oh, no! you were my father's old, his only faithful friend; I am not proud—heaven knows, I have no reason to be so—but what, what can we do?

DOM. I can teach! I can write! I can cypher! I can labour! Heaven will protect! Heaven will provide always! if our wills and endeavours be not wanting.

MISS B. Oh! sir!

DOM. (*Solemnly.*) But I cannot, cannot be severed from the child of my affections! the daughter of my dear, dear master! I will be no burden—I will be, Heaven willing, an aid—I——

(MISS BERTRAM *turns away much affected.*)

Enter COLONEL MANNERING *and* MRS M'CANDLISH, *unperceived, at the back of the scene.*

FLORA. (*Interposing.*) Dear Mr Sampson! you only distress yourself and Miss Bertram; you had better take the——

DOM. Woman! No—It is not the lucre—it is not the lucre! but I have eaten of her father's loaf, and drank of his cup for thirty years and upwards; and to think that I would leave his daughter, and leave her now, in her distress and dolour! No, Lucy Bertram—I crave pardon, Miss Bertram, I would say—you need never opine it. You would not have put a favourite dog of your father's from your door, and will you use me worse than a hound? Entreat me not to leave thee, I beseech thee; for while Abel Sampson liveth he will never, never be separated from thee!

(*Rests upon the table, covering his face with his hands.*)

[*Exit* FLORA.

MRS M'C. (*Aside to* COLONEL M.) Good lord, sir! did you ever hear anything like that, from one who scarcely speaks three words on an ordinary occasion? The man's inspired!

COL. (*Aside to* MRS M'C.) 'Tis the eloquence of the heart, my good lady—whose fervour no efforts of the imagination can equal.

MISS B. Well, then, Mr Sampson, we will not separate! no, even though our joint labours should procure our daily bread.

DOM. (*Rising.*) Gratias! Beatissime!

MISS B. Alas! for the pride of birth! Of all the rich and noble, who claimed kindred with me, an heiress of that house, which was the source of their nobility. Of all who shared my father's favour and hospitality, this being who was the too frequent object of mockery and derision, alone remains attached to

me. (*A burst of loud and boisterous mirth is heard behind the doors.*) What noise of revelry is this?

MRS M'C. Lord preserve us! they're breaking up, and, perhaps, some of 'em will be coming through here! (*To* COLONEL M., *who retires a little.*) Just bide a bit here, sir.

MISS B. Gracious heaven! I thought I heard the voice of Glossin among them. (*Noise repeated.*)

DOM. Mrs M'Candlish, this vicinity to hilarious drunkards beseemeth not the chamber of Miss Lucy Bertram.

(*Noise and laughter again heard—the doors fly open.*)

Enter GILBERT GLOSSIN, *as leaving a drunken party, flushed with wine, and singing.*

MISS B. (*Drawing down her mourning veil.*) Glossin himself! What am I doomed to suffer!

MRS M'C. (*Running up and opposing Glossin's entrance.*) You really can't come this way, sir—it's impossible! there's a lady here, Mr Glossin—a lady who would not wish to see you, sir.

GLOS. Egad! I shall indulge no such caprice, Mrs M'Candlish. I have settled my bill, ma'am, and I have a right to walk into any public room in your house, ma'am. A lady not wish to see me! Egad! perhaps that's a civil hint that I should come to see her. (*Advancing to* MISS B.) I beg pardon, madam, if I intrude—but my name is Glossin, madam, Gilbert Glossin of Ellangowan, at your service.

MISS B. (*Raising her veil with dignity.*) I know it too well, sir, and how you became so. I remember my father's deathbed, and who embittered his last moments by pressing alleged rights, how acquired, I leave between heaven and your own conscience.

GLOS. (*Aside, disconcerted.*) Stand by me, good claret. Why, Miss Bertram, there are things which may have seemed h rsh to you, doubtless, or any lady; but they flow from the law, madam—from the law!

MISS B. (*Calmly.*) No, sir, not from the law, but from such as pervert it to their own sinister purposes, as empirics poison their patients by the undue use of medicine.

GLOS. You are severe, Miss Bertram. (*Assuming an air of confident familiarity.*) But I trust you will see this matter otherwise. It is yet in your power to be mistress of Ellangowan Castle and your paternal state—had you listened to my——

MISS B. Sir, I understand your meaning, and will save you the pain of speaking it more explicitly. When you formerly addressed the daughter of your patron, then with all the advantages of high birth and supposed fortune, I rejected your intrusion, but it was without reproving your audacity; but, sir, when you insult the poverty of the daughter of Ellangowan, by inviting her to

share the spoils of her own house, so dishonestly acquired, she turns from you with loathing and contempt.

DOM. Prodigious!

GLOS. (*Fiercely*). Come, come, madam, you may repent this!

DOM. (*Who has by degrees become agitated, comes fiercely up.*) Avoid thee, thou evil one! thou hast slain and taken possession———

GLOS. Come, Mr Dominie Sampson, we'll have no preaching here.

MISS B. Mrs M'Candlish, is this intrusion on an unprotected female——

COL. (*Coming suddenly up between* GLOSSIN *and* MISS B.) Not unprotected, Miss Bertram, while the obliged and grateful friend of Sir Godfrey, your father, can defend you! (*To* GLOSSIN.) Sir, your company is unpleasant—your absence desired. There's the door, and you will oblige me particularly by leaving the room this instant.

GLOS. (*In a bullying tone.*) I don't know who you are, sir, but I know the law, and I know I can split a pistol-bullet against a penknife, and I shall suffer no man to use such damned freedom with me.

COL. (*Coming close up to him.*) Look you, Mr Glossin, it will avail you nothing here to act either the rogue or the ruffian, the bully or the attorney; that you do not know me matters not; I know you, and if you do not instantly descend those stairs, by the heaven above us you shall take but one step from the top to the bottom.

DOM. Prodigious!

GLOS. (*Retiring.*) I—I—I don't choose to brawl here, sir, sir, before a lady, but you shall here more of me, sir.

COL. When I do, sir, I shall treat the information as it deserves.

MRS M'C. This way, Mr Glossin, if you please; I'll attend you, sir, I never showed any one down stairs with greater pleasure in all my life.

[*Exeunt* MRS M'CANDLISH *and* GLOSSIN.

DOM. Jubilate! the evil one is discomfited and fled! Jubilate!

COL. I beg pardon, Miss Bertram; my temper is naturally impetuous, and I have alarmed you; hear my apology at once. Though personally unknown to you, you perhaps have heard the name of Mannering—Guy Mannering.

MISS B. I think I have heard my father mention it, sir; but, at this moment———

COL. Hear me, then, briefly. The son of an ancient family, *I came at fourteen* years old, with my widowed mother, to your

northern capital. We were distressed then, as you are now; a circumstance drew on me the notice of your father; he became our friend and comforter, and his interest procured me a military appointment in India, where I have been successful beyond my wishes. Paternal estates, also, have since opened to me in England, but my attachment was here. I wrote to a friend to purchase property in this neighbourhood, and learned, on my landing in Britain, I was proprietor of Woodbourne. Surmises of distress in Sir Godfrey's family also reached me, and I hurried down to pay my debt of gratitude. I came, alas! too late to offer it to my generous benefactor; let me have the satisfaction of finding I may be useful to his daughter.

DOM. I have scanned him well, and believe him to be the very Guy Mannering who was the inmate of your father's house some sixteen years ago. And for his military propensities I will avouch, inasmuch as he was wont to put gunpowder into my tobacco-pipe, and amuse himself with the explosion thereof.

MISS B. Colonel Mannering, your generosity, and still more, your affection for my dear father, entitle you to my kindest thanks—I will add, my confidence—but distress must excuse caution, and——

COL. I will presume no farther; my sister, whose carriage I have outrode by nearly an hour, will soon be here, and to her intercession I shall leave my suit.

DOM. I do myself prefer the equestrian to the vehicular mode of conveyance, but, to say sooth, I am most accustomed unto the pedestrian.

MISS B. Colonel Mannering then will excuse me for the present, nor think that my hesitation arises from anything but a wish that the acceptance of his friendship should be as proper as the offer is kind. [*Exit.*

COL. Mr Sampson, you must forgive me my boyish tricks; I did not know the worth I teased. I was then a spoilt urchin—spoilt by your patron and mine; but fortune has cured me.

DOM. And fortune, sir, (as the Heathens called her—I should rather say Providence,) has been kinder to me; for, for thirty years I have never had to seek a home or a table, until this present moment of time.

COL. And you never shall have to seek either, Mr Sampson, if you will accept the shelter of my roof. Your learning and patience will bring a blessing with them.

DOM. Of learning, sir, it doth not become me to speak—albeit, I know most ancient and modern tongues. And of patience I have had but little exercise, since five-and-thirty years ago, when I was boarded for twenty pence a week at Luckie Sourkails in the High Street of St Andrew's. And there, though I hungered somewhat, I was nothing a-thirst, being near the prin-

cipal fountain or pump of that town, so that I might drink daily, and no one say, Sampson, thou exceedest in thy potations. But hath your honour no son, whom I might train up in polite letters, and elegant accomplishments, as a requital for my daily bread?

COL. I have only a sister, Mr Sampson, about ten years younger than myself; how far she may profit by your instructions——

DOM. (*Assuming great consequence.*) She may—she will—she shall! I will teach her the Hebrew language—or I should rather say, the Chaldaic, since your honour is aware that the generic Hebrew hath been lost from the time the ten tribes were led into captivity by Tigleth Peleazer.

COL. I believe, sir, you will have an instant opportunity of consulting her own taste upon the matter, for here she comes.

Enter JULIA MANNERING, *dressed in a fashionable travelling habit.*

MISS M. (*Running immediately up to* COLONEL MANNERING.) My dear brother, how fast you must have ridden.

COL. Rather, how slowly you must have followed, my dear sister;—but I am glad you are here, for I need your assistance most particularly and immediately.

MISS M. Well, well, you shall have it, but don't be impatient! I must attend to my own affairs first. Where's the landlady?

Re-enter MRS M'CANDLISH *and* FLORA.

MRS M'C. Here, my lady, at your service. (*Curtseying low.*)

MISS M. Oh! do me the favour to tell me if there be a young woman here, who has enquired after Miss Mannering?

MRS M'C. This is the person, I believe, my lady. (*Presenting* FLORA.)

COL. Landlady, let me speak a word with you.

MRS M'C. Directly, your honour.

(*Goes to* COLONEL M., *and after seeming to receive his directions, goes off.—The* DOMINIE, *during the conversation of* MISS M. *with* FLORA, *with characteristic formality and awkwardness, circles round* MISS M. *twice, as if about to address her, but starts back when she looks at him, which she does with some surprise, as if amused at his strange figure.*)

MISS M. (*To* FLORA.) You served a young lady of this country, I am told.

FLORA. Yes, ma'am.

(*Curtsies at the several breaks in* MISS M.'S *speech.*)

MISS M. A Miss—Miss—Miss Bertram, I think; I never heard the name before.

DOM. Prodigious!

MISS M. However, I understand she's an excellent young

lady, and her character of you is qui e satisfactory. (SAMPSON *seems pleased.*) I believe Miss Bertram dressed her own hair? That won't quite suit me. I shall wish you to study a little under my brother's valet de chambre, that you may be able to arrange my hair *a-la-Chinoise*, to dispose my aigrette, and Circassian turban, so as to throw *l'air imposant* over my figure.

DOM. (*Shaking his head.*) This is harder than Chaldaic—yea—than Hebrew;—Tigleth Peleazer himself would have been puzzled at it. I dubitate whether this damsel will fructify by my learned endeavours.

Re-enter MRS M'CANDLISH, *showing in* LUCY BERTRAM, *whom the* COLONEL *instantly presents to his sister.*

COL. Julia, let me solicit your sisterly intercession with this young lady, the daughter of Sir Godfrey Bertram, the friend by whom your brother's fortunes were entirely promoted, and for whose recent loss, I grieve to say, she now suffers. It is my wish she should honour Woodbourne with her presence, and find in it a retreat suited to her present feelings. Miss Bertram, let me introduce to your friendship a soldier's sister—rather a hair-brained girl, but well-deserving the kindest regards, I assure you.

(*They retire and converse*—DOMINIE *listens to their discourse.*)

MRS M'C. (*Coming forward.*) I'm as glad as if any one had ordered a rump and dozen, or the commissioners bespoke a county dinner. I hope they may persuade Miss Bertram—who knows what may happen if they do? The great Colonel Mannering, with sacks full of diamonds, from the Indian wars, and who was loved by her father too! If it should happen, there'll be fine doings in the Gordon Arms that day, I'll warrant.

DOM. (*Jumping forward from the party.*) She will consent to go to the mansion of the great man of battle!—*Exultemus! Venite! Exultemus!*—I will rejoice—I will uplift a stave of joy—yea, I will sing! I do remember me of a catch, which I was wont to sing twice a-year, when a bursar of St Leonard's College, St Andrew's, with good appro-ba-ti-on. (*He makes many contortions and efforts, like one who first forgets word then tune, at length breaks out with absurd bashfulness, at which they laugh.*)

"The fox jump'd ever the parson's gate,
Fal la loo, fo lero, lero loo!"

Bear with me, my friends; it is but seldom I am thus jocose. I will again essay, and with more audacity, for my own voice did somewhat abash me!

"The fox jumped over—"

Verily, I need support. Worthy Mrs M'Candlish, sing with me.

MRS M'C. I!

DOM. Yes; Cantate with me.

MRS M'C. Heaven help you! I never sung in all my life! But there's two of our honest neighbours in the next room, who hate Glossin and all such oppressors, will be glad enough to cantitate with you, I warrant.

DOM. Then announce the gladsome tidings unto them, and bid them hither.

[*Exit* MRS M'CANDLISH.

In the meantime I will preludize.

FINALE.

Enter two neighbours during the symphony.

DOM. "The fox jump'd over the parson's gate,
And stole his poultry from under his nose;
'Aha!' quoth the parson, who popp'd out his pate,
'A good fat hen, and away she goes!'"

MISS M. (*Leading* LUCY *forward.*)
Calm, lady! calm your troubled breast!
Beneath our roof of friendship rest;
There say what most may soothe your woes—

DOM. "A good fat hen, and away she goes!"

MISS B. Friendship, thou can'st balm impart
To the wounded, suffering heart!

A mourner, to thy generous roof I fly!
And, then, should silent tears intrude,
The gleam of glistening gratitude,
Shall light the pendent drops in sorrow's eye.

TRIO—MISS M., DOMINIE, *and Chorus.*

MISS M. Away with old care, let the dullard go drown:
Mirth and pleasure, life's short, rosy moments should crown,
For what gain or what good e'er from sorrow arose?

DOM. "A good fat hen, and away she goes!"

CHORUS. Let's rejoice!

DOM. It doth beseem us!

CHORUS. Let's be jovial!

DOM. Exultemus!

CHORUS. Hence, ye sordid and litigious!
Hence, oppression, hence!

DOM. Prodigious!

[*Exeunt.*

END OF ACT I.

Act Second.

SCENE I.—*Miss Mannering's Boudoir, in the house at Woodbourne—A door leading into Miss Mannering's Apartment—Large folding doors, through which is seen the library—Venetian windows, opening on a Balcony, with steps leading to the lake beneath. The moonlight gleaming upon it, with strong, clear and distinct illumination—The Apartment is decorated with Indian curiosities, Horns, skins of Tigers, &c., dresses of Indian tribes book-stands, dressing and work-tables, three chairs, four lights on the table, a harp, &c.*

MISS MANNERING, MISS BERTRAM, *and* COLONEL MANNERING, *discovered as after Supper.*

MISS M. Upon my word, brother, it is quite time to send you about your business. Formerly I had to beg for your society. I admit there was little temptation in those days.

COL. Pardon me, Miss Mannering; but now you will allow it is doubled.

MISS M. Ay, as you double a cypher, by placing a figure before it, and render its value tenfold.

(*Pointing to* MISS BERTRAM. *They rise from the table.*)

COL. Julia, pray prevail upon Miss Bertram to sing that lovely air she was beginning when the servant interrupted us—it was a most beautiful thing! wild, yet so pathetic.

MISS B. It has borrowed its tone of feeling, Colonel Mannering, from the situation of the singer. It is said, from a very ancient period, to have been sung in our family to soothe the slumbers of the infant heir.

MISS M. Oh! pray sing it.

MISS B. It is not worth refusing.

AIR.—MISS BERTRAM.

Oh! slumber, my darling,
Thy sire is a knight,
Thy mother a lady,
So lovely and bright;
The hills and the dales,
From the towers which we see,
They all shall belong,
My dear infant, to thee.

Oh! rest thee, babe, rest thee, babe, sleep on till day
Oh! rest thee, babe, *rest thee*, babe, sleep while you may.

Oh! rest thee, my darling,
The time it shall come,
When thy sleep shall be broken
By trumpet and drum.
Then rest thee, my darling,
Oh! sleep while you may,
For war comes with manhood,
As light comes with day.

Oh! rest thee, babe, &c.

MISS M. And was this really made for your own family?

MISS B. Oh, yes—and a hundred more such ditties. While my only brother, little Harry, was spared to my parents, it was sung to him every night, by an old gipsy nurse; and I have heard, though so young, he could sing it quite well. There is not a milk-maid on the estate once ours but can chant it, and knows its history; and I have heard—though it hardly deserves mentioning—that the person now in possession—this Glossin, has, as far as he can, forbid them to sing it, which makes it doubly a favourite with me.

COL. That's not surprising; music and poetry were never made for so base-born and wretched a chicaner.

MISS M. Brother, high-born and chivalrous as you are, neither were they made for you, after twelve o'clock at night, in a quiet house in the country.

COL. I obey your hint. Good night, Julia! (*Salutes her with kindness and familiarity, then turns to* MISS B. *very respectfully.*) That every morning may bring Miss Bertram nearer to the restoration of all her heart can hope, is my most earnest prayer, and shall be the object of my most zealous exertion.

[*Exit*

MISS M. A lion in the toils! Oh, Lucy! dear Lucy! if you knew what meshes have been spread for that proud Colonel in vain.

MISS B. Good night, Miss Mannering; and, if I do not chide you for these speeches, it is because your kindness always atones for your—your——

MISS M. For my folly, eh? Well, well, sleep and dream of gallant knights vanquishing wicked robbers, and restoring forlorn damsels to their rightful homes.

MISS B. Good night, good night!

[*Exit.*

(*Boat crosses the Lake.*)

Enter FLORA.

MISS M. She is a charming girl! But how can she remember all the names of her ancestors—these Rolands, and Mac-Dinga-*wnies, and Donagilds*—(*Seeing* FLORA.) Oh, Flora! did my old

servant, Grace, whom my brother sent back to the house in London, say nothing to you before she went away?

FLORA. Oh, yes, ma'am (*significantly*); she told me your ladyship might have some occasion for my services in a very confidential way (*boat appears again*); that there was a gentleman of whose addresses Colonel Mannering disapproved rather, ma'am.

MISS M. But she should have added, also, that my brother could find no possible objection to him, but in his own prejudices against a man of unknown birth, who could bring no Mac-Dingawaies nor Donagilds to back his suit. Now, though I cannot sympathise in such prejudices, I have, since the unhappy duel between them, in which my lover was wounded, endeavoured to avoid all communication with him; yet, I fear, he is at this moment perhaps too near me.

FLORA. What, here, madam?

MISS M. Twice have I heard about this hour on the lake a flute, playing an Indian air, which, in happier hours, we used to sing together.

FLORA. Ay, madam, it's he, I warrant; no one but a lover, or a madman, would come fluting on a lake, at moonlight, on a cold winter night. (*A flute heard playing without.*) Hark, madam! as I live, I think I hear it now!

MISS M. Hush! (*A flute is heard to play the symphony of an Indian air under the window.*) Is it earthly music? I'm in the land of superstition, and begin to share its influence, I think.

FLORA. Wait a little, ma'am; you'll find the fluting gentleman no ghost, I warrant.

MISS M. It is, indeed, the very air he taught me. I'll sing it. If it should be he, he will answer it.

AIR.—MISS MANNERING.

Oh, tell me, love, the dearest hour
The parted anxious lover knows,
When passion, with enchanter's power,
Across his faithful memory throws
Its softest, brightest flame.

BERTRAM (*Without.*)

'Tis when he sings on some lone shore,
Where echo's vocal spirits throng;
Whose airy voices, o'er and o'er,
On still and moonlight lake prolong
One dear-loved, thrilling name.

Enter HENRY BERTRAM, *rushing up the balcony steps from the lake.*

BERT. Julia, beloved Julia!

MISS M. 'Tis he himself! Begone, begone! What will this end in? (*Turns away from him.*)

FLORA. A ring, a parson, and a cradle, I warrant, ma'am. (*Stands aside.*)

BERT. Will you refuse me even the privilege of a friend, Julia?

MISS M. You deserve not the name, thus to seek a stolen interview, which I am forced to endure, because my giving any alarm would again involve you in a quarrel with my brother, and bring your life once more in danger.

BERT. Do you then blame me, Julia, for what was forced upon me by his caprice, his injustice! Oh, let me now enforce you to fulfil the hopes you once gave me, and trust to time to reconcile your proud brother.

SONG.—HENRY BERTRAM.

Be mine, dear maid, my faithful heart
Can never prove untrue;
'Twere easier far from life to part,
Than cease to live for you.
My soul, gone forth from this lone breast,
Lives only, love, in thine;
There is its holy home of rest,
Its dear, its chosen shrine.

Then turn thee not away, my dear,
Oh! turn thee not away, love!
For, by the light of truth, I swear
To love thee night and day, love.

'Tis not mine eye thy beauty loves,
Mine ear thy tuneful voice,
But 'tis my heart thy heart approves,
A life-enduring choice.
The lark shall first forget to sing,
When morn unfolds the east,
E'er I, by change or coldness, wring
Thy fond, confiding breast.

Then turn thee not away, &c.

(*A heavy lumbering noise heard without in the Library.*)

MISS M. (*Alarmed.*) What noise is that?

FLORA. (*Looking out.*) Only Mr Sampson, madam, stumbling up and down the library. Never mind the good soul; with him, even seeing is not believing.

MISS B. For heaven's sake, sir, begone the way you came.

FLORA. Ay, do—here, here, sir.

BERT. (*Running to the Balcony.*) I cannot, my boat is in possession of your brother's servants.

MISS M. To what difficulty has your folly reduced me?

FLORA. (*Watching.*) Mr Sampson has blundered this way sure enough.

(DOMINIE SAMPSON *is seen through the library, in his night-gown and cap, with a long candlestick in his hand.*)

MISS M. What's to be done?

FLORA. I have it, I have it! Do, ma'am, let the gentleman put on one of those outlandish Indian dresses, and squat down behind the harp; Mr Sampson won't notice him, and if he does, let me alone.

BERT. Nay, if I cannot play a Brahmim after being so many years in India, it's very hard.

(*They assist to dress him, and conceal him behind the harp.*)

MISS M. But how shall we account for his being here, if he is discovered?

FLORA. Ma'am, we must take our cue from circumstances.

Enter DOMINIE SAMPSON *from the library with a light in his hand.*

DOM. Of a verity, this is not the way to mine own apartment, neither; nay, it doth seem that of a lady.

FLORA. (*Whispering.*) There, ma'am, did I not say he would not see us?

DOM. I would I had the clue of Ariadne, for this dwelling is a Cretan labyrinth. I will again essay to extricate myself. (*He walks onward.—Flora advances, whom he does not see till close to her.*) Prodigious!

FLORA. Why, who would have thought this of you, Mr Sampson, to be prying about so very near my young lady's dressing-room, at this time of night! I assure you I take it very strange of you!

DOM. I was erratic, Mistress Flora.

FLORA. Never mistress me, man! but get away as fast as you can; Lord only knows what Colonel Mannering will say, if he should know of it!

DOM. And that might, perchance, prejudice my young mistress, Miss Bertram, in his opinion. Woful man that I am! who shall deliver me?

FLORA. Pray go immediately, Mr Sampson.

DOM. I obey—I will begone swiftly—I am beset with fears and trepidations. (*Goes toward the door of* MISS M.'S *bedroom.*)

FLORA. (*Running after him and pulling him back.*) Worse and worse, Mr Sampson! that's not your way. Would you burst into my young lady's bedroom? Indeed, Mr Dominie, I begin to suspect you. Is that the way you propose to teach her Hebrew? Oh! fie! fie! fie!

DOM. Prodigious! I am confounded! (*Peeping in.*) Assuredly, there is a four-post bed, with crimson furniture. I will gird up my loins and flee. (*He struggles out of* FLORA'S *grasp, stumbles forward, and overturns the Harp, upon which he falls—as he rises he sees* BERTRAM, *and stares at him with great surprise—* BERTRAM *retains his crossed-legged position of an Indian Priest, and stares at him again with great composure.*) Mirifice! whom have we here?

FLORA. Why, Mr Sampson, what mischief will you do next? that you should disturb that learned Indian gentleman, just when he was occupied in teaching my young mistress the—the—(*Aside.*) what shall I say? Dear, dear, where shall I find a word?

DOM. Is he a teacher? then I reverence him. In what is he profound?

FLORA. Astrology.

DOM. Prodigious! Nay, then, I will uplift my voice against him. (*Loudly.*) The occult sciences are a snare of the enemy! —delusions of darkness!—works of the wicked one!

MISS M. (*Aside.*) I must stop his clamours! (*Aloud.*) Nay, Mr Sampson, I see no more harm in the learned gentleman teaching me the Sanscrit, than in your proposal to teach me Hebrew.

DOM. Pardon me, most honourable; I knew not, when I proffered my poor endeavours, that there was a learned Pundit, who, doubtless, is better provided. Nevertheless, I will accost him in the Eastern tongue. (*To* BERTRAM.) Salam alicum! (BERTRAM *rises and salams, which salutation is returned ridiculously by* DOMINIE.) Expound unto me, most learned Pundit, whether we shall confer in the Sanscrit of Bengali, in the Telinga, or in the Malaya language? Praise to the blessing of heaven, on my poor endeavours, I am indifferently skilled in these three tongues.

BERT. (*Aside.*) Confound your skill! I am aground—I know only a few words of the Moorish gibberish.

(*A knocking at the door.*)

MISS M. Flora, there's my brother knocking.

FLORA. (*To* BERTRAM.) Follow me down the back stairs, most learned Pundit. (*Apart to* JULIA, *as she passes her.*) Face down the Dominie when your brother comes in, that there was nobody here, ma'am; I'll return directly.

[*Exit, with* BERTRAM.

DOM. Where has the damsel conveyed the learned Pundit? I would converse with him.

MISS M. Come in, brother!

Re-enter COLONEL MANNERING, *at the door.*

COL. What has been the matter? I heard a heavy fall in *your room—no accident*, I hope?

MISS M. You heard Mr Sampson, brother, who has chosen this strange time of night to rummage out the Indian manuscripts in these cabinets, and has stumbled over my harp.

COL. How's this, Mr Sampson? You should take other time and place for your Oriental studies, than so close to my sister's dressing-room at midnight.

DOM. Honoured sir! I crave your forgiveness; I wandered unwittingly, and was detained by my thirst of learning. That erudite Moonshee, whom I sought to converse withal ——

MISS M. (*Alarmed, and fetching a book from the table.*) This is the book you sought, I believe, sir.

DOM. (*Opening a fine illuminated manuscript.*) Prodigious! I profess it is an exemplar of the Shah-Nameh of the illustrious Ferdusi! (*Putting it under his arm.*) But, touching that Sancrit interpreter, whom—

Re-enter FLORA.

MISS M. Indian interpreter, sir! here it is in three volumes, folio.

(*Pushes them to* SAMPSON.)

FLORA. (*Aside to* MISS M., *while* SAMPSON *examines the books.*) I have sent your Pundit safe off, and told him to wait at the village till further advice.

MISS M. (*Aside to* FLORA.) Thank heaven for that! But how shall we get safe from the Dominie? he'll talk of nothing else.

DOM. I profess this is a most erudite work, and of great scarcity! I have observed it, honoured Colonel, noted in catalogues with four R's, which denoteth *rarissimus*. But, worthy sir, as concerning this learned Pundit—

FLORA. Is this the book, sir?

DOM. It is rare;—but the Ulemat—

MISS M. Or this, sir?

DOM. It is precious!—but the aforesaid Brahmin—

FLORA. Oh, 'tis this, I'm sure.

DOM. It is of the last rarity!—but the Moonshee—

MISS M. Or this—

DOM. It is curious—but the Moonshee—the Pundit—the—

(*They thrust books upon him, which he cannot refuse himself the pleasure of opening, until his hands and arms become embarrassed, and he begins to let them fall, one or two always escaping, as he picks up the others.*)

COL. Come, Mr Sampson, I fancy you had better retire, and what books you wish for shall be brought you. Barnes!

Enter BARNES.

Light Mr Sampson to his room. (*Sampson gathers up what books*

he can carry.) And, hark ye, when you have showed him in, lock the door. I must take precautions against this extravagant thirst for information.

BARNES. This way, Mr Sampson, if you please to follow.

DOM. *I præ sequar!* Prodigious!

[*Exit, loaded with books, following* BARNES.

COL. Once more, Julia, Good night!

[*Exit.*

MISS M. Good night, and thanks for this narrow escape. Go to my chamber, Flora; I'll follow directly.

FLORA. Yes, ma'am.

[*Exit.*

MISS M. I declare I am frightened at my own imprudence. Should my brother discover this business, what will be the consequence? Oh, dear! I wish he would but sympathise a little more with love, and a little less with honour; but, alas!—

AIR.—JULIA MANNERING.

In ancient times, in Britain's isle,
Lord Henry well was known;
No knight in all the land more famed,
Or more deserved renown.
His heart was all on honour bent,
He ne'er could stoop to love,
No lady in the land had power
His frozen heart to move.

Yet, in that bosom, deemed so stern,
The kindest feelings dwelt;
Her tender tale, when pity told,
It never failed to melt.
But, for no idle passion formed,
His high heroic mood,
Glory's sublimer charms alone
With lover's ardour woo'd.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A desolate Heath between Woodbourne and Kippletringan.—The moon declining.*

Enter HENRY BERTRAM, *bewildered and uncertain of his way.*

BERT. Now, the devil take all glib-tongued ladies' maids! Would any one have thought to hear that chattering monkey, that I'd more to do than just to follow my nose straight across the heath, to this Kip-Kap-Kapple—what the devil did she call the place? And here I am, fairly thrown out. The moon's going *down, too, and I* may stray further out of my way. (*Shouting.*)

Holloa! I wish some one was within hail, friend or foe, I care not.

Enter DANDIE DINMONT—*He comes forward a little tipsy, and staggering.*

DIN. Fair and softly, Dandie, my lad! Who was that holloaing, I wonder? I should like to fall in with a companion, for it's growing confounded dark; I'll be hanged if I can see my way. I wish I had got Dumpling; many people pretend to guide their horse,—now I always let my horse guide me, he'd have carried me to the next ale-house, right enough, dark or light. Steady; my head's a little queerish. To think that three poor bottles of rum should have done this now, among four! (BERTRAM *advances.*) Who goes there? (*He raises his whip.*)

BERT. A friend!

DIN. Stand fast a bit, though; parley a little. (*Aside.*) Dandie, few friends on a moor at midnight. (*Aloud.*) What do you want?

BERT. I am a stranger.

DIN. And I am Dandie Dinmont, reckoned the best bruiser in this country. I'll eat, drink, or fight wi' ony man—so stand off!

BERT. I don't mean to dispute it, I assure you, my friend. I am an Englishman, my name Brown, a captain in the fusileers. I have lost my way, and am really in want of a guide to the next town.

DIN. Eh—no! are you really? Ye shall have one, then. If I had but my little horse, now, you might have rode on his crupper; he always finds the way, when I lose it, an' his back's main strong; he'd carry six, if 'twere long enough. But come away—steady! Are ye big or little.

BERT. Why, middling.

DIN. That will do, for this moor, ye must know, is not in great reputation—there's thieves and gipsies haunt it.

BERT. Gipsies, pooh!

DIN. Oh, man, we hae great faith in 'em in our country. They prophesy, and knock down, like nobody knows what, so everybody believes in 'em; and there's an old woman, the queen of 'em they say, that deals wi' the devil, and can make 'em do anything, if she but lifts up her finger; she's known for a witch all over these parts.

BERT. Well, my friend, I'll stand by you.

DIN. Will ye? Then give me a rough shake of the hand.

BERT. With all my heart.

(BERTRAM *gives him a hearty shake, which* DINMONT *returns.*)

DIN. Gad! and if your heart be like your hand, it be a

plaguy hard one. But look, yonder's a couple of lights dancing bonnily before us.

BERT. A couple! I see but one, friend, and that seems pretty steady.

DIN. Does it? Then I've a notion you don't see with both your eyes, as I do. But come on; let's make our way to it, Border-fashion, side by side.

BERT. (*Aside.*) The fellow grips like a smith's vice. Come along friend, then, side by side.

DIN. Ay, like true men; an' if we meet with rogues, we'll show 'em another Border-fashion, hand to hand. I say, you were bawling lustily just now. I can bawl a bit myself. Suppose we try if we can't have a kind of a—what d'ye call it?—a double song together, just to cheer the way over the heath.

BERT. With all my heart.

DUET—BERTRAM AND DINMONT.

DINMONT. Without a companion, what's life but a heath,
That's wearisome, murky, and long?
But Dandie defies dulness, danger, and death,
With his friend, and his glass, and his song.

BERTRAM. You're right; with a friend, man, you heighten your zest,
And march o'er life's road brisk and brightly;
With double delight on its green swards you rest,
And trip o'er its rough places lightly.

BOTH. Then come on, side by side, and as long as I've breath,
Here's an arm that's both willing and strong!
Jolly hearts bid defiance to danger and death,
Make light of the dark roads, and short of the long.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A wilder and more romantic part of the Chase, or Forest—Scattered Copse Wood, with branches of decayed oaks—Cliffs rising behind them—Hills in the distance—Gipsy Tent or Hut in the centre, with a fire within it.*

GABRIEL, SEBASTIAN, *and other* GIPSIES, *men and women, discovered occupied in cooking, and various other employments, expressive of their habits*—CHILDREN *are seen mingling in the group.*

GAB. Sebastian, where's the old gun with the Spanish barrel?

SEB. Why, will you need her to-night?

GAB. Ay: Dirk Hatteraick, the Dutchman's on the watch.

SEB. What, another shark to be harpooned among us gipsies? (*Comes forward and whispers.*) I'll have nought to do with it. I haven't forgotten how he cried and groaned.

GAB. What *he?*

SEB. (*In a low voice.*) *He* of the wood of Ellangowan, sixteen years ago, when they stole the child. No, no, I'll have no more of that. Let Dirk Hatteraick do his own bloody business.

GAB. But it is business that concerns us all. The child—that very child is now a man, and escaped from Batavia; has served in the army, and is come home again.

SEB. How do you know this?

GAB. I saw him myself at Carlisle two days since, and you know that I knew him in India.

SEB. Well, well, let him alone; he'll never remember anything of this country.

GAB. Dirk doesn't think so, and is determined at least to ship him over the herring pond again. Besides, he has other plans about it. We have had him close watched; he has been seen twice to take boat on the lake, and was in the house of Woodbourne this very night; that Franco knew, and watched him out of it. He must cross this way to Kippletringan—

SEB. I say again, I'll not meddle. What does Meg Merrilies say?—she, to whom we all look up.

GAB. She say! Why, she dotes—she's no more what she was, or ought to be—she's turned tender-hearted, and swears she'll hinder us from lifting a finger against the Lad of Ellangowan, and that, if we attempt to keep him from his own, we but fight against fate!

SEB. Well, and we dare not dispute her bidding.

GAB. Pooh! thou art as bad as she: let us only be secret, and do the business before she knows anything about it. Do you go, and tell Dick Hatteraick I'll be at Mirkwood path shortly, with a party to help him. Tell him to keep his ground, and not begin till I come. [*Exit* SEBASTIAN.] Come, fellows, to our several stations.

GIPSY GLEE AND CHORUS.

[Words by JOHANNA BAILLIE. Music by BISHOP.]

FRANCO, GIPSY GIRL, *and* GABRIEL.

FRANCO. The chough and crow to roost are gone,
The owl sits on the tree,
The hush'd wind wails with feeble moan,
Like infant charity.
The wild fire dances on the fen,
The red star sheds its ray—
Up-rouse ye, then, my merry men,
It is our op'ning day.

CHORUS. Up-rouse ye, &c.

GIPSY GIRL. Both child and nurse are fast asleep,
And closed is every flower,

And winking tapers faintly peep
High from my lady's bower.
Bewilder'd hinds with shorten'd ken,
Shrink on their murky way—
Up-rouse ye, then, my merry men,
It is our op'ning day.

CHORUS. Up-rouse ye, &c.

GAB. Nor board, nor garner, own we now,
Nor roof, nor latched door,
Nor kind mate, bound by holy vow,
To bless a good man's store.
Noon lulls us in a gloomy den,
And night is grown our day—
Up-rouse ye, then, my merry men,
And use it as you may.

CHORUS. Up-rouse ye, &c.

[*Exeunt, all but* GABRIEL, FRANCO, *the* BOY, *and the* GIPSY GIRL.

VOICES. (*Without.*) Holloa! Holloa!

GAB. What voices are those? (*Calling off.*) Hollao! who's there?

Enter HENRY BERTRAM *and* DANDIE DINMONT.

(*Aside seeing* BERTRAM.) 'Tis he himself, by all that's lucky! Then all's safe.

DIN. (*Apart to* BERTRAM.) They are the gipsies, but there's only one man with them; the rest are not far off I reckon. Well, never fear! we are two. By the light, you seem no baby, and for me, fair play, and I'll face any three of them! Bless ye! they're not fed like the like of us.

BERT. I fear them not; and with you at my side, friend, there's not many things ought to alarm me.

GAB. What seek ye here?

DIN. We have lost our way, man, and are seeking that. Know ye which way Kippletringan lies?

GAB. Right over the hill, through the ford, cross the bog, through the thicket, and you have it.

DIN. (*Aside.*) Hill, ford, bog, thicket! The gipsy knave is making fun, I think. (*To* GABRIEL.) Hark ye, friend, have you a head on your shoulders?

GAB. Ay, sir; and what of that?

DIN. Why, how think you it would sort with the butt-end of a Liddesdale whip? (*Shakes it at him.*)

GIPSY GIRL. (*Aside to* GABRIEL.) Take care, give good words; that's fighting Dinmont of Liddesdale; I know him well; I've seen him clear Staneshaw-bank fair from end to end, *driving* fifty men before him.

BERT. Come, sirs, there's no occasion for quarrelling: this gentleman and I want a guide to the town we mentioned, and I will willingly pay him handsomely.

DIN. It's more than he deserves, to refuse two poor bewildered young creatures help at such a time of night.

GIPSY GIRL. I'm sure, gentlemen, you'll excuse us; we are not accustomed to see the like of you, but if there is anything that you would take——

DIN. Can there be anything we won't take, my dear? for I have not taken meat or drink this four or five hours, and the cold blast on the hills has given us such an appetite, that, as the Yorkshireman says, "I could eat a horse behind a saddle."

GIPSY GIRL. Well, sir, such as we have——

DIN. That's a good lass. Come, stir. Come, my sulky lad, lend a hand here.

(*They draw forward a rude table, and place meat and drink upon it*—GABRIEL *and* FRANCO *retire and whisper together.*)

DIN. (*To* BERTRAM.) Try a leg of her, man; she's a moor-fowl. (*Helping him.*) Did you ever see a moor-fowl in your part of the world?

BERT. No, indeed, unless stuffed, upon the shelves of a museum.

(MEG MERRILIES *darts from behind the tent, she advances softly a step or two, and gazes intently on* BERTRAM.)

DIN. Lord! the ignorance of your southern gentlefolks! stuff it into your own stomach, man. (*Drinks.*) This is capital brandy too! it will be moonshine brandy I reckon. The smugglers and gipsies are all one man's children.—But, lord, captain, since you say you are a captain—did you ever in your life see a woman stand staring, as that old gipsy has been staring at you? That's she, I take it, I told you of, she they call Meg Merrilies, the ruler and terror of them all.

BERT. (*Turning round and observing* MEG.) My good woman, do you know me, that you look at me so hard?

MEG. Better than you know yourself.

BERT. Ay, ay—that is, you'll tell me my future fortune. (*Rises.*)

MEG. Yes! because I know your past.

BERT. Indeed! then you have read a perplexed page.

MEG. It will be clearer soon.

BERT. Never less likely.

MEG. Never more so.

BERT. (*Offering money.*) Your manner is wild and oracular enough—come, give me a proof of your art.

MEG. Offer it not. If with a simple spell I cannot recall times, which you have long forgotten, hold me the miserablest impostor.—Hear me, hear me, Henry—Henry Bertram!

BERT. Henry Bertram! sure, I have heard that name—but when, and where?—

MEG. Hark!—hark to the sound of other days!—Listen, and let your heart awake! Girl, come hither,—sing me the song I used to sing to Bertram's babe.

(*The* GIPSY GIRL *comes forward, and sings the Air which* MISS BERTRAM *sung, but more wildly.*)

AIR.

Oh! hark thee, young Henry,
Thy sire is a knight,
Thy mother a lady
So lovely and bright;
The hills and the dales,
From the towers which we see,
They all shall belong,
My dear Henry, to thee.
Oh! rest thee, babe, rest thee, babe, sleep on till day!
Oh! rest thee, babe, rest thee, babe, sleep while you may.

BERT. These words, do, indeed, thrill my bosom with strange emotions. Woman, speak more plainly, and tell me why these sounds thus agitate my inmost soul—and what ideas they are, that thus darkly throng upon my mind at hearing them.

MEG. (*Speaking.*)

Listen, youth, to words of pow'r—
Swiftly comes the rightful hour!
They, who did thee scathe and wrong,
Shall pay their deeds by death ere long.
The dark shall be light,
And the wrong made right,
When Bertram's right, and Bertram's might,
Shall meet on Ellangowan's height!

[*Exit* GABRIEL, *suddenly, up the cliffs, after giving* FRANCO *some directions.*

BERT. (*Gazing on* MEG, *thoughtful and surprised.*) Bertram—Bertram! why does that name sound so familiar to me?

DIN. He is bewitched, for certain—there was always witch craft and devilry among them gipsy clan, I have heard.

MEG. (*Who has watched* GABRIEL *up the cliff.*) And now, begone! Franco, guide these strangers on their way to Kipple-tringan. (*To* BERTRAM.) Yet, stay—let me see your hand. (*Leading him forward.*) What say these lines of fortune past? Wandering and woe, and danger, and crosses in love, and in

friendship. What of the future? Honour, wealth, prosperity, love rewarded, and friendship re-united. But what of the present? Ay! there's a trace, which speaks of danger, of captivity perchance, but not of death. (*Looking cautiously round, then beckoning* DINMONT, *and speaking in a very low, deep voice.*) If you are attacked, be men, and let your hands defend your heads. I will not be far distant from you in the moment of need. And now, begone! Fate calls you.—Away! away! away!

(*She retires behind the tent.*)

DIN. Lord, captain, I wish she may be all right, and not familiar with other things than live in this world.

BERT. Don't be afraid, my friend.

DIN. Fear'd! damn'd a whistle fear I! Be she witch or devil, it's all one to Dandie;—and yet, I felt but queer like, just now, when she was conjouring. If I could ha'e mustered a bit of a prayer, I don't know but I'd have given it her.—But, as I said, devil take me if I baulk you, captain.—(*To* FRANCO.) So forward, my little fellow! and we'll follow.

FRANCO. This way, gentlefolks.

[*Exit* FRANCO *up the rocks,* DINMONT *and* BERTRAM *following.*

SCENE IV.—*A wild Landscape.*

Enter GABRIEL, *cautiously, and looking back.*

GAB. Franco has observed my track, I see. That's a promising chick in our craft, and loves his profession. He has as quick an eye to mischief as the oldest of our gang.

Enter FRANCO, *hastily.*

Well, my little decoy duck, are they far behind?

FRA. Not far; I watched you, and sported on before, to get a word with you, now we're free from old Meg.

GAB. Well, then, lead 'em down the pass in the rocks, to Hatteraick's point, and contrive to loiter there, till I come up the glen with my party; but, be sure not to give Dirk the signal, till you see us.

FRA. Trust to me, Gabriel. Hush! they are here.

Enter DANDIE DINMONT, *and* HENRY BERTRAM.

DIN. (*To* GABRIEL.) Halloa! you, sir! You here too? What are you saying to the boy?

GAB. I only came to give him directions; I feared he might mistake the road.

DIN. Look you, friend: your people sometimes come up our water-side: now, they have always had a barn, and clean straw, and a bellyful at Charlie's-Hope;—but if you play us any trick now,

the devil take me, if you or they shall ever have anything but your shirts full of broken bones! Damn it! I could find the way myself; for the brandy has cleared my eyes the rum had blinded.

GAB. There's no cause for your suspicion, sir; you'll be taken care of, depend on it.

SONG.—GABRIEL.

Follow him, nor fearful deem,
Danger lurks in gipsy-guile,
Rude and lawless, though we seem,
Simple hearts we bear the while.

Robber fierce, nor thief is here,
Who shroud by night in savage den,
Fearless, then, o'er mosses drear,
Gloomy thicket, darksome glen,
Safely follow, follow him!

From rustic swains the petty bribe,
Petty spoil from cot, or farm.
Content the wand'ring gipsy tribe,
Who the traveller never harm;

Then, nor thief nor robber fear,
Who shroud by night in savage den,
But through mosses, dank and drear —
Barren wilds, and darksome glen,
Safely follow, follow him!

[*Exeunt*, GABRIEL *on one side*, DINMONT *and* BERTRAM *following* FRANCO *on the other.*

SCENE V.—*A short Dell, or Pass, with Cliffs, ragged and broken—Shaggy underwood growing on each side—In the offing, the Sea, or rather an inlet from it—A Smuggler's lugger lying in the distance—Two Smugglers seen lurking on the rocks—The grey dawn of morning, with the sun faintly seen to light the extreme horizon.*

Enter DIRK HATTERAICK *and* SEBASTIAN *down the rocks.*

HATT. By the element, your fire's out, your spirits gone, Sebastian! You're turned cowards and cravens every man of you! Oh, the pretty lads I've seen you gipsy tribe turn out, to land a cargo, or to fight the land sharks! And to wince at such a trifle as this.

SEB. But I tell you, Dirk Hatteraick, that Meg will not consent that there should be a hair of his head hurt; and thou knowest well the weight she has with all our tribe, and why she has it. We dare not disobey even her signs and looks.

HATT. Ay, ay; because your people think she is hand and glove with old Satan.

SEB. And what is your purpose, Captain Hatteraick? I think I have a good right to know it.

HATT. What right?

SEB. Why, before a man slips his neck within the compass of a halter, I think he may be allowed to ask a civil question, —Why?

HATT. Well, then, you suspicious hound! If thou wert at the top of that cliff, what large house would you see?

SEB. Ellangowan Castle, to be sure. What of that?

HATT. And to whom does Ellangowan Castle belong?

SEB. Why, they say it belongs to your old acquaintance, Gilbert Glossin.

HATT. It does; but if this lad—this Brown, asthey call him, —this heir-male, were safe under hatches yonder, in my lugger, ready to be produced with the documents which I can give him, whose would the estate be then? Eh?

SEB. I begin to see your drift, Captain.

HATT. Why, mine, man, and thine, and all who hold the secret to threaten Glossin with. He shall be our factor only, and draw the rents for us; the castle's our own to revel in, and he shall not dare to say us nay. So, set your foot to mine, lads, and we secure the younker in a moment, and keep him like a bagged fox, to be turned out as we see cause.

SEB. But you had better wait for Gabriel and his fellows. Young Bertram's a powerful man; if he resists, and——

HATT. And is killed, you mean—why, then, we must keep the secret, and make that scoundrel Glossin believe him still alive.—But zounds! have done with your *buts* and *ands;* here they come. (*To the* SMUGGLERS.) Stand back, lads, behind the cliff.

(*They conceal themselves.*)

Enter BERTRAM *and* DINMONT, *preceded by* FRANCO, *down the winding path of an opposite Cliff.*

DIN. (*On the cliff.*) I tell you, my cock-sparrow, I have had a special notion this some time past that you are leading us out of the road to Kippletringan; and if you are, my chicken, I'll think no more of wringing your neck round than a moor-fowl pout! (*Advancing to the front,* FRANCO *anxiously looking off on the opposite side.*) And what ails ye now, you devil's bird, that you stand staring down the glen? (*Shakes him.*) I have not the truth out of you.

FRA. I only thought, perhaps, the gentleman would like to see the rocks—*many southern* gentlemen come to see this glen—*it's famous!*

DIN. Rocks and glens! when we want to get to a town and our beds! Come, come, where's the way next?

FRA. (*Affecting great fear.*) You terrify me so, I don't know.

DIN. If I take you in hand, young one——

BERT. Oh, let him alone; you frighten him, he is but a boy.

DIN. A boy! there's as much mischief in the devil's little finger, they say, as there is in all his body—he's hatching a lie at this moment.

FRA. (*Aside.*) I see 'em. (*To* DINMONT.) Dear sir, if you heard the curious echo that is here, you would not be angry.

BERT. Echo! what echo, my little lad?

FRA. You shall hear.

(*He whistles, and at the same instant springs with great agility out of* DINMONT'S *hands.*)

Re-enter DIRK HATTERAICK *and his Sailors, rushing forward—*GABRIEL, *with two or three Gipsy men at another entrance. Just as they are about to fall on,* MEG MERRILIES *suddenly appears upon an eminence, between the parties, and waves off the* GIPSIES, *who shrink back at her signal.*

MEG. Gipsies, strike not at your peril. Children, obey me and depart.

HATT. Witch—fiend—hag! Cowards! will you desert me at a woman's bidding? Then we must do it ourselves—at 'em lads!

(*A violent scuffle, in which the Sailors are worsted and driven off—*HATTERAICK *is knocked down, and made prisoner—*MEG *disappears.*)

DIN. Well, the devil; such sport as this, Captain, I never saw. How that fellow fought!

BERT. But what shall we do with our prisoner? he seems resolved not to walk.

DIN. I cannot blame him; it's a rough road to the gallows. (*To* HATTERAICK.) Come, lad, will ye get up and walk, or shall I carry you upon my shoulders, as if you were a sheep?

(BERTRAM *assists* DINMONT *to lift up* HATTERAICK, *whose arms they bind—He looks dogged and stern, but makes no resistance.*)

BERT. Now, sir, be pleased to use your legs. No? motionless and silent. We'll find a way to make you march.

(*Bagpipes—a march heard without.*)

DIN. And as good luck would have it, yonder comes the *Highland party* I saw at the fair yesterday, and a troop of the

village lads and lasses following the merry bagpipes. Gad, we'll have enough to carry you now, lad, gaily and lightly—and it's my old acquaintance, Sergeant M'Crae with them, to.

(*The party march on the stage.*)

How is a' with you, Sergeant? and how came you in this queer, out o' the way bit?

SERG. Why, we're ordered here to look out for some smugglers and banditti.

DIN. We have been before-hand with you, man; fought them, beat them, and made a prisoner; and you must help us to take him to the next justice's, Gibbie Glossin's, at Ellangowan.

SERG. With all my heart, but I must first refresh my party.

(*He gives orders. Exeunt four* SOLDIERS *with* DIRK HATTERAICK, *followed by* BERTRAM.)

DIN. And what will refresh them?

SERG. A dram.

DIN. And what more?

SERG. A song.

DIN. And what more?

SERG. A dance.

DIN. Bravo, Sergeant! You keep a right Highland heart still.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Now fill the glass, and let it pass
From hand to hand wi' glee, man;
The faint are bold, and young the old,
When whisky fires their e'e, man.
The kilted lads frae Scottish hills,
When takin' aff their native gills,
Find every nerve wi' courage fills;
A dauntless band, like rocks they stand,
And wield the brand, wi' deadly hand,
'Till foes all fall or flee, man.

Let pipers chant a rattling rant,
And lasses join and dance, man;
Wi' music craft and whisky, daft,
Our pulses wildly prance, man.
Then lads gae mad frae head to heel,
Strike hands, and then strike up a reel,
And in the air they glance and wheel,
They set and shout, and in and out
They cross about, till all the rout
Are lost in pleasure's trance, man.

(*They dance a Scotch dance.*)

END OF ACT II.

Act Third.

SCENE I.—*Ellangowan—The Sea-Shore, with the Castle on the Rocks.*

Enter MEG MERRILIES.

MEG. From one peril I have preserved young Bertram! His greatest and his last is still to come. From that, too, will I protect him, for I was born to raise the house of Ellangowan from its ruins. I told Hatteraick and his murderous crew, when they forced the child away, e'en when the villain's dagger at his infant throat forced my unwilling secrecy to their devilish plan, that should the sweet blossom live to ripen into manhood, and return to his native land, I'd set him in his father's seat again. I'll do it, though I dig my own grave in the attempt.

Enter SEBASTIAN.

Now, Sebastian, thy tidings.

SEB. Dirk Hatteraick has sent his orders by me for our crew to meet him instantly at the Old Tower of Derncleugh.

MEG. Hatteraick! Why, was he not secured, and taken by Dinmont and the youth to Glossin's? Is he not in the hands of justice?

SEB. He was; but he has slipped through its fingers, and without much difficulty, for they were opened to him on purpose.

MEG. What mean'st thou?

SEB. Why, that his old friend, Justice Glossin, contrived that he should effect his escape from the Castle-Keep, where he was confined; and the friendly smuggler and lawyer meet to-night in the cavern by Derncleugh Tower, where we are to assist in making sure, as they call it, of that younker of Ellangowan, whom Glossin is to separate from his sturdy companion, and send over the heath alone.

MEG. Ha, I understand it. His death is purposed, then, and they have chosen the scene of one murder to commit another. Right! The blood spilt on that spot has long cried for vengeance, and it shall fall upon them! Sebastian, speed to Dinmont and the youth, tell them not to separate for their lives; guide them to the Glen near the Tower, there let them wait till Glossin and Hatteraick meet in the cavern. Away, and do my bidding.

[*Exit* SEBASTIAN.

Now, to send to Mannering. I must remain on the watch myself; Gabriel I dare not trust. Ha, who comes now? The girl

herself and Abel Sampson, Henry Bertram's ancient tutor! It shall be so. Hush; away, away!

[*Retires.*

Enter JULIA MANNERING *and* LUCY BERTRAM.

MISS M. Upon my word, my dear Lucy, this Scotland of yours is the most gallant country in the world. There's even Mr Sampson yonder turned as arrant a coxcomb as my brother, in our service. How delightful the old gentleman does look in his new suit! What wonders will you work next?—an old abstracted philosopher dangling after us, a beau-companion, and a proud, stern, stoical soldier melted down into your forlorn true lover, Lucy!

MISS B. Why will you thus continue to persecute me with speeches which gratitude and delicacy, and, above all, the remembrance of my recent deep afflictions should forbid me listening to.

MISS M. By no means, my dear. Gratitude and delicacy, and everything in the world, should bid you listen to a man who, I can tell you from good authority, is over head and ears in love with you. What say you, dearest Lucy; will you be my sister?

MISS B. Oh, Julia, what can, what ought I to say? Spare me, I entreat you! my heart is too full; let yours speak for me.

AIR—MISS BERTRAM.

Oh, blame me not that such high worth
  Hath raised of love the gentle flame;
Yet, as I own it, quicker throbs
  The timid, trembling pulse of shame.
When pity dries the falling tear,
  Love, unperceived, will venture in;
And kindness to a wounded heart,
  Is sure that wounded heart to win.

My faltering tongue, my downcast eyes,
  Reveal my bosom's thoughts too plain;
But where love wore a form so good,
  Ah! tell me, could it plead in vain?
This heart, without a resting place,
  Was like the wand'ring weary dove,
Return'd from sorrow's storms, to seek
  A shelter in the ark of love.

MISS M. Thanks, dearest Lucy! I've a story to tell you in return about myself; but not just now, for here comes Mr Sampson.

MISS B. Pray, endeavour to divert the poor man's attention, for his change of dress quite confuses him. How could you play

such a roguish trick upon the good, absent soul, as to make the servant put new clothes in his room, in the place of old ones?

Enter DOMINIE SAMPSON, *looking at his clothes.*

DOM. Truly, my outward man doth somewhat embarrass my sensations of identity. My vestments are renovated miraculously.

MISS M. Mr Sampson, will you favour us with your arm?

DOM. (*Looking at her a moment, and then again at his clothes.*) Of a verity, these sleeves are regenerated—so are the knees of my breeches, or *subligaculi*, as the ancients denominated them.

MISS B. Come, Mr Sampson, we wait for you.

DOM. Honoured young lady!—I——Where can the patch and darning be removed unto?

MISS B. What's the matter, sir?

DOM. I know not—I am nubilous. Doubtless the air of Woodbourne is favourable unto wearing apparel; for the surface of my garments is as fresh as when I first put them on, ten years ago! Miraculous! *Idem et alter*!! Prodigious!!! But I crave forgiveness, young ladies—we will proceed. (*As they are going* MEG *intercepts them.*)

MEG. Stop!—I command thee!

DOM. Avoid thee! (*Starts and runs back.*)

MISS M. What a frightful creature! (*Holding out her purse to* DOMINIE.) Here!—here, sir! Give her something, and bid her go.

MEG. I want not your trash.

MISS B. She's mad!

MEG. No, I am not mad!—I've been imprisoned for mad—scourged for mad—banished for mad—but mad I am not!

MISS B. For mercy's sake, good woman, what is it you want?

MEG. Go hence, Lucy Bertram, and Julia Mannering! There's no harm meant you, and may be, much good at hand. Hence! 'Tis Abel Sampson I want.

DOM. (*Aside.*) 'Tis Meg Merrilies, renowned for her sorceries! I haven't seen her for many a year. My blood curdles to hear her! Young ladies, depart and fear not; I am somewhat tremulous, but I am vigorous—Lo! I will resist. (*He edges round between the ladies and* MEG, *to cover their retreat—Exeunt* JULIA *and* LUCY. *As they go off, he points his long cane at* MEG.) I am perturbed at thy words—Woman, I conjure thee! (MEG *advances.*) Nay, then, will I flee incontinently!

MEG. Halt! stand fast, or ye shall rue the day, while a limb of you hangs together!

DOM. *Conjuro te, nequissima, et scelestissima!*

MEG. What gibberish is that? Go from me to Colonel Mannering.

DOM. I am fugacious. (*He attempts to escape*)

MEG. (*Making at him.*) Stay!—Thou tremblest! Drink of this!

(*Offers a flask.*)

DOM. I am not a-thirst, most execrable—I mean, excellent——

MEG. Drink! and put some heart in you.

DOM. Lo; I obey! (*Drinks.*)

MEG. Can your learning tell what this is?

DOM. Praised be thy bounty—brandy.

MEG. Will you remember my errand now?

DOM. I will, most pernicious—that is, pertinacious.

MEG. Then tell Colonel Mannering, if ever he owed a debt to the House of Ellangowan, and hopes to see it prosper, he must come instantly, armed, and well attended, to the Glen, below the Tower of Derncleugh, and fail not on his life! you know the spot.

DOM. I do—where you once dwelt, most accursed—that is, most accurate.

MEG. Ay, Abel Sampson, there blazed my hearth for many a day! and there, beneath the willow, that hung its garlands over the brook, I've sat, and sung to Harry Bertram, songs of the olden time.

DOM. (*Aside.*) Witch rhymes, and incantations, I would I could abscond.

MEG. That tree is withered now, never to be green again; and old Meg Merrilies will never sing blythe songs more. But I charge you, Abel Sampson, when the heir shall have his own—as soon he shall—

DOM. Woman!—What say'st you?

MEG. That you tell him not to forget Meg Merrilies, but to build up the old walls in the glen, for her sake, and let those that live there be too good to fear the beings of another world; for, if ever the dead come back among the living, I'll be seen in that glen many a night after these crazed bones are whitened in the mouldering grave.

DOM. (*Aside.*) Fear and perturbations creep upon me! but I will speak soothingly unto her. (*Aloud*) Assuredly, Mrs Margaret Merrilies, I will go whither thou biddest me, and remember your behest. But, touching the return of little Harry Bertram, I opine——

MEG. I have said it, old man! you shall see him again, and the best lord he shall be that Ellangowan has seen this hundred years. But ye are too long here. To Mannering! away! and bid him come to that spot instantly, or the heir of Ellangowan may perish for ever.

DOM. I will hie me nimbly, most facinorous—I would say, fascinating—(MEG *motions him off, and stands looking after him.*

pointing her arm in the direction he is going, while he repeats—Prodigious!—Prodigious!—Prodigious!)

[*Exit* DOMINIE.

MEG. Now, then, to complete the work of fate. The moment is at hand, when all shall behold

Bertram's right, and Bertram's might,
Meet on Ellangowan's height!

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in Woodbourne House—swords, guns, pistols, &c., over the mantel-piece.*

Enter COLONEL MANNERING, *followed by* LUCY BERTRAM *and* JULIA MANNERING.

MISS M. Oh, my dear brother! you cannot think how frightened we were! she desired us to go away—it was Mr Sampson she said, she wanted to speak with.

MISS B. I wish he were returned.

DOMINIE. (*Heard without, speaking to* FLORA.) Avoid thee!—that is, where is Colonel Mannering?

FLORA. (*Without.*) This way, Mr Sampson, follow me.

DOMINIE. (*Without.*) *Conjuro te*—I mean, show me to him.

COL. Here is Mr Sampson, and now, perhaps, we shall know how to act.

Enter FLORA, *followed by* DOMINIE SAMPSON.

FLORA. Gracious me, Mr Sampson, what's the matter with you?

DOM. *Exorciso te!*

FLORA. Exercise me! What is it you mean, sir? Are you out of your wits?

DOM. *Conjuro te!*

FLORA. Conjure me! You're bewitched yourself, for certain.

DOM. Of a surety it is my belief—*deprecor*—that is, I would confer with the Colonel Mannering.

FLORA. Well, there is the Colonel, and the young ladies with him, Mr Sampson.

[*Exit.*

COL. Now, Mr Sampson, what is the meaning of all this alarm?

DOM. *Exorciso!*

COL. How, sir!

DOM. I crave pardon, honoured sir, but my wits——

COL. Seem rather disordered, I think; but I beg you will *arrange them,* and explain your business,

DOM. I will *sed conjuro te!*—I mean, I will deliver my message.

COL. Your message! from whom?

DOM. From Beelzebub, I believe.

COL. This is an ill-timed jest, Mr Sampson.

DOM. She, of whom I spake, is no jesting person.

COL. Whom—whom did you speak of?

DOM. Beelzebub's post-mistress, Meg Merrilies.

MISS B. Good heaven! was it she whom I saw? Oh, sir, what—what said she?

DOM. Prodigious! I am oblivious!

COL. Mr Sampson, how can you trifle thus?

DOM. Honoured Colonel, bear with me a moment. The witch hath terrified me. It was touching little Harry Bertram.

MISS B. How! my long lost brother?

DOM. Yea, who though of a tender age, was, by a blessing upon my poor endeavours, a prodigy of learning.

COL. Well, sir, but what of him?

DOM. Of a verity, she prophesied his return.

MISS B. Gracious heaven!

DOM. And has commanded you, worthy Colonel, to attend her summons with armed men, at her ancient domicile, in the glen, by Derncleugh Tower.

COL. With armed men?

DOM. Yea, and speedily, lest, as she said, the heir of Ellangowan perisheth for ever.

MISS B. Oh, sir, slight her not! vagrant and gipsy as she is, she nursed my little brother, and was said to doat on him. 'Tis a wild hope, but, for my sake, listen to it; should I find a brother to protect me, to thank you, too, for all your goodness!

COL. It shall be attended to this moment.

(*Rings.*)

Enter SERVANT.

Barnes, order the servants to provide themselves with weapons instantly. (*Exit Servant.*) Mr Sampson, protect the ladies. Arm yourself, and follow me; your presence may be important.

[*Exit.*

DOM. (*Taking down a gun and sword from the wall.*) Young ladies, follow me, and fear not. Lo, I have armed myself, and will smite lustily in the cause of little Harry. (*The gun goes off.*) Pro-o-o-digious!

[*Exeunt* MISS B. *and* MISS M. *running,* DOMINIE *after them, dragging the gun, and shouldering the sword awkwardly.*

SCENE III.—*The Cavern near the Tower of Derncleugh—A broken and lofty entrance at the summit, from which descends a rugged path—Another rather dark and narrow passage hewn in the rock below.*

DIRK HATTERAICK *is discovered walking up and down in the vault, by the embers of a fire, with the gestures of one who finds it difficult to keep himself warm.*

Enter GILBERT GLOSSIN, *from the top, cautiously, with a dark lantern.*

GLOSS. Hist, hist!

HATT. Is it you?

GLOSS. Are you in the dark, my dear Dirk?

HATT. Dark? Dark as the devil's mouth, and my fire is out.

GLOSS. We'll repair it in a trice. (*Gathering up some dry sticks, and repairing the fire, which burns up briskly.*) It is a cold place, to be sure.

HATT. (*Warming himself eagerly.*) Cold! snow-water and hail! It is perdition; and I could only keep myself alive by walking up and down this infernal hole, and thinking on the merry rouses we have had in it.

GLOSS. And shall again, boy. (*Producing a flask.*) See, here's something to warm your heart as well as your limbs.

HATT. Give it to me, give it to me. (*Drinks.*) Ah, this lights the fire within. I have dreamt of nothing but that damned dead fellow, Kennedy, ever since I have been here.

GLOSS. Come, come, the cold's at your heart still; take another pull. I left that bull-headed brute of a farmer, refreshing, as he calls it, with the soldiers, and the youngster crosses the heath alone; so, there's an easy trick to be won.

HATT. No, I'd rather fight for it; a few good blows puts a colour upon such a business; besides, I should like my revenge on that Liddesdale bully, for the hard knocks he gave me.

MEG MERRILIES *appears through the dark narrow passage, attended by* HENRY BERTRAM *and* DANDIE DINMONT.

MEG (*In a deep whisper to* BERTRAM.) Will you believe me now? You shall hear them attest all I have said; but do not stir till I give the sign.

(*They retire.*)

HATT. (*Who has been warming himself.*) Is Sebastian true, think you?

GLOSS. True as steel. I fear none of them but old Meg.

MEG. (*Stepping forward.*) And what d'ye fear from her?

GLOSS. (*Aside.*) What fury has brought this hag hither? (*To* MEG.) Nay, nothing, nothing, my good mother; I was only fearing you might not come here to see our friend, Dirk Hatteraick, before he left us.

MEG. What brings him back with the blood of the Kennedy upon his hands?

HATT. It has dried up, you hag! It has dried up twenty years ago.

MEG. It has not! It cries, night and day, from the bottom of this dungeon to the blue arch of heaven, and never so loudly as at this moment; and yet you proceed as if your hands were whiter than the lily.

HATT. Peace, you foul witch! or I'll make you quiet.

GLOSS. No violence, no violence, against honest Meg! I will show her such good reasons for what we have further to do.—You know our purpose, I suppose?

MEG. Yes!—To murder an unoffending youth, the heir of Ellangowan. And you, you treacherous cur! that bit the charitable hand that fed you! Will you again be helping to waylay your master's son? Beware! I always told ye, evil would come on ye, and in this very cave.

GLOSS. Hark ye, Meg! we must speak plain to you! My friend, Dirk Hatteraick, and I, have made up our minds about this youngster, and it signifies nothing talking, unless you have a mind to share his fate. You were as deep as we in the whole business.

MEG. 'Tis false. You forced me to consent that you should hurry him away, kidnap him, plunder him; but to murder him was your own device!—yours! And it has thriven with you well.

HATT. The old hag has croaked nothing but evil bodings these twenty years. She has been a rock-a-head to me all my life.

MEG. I, a rock-a-head! The gallows is your rock-a-head.

HATT. Gallows! Ye hag of Satan! the hemp is not sown that shall hang me.

MEG. It is sown, and it is grown, and hackled and twisted. Did I not tell you, that the boy would return in spite of you? Did I not say, the old fire would burn down to a spark, and then blaze up again?

(*Here the party appear on the watch.*)

HATT. You did; but all is lost, unless he's now made sure. Ask Glossin else.

MEG. I do; and, in the name of heaven, demand, if he will yet forgo his foul design against his master's son?

GLOSS. What! and give up all to this Brown, or Bertram—this infernal heir-male, that's come back? Never!

MEG. Bear witness, heaven and earth! They have confessed the past deed, and proclaimed their present purpose.

(*She throws a little flax, dipped in spirits of wine, on the fire, which blazes up—at this signal* HENRY BERTRAM *rushes upon* GLOSSIN—DANDIE DINMONT *upon* DIRK HATTERAICK, *and masters his sword*—HATTERAICK *suddenly fires a pistol at* MEG, *who falls, with a loud scream—he then rushes up to the entrance of the cavern, and is met by* COLONEL MANNERING *and* SOLDIERS, *who instantly secure him and* GLOSSIN—SERVANTS *follow with lights.*)

COL. (*To the* SOLDIERS.) Carry off these villains! we have heard their own tongues seal their guilt.—Justice shall do the rest.—(*Exeunt* SOLDIERS *with* GLOSSIN *and* HATTERAICK.) And look to this unfortunate woman. Hasten, some one, for proper assistance.

MEG. Heed me not:—I knew it would be this way, and it hath ended as it ought.—Bear me up—let me but see my master's son, let me but behold Henry Bertram, and bear witness to him, and the gipsy vagrant has nothing more to do with life.

DOMINIE. (*Without.*) This way, Miss Lucy—this way! Where—where is little Harry Bertram? I must behold the infant, the dear child!

Enter DOMINIE SAMPSON, *rushing in impatiently, followed by* LUCY, JULIA, *and Country people, who range at the back.*

DOM. (*Standing opposite* BERTRAM.) *Beatissime!* It is his father alive! It is, indeed, Harry, little Harry Bertram—look at me, my child! do you not remember me, Abel Sampson?

BERT. A light breaks in upon me.—Yes, that was, indeed, my name, and that—that is the voice and figure of my kind old master.

DOM. Miss Lucy Bertram, look!—lo!—behold!—is he not your father's living image? Embrace him, and let fall your tears upon a brother's cheek.

MISS B. My brother! my long lost brother restored to his rights! Welcome!—oh! welcome to a sister's love!

MEG. (*Suddenly raising herself.*) Hear ye that? He's owned! he's owned!—There's a living witness, and here—here is one, who will soon speak no more. Hear her last words! There stands Harry Bertram—Shout! shout! and acknowledge him Lord of Ellangowan! (*The people shout*) My ears grow dull—stand from the light, and let me gaze upon him—no, the darkness is my own eyes.

(*Sinks into the arms of* BERTRAM *and* COL. M.)

COL. Come hither, some of you—bear her to Woodbourne

House.—Let all care be taken of her.—Support and bear her gently away, she may yet recover. [*Exit* DINMONT, *bearing off* MEG. And now, Mr Bertram, I hope no misunderstanding will prevent your accepting what I most sincerely offer, my friendship and congratulations, upon your restoration to birth and fortune.

BERT. Colonel Mannering, I accept them most gladly; and if I am not deceived, the wishes of both our hearts may make us not only friends, but brothers. What say you, sister, am I right?

MISS M. Oh! she can't speak, so I will. Give Miss Bertram your arm, brother, and here, Henry, is mine; and now, let us go in before we talk more upon the subject.

Re-enter DANDIE DINMONT.

BERT. My hearty friend and brave defender! come, we cannot part with you yet.

DIN. I beg pardon of your honour, and these young ladies; but I haven't got my Sunday's suit on, and this coat is rather the worse for the two or three tussels we have had to-day.

BERT. And can that be an objection to him in whose cause it suffered? You may thank Mr Dinmont's courage, ladies, for my life and safety.

MISS B. Thank him! ay, that we do, and bless him for it.

DIN. Eh! and heaven bless you, my bonnie lass, wi' all my heart.

(*He kisses* MISS B., *who, alarmed at his boldness, runs back confused.*)

DOM. Prodigious! (*Laying his cane on* DINMONT'S *shoulder*)

DIN. Lord's sake, forgive me! I ask your pardon, I am sure; I forgot but ye'd been a bairn of my own. The captain here's so homely like! he just makes one forget one's self—and I'm so overjoyed like, at his good fortune——

COL. So are we all; and if the heir of Ellangowan be welcomed here too, our joy will be——

DOM. Prodigious!

FINALE AND CHORUS.

MISS M. Oh! let your hands assure the youth,
There's nothing now to fear,
For his return is little worth
Unless he's welcomed here.
For there's nae luck about the house,
There's nae luck ava',
There's little pleasure in the house
When your smiles are awa'.

CHORUS. For there's nae luck, &c

BERT The Heir of Ellangowan's fate
Depends upon this night,
If you deny him your support
He's neither right nor might.
For there's nae luck, &c.

CHORUS. For there's nae luck, &c.

MISS M. Then welcome home the rightful heir
To native halls and lands,
There's right, and might, and music, too,
In your approving hands.
For there's nae luck, &c.

CHORUS. For there's nae luck, &c.

THE END.

DUNN AND WRIGHT, PRINTERS, GLASGOW.

THE ANTIQUARY;

A DRAMA IN THREE ACTS.

Dramatis Personæ,

As Originally Performed in the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, London, and Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, 1820.

	Covent Garden, 1820.	Edinburgh, 1820.
Jonathan Oldbuck, . .	Mr Liston.	Mr Murray.
Caxon, ...	Mr Blanchard.	Mr Duff.
Lovel, ...	Mr Duruset.	Mr Calcraft.
Sir Arthur Wardour, .	Mr Chapman.	Mr Roberts.
Edie Ochiltree, . . .	Mr Emery.	Mr Mackay.
Lord Glenallan, . .	Mr Terry.	Mr Anderson.
Hector M'Intyre, . .	Mr Abbott.	Mr Jones.
Lieutenant Taffril, .	Mr Connor.	
Ensign Leslie, . . .	Mr Mears.	
Francis M'Craw, . .		Mr Bell.
Saunders Mucklebackit, .	Mr Farley.	Mr Denham.
Steenie, Andrew, & Patie, } *his Sons*, . .	Mr Isaacs. Mr Norris. Master Longhurst.	Mr Aikin. Master Roberts.
Sweepclean, . . .	Mr King.	Mr Lee.
Davie Dibble, . .		Mr Martin.
Robert, ...	Mr Atkins.	Mr Stanley.
Miss Isabella Wardour, .	Miss Stephens.	Miss Rock.
Miss Maria M'Intyre, .	Miss Mathews.	Miss M. Nicol.
Miss Grizelda Oldbuck, .	Mrs Davenport.	Mrs Nicol.
Maggie Mucklebackit, .	Mrs Sterling	Miss Stanfield.
Jenny Rintherout, . .	Miss Green.	Miss Nicol.
Elspeth, ...	Mrs Faucit.	Mrs Renaud.

Servants, Gardeners, Villagers, &c..

THE ANTIQUARY.

Act First.

SCENE I.—*View on the Grounds at Monkbarns, with the Mansion of* JONATHAN OLDBUCK, ESQ.

DAVIE DIBBLE *and* SERVANTS *cross, carrying vegetables, &c.,* JENNY RINTHEROUT *following.*

JENNY. Rin, Davie Dibble, with the garden stuff, as fast as ye can; Miss Oldbuck has been squalling for ye this half hour. Ye'll catch it, my man, for she's in a precious humour. (*Exeunt* DAVIE *and* SERVANTS.) Waes me, that Miss Oldbuck's an unco body; she's been wrangling wi' Maggie Mucklebackit, the fish-wife, this quarter o' an hour, and they are screaming and spluttering like twa sea-gulls in a high wind.

Enter JACOB CAXON.

Eh, Caxon, ye look wearied.

CAX. Weel I may, lass, I'm no sae young as ye; and now Monkbarns has ta'en this new humour o' seeing strange faces, and gie'ing dinners, my place o' travelling express is nae sinecure. But where's the master? Mr Lovel's coming.

JENNY. A fiddle for Mr Lovel; did ye hear onything o' Captain MacIntyre? Oh, it's a braw time when the Captain comes hame; he does quarter himsel' in such style, as he ca's it, and turns everybody tapsy-teerie, and battles away at the auld iniquities in maister's spankum bangorum.

CAX. Antiquities you mean; and Jenny, ye're no edicate, or ye'd ken it was sanctum sanctorum, as Homer ca's it; and Jenny, my lass, I'd advise ye no to let Monkbarns catch ye dusting his iniquities, as ye ca' them, a second time, or he'll play the very mischief wi' womankind, as he terms you and the rest o' ye.

JENNY. The rest o' us, ye auld carle! But ye are as bad as my maister, and Heaven kens what can mak' him sae to me, and a' the ither leddies o' the family.

CAX. Why, Jenny, they do say he was ance crossed in love; but it's an awfu' mystery, and nane kens onything about it but himsel', and the young Earl o' Glenallan. But whisht! whisht! here comes Monkbarns.

Enter JONATHAN OLDBUCK, ESQ., *from the house.*

OLD. Fly, Jenny; my sister wants you. (*Exit* JENNY.) Well, Jacob Caxon, thou ancient type of the fallen fraternity of peruke-makers, thou look'st melancholy?

CAX. Weel I may, for your honour's head is a' I ha'e to live on. Ah, yer honour, there are but twa wigs left in the parish now —yer ain and the minister's, and waes me, I'm discarded frae that now.

OLD. How so, Caxon?

CAX. Why, his quean o' a cookmaid dresses it for him wi' the doup o' a candle, and the drudging-box.

OLD. Well, cheer up, old Fidelity, we'll find some employment for thee yet; but what news from Fairport of my prince of post-chaise companions; will Lovel come?

CAX. Directly, yer honour; and Sir Arthur Wardour will be here by dinner time.

OLD. Time enough for him, Caxon. I have always enough of that dull and dignified knight after dinner.

CAX. Owre muckle at times, yer honour; for ye aye get quarrelling about Whigs and Tories, and ither antiquities.

OLD. Well, said, Caxon; but in, man, and bustle, as if thou wert new-powdering the provost's wig.

CAX. Ah, sir, thae days ha'e lang gane by! De'il a wig has a Provost o' Fairport worn syne auld Provost Jarvie's time. But I ha'e seen the day, Monkbarns, when the Town Council o' Fairport wad ha'e as soon wanted their town-clerk, or their gill o' brandy owre head, after the haddoc, as they wad ha'e wanted, ilk ane a weel-favoured, sonsy, decent periwig on his pow. Hech, sirs, nae wonder the commons will be discontent, when they see magistrates, and deacons, and bailies wi' heads as bald and bare as ane o' my wig-blocks!

[*Exit.*

OLD. And as well furnished within.—Caxon has an excellent view of public affairs, and I daresay has touched the cause of our popular discontents as closely as the provost himself. It is odd that, with my usual aversion to strangers, this young man, this *Lovel, should* have irresistible attractions for me: but there's an *indescribable something* about his manner, a tone in his voice, an *expression of his* eye, that frequently reminds me of—(appears

affected, and draws his hand across his eyes.) No matter, "the rascal has given me medicines to make me love him!"

Enter Mr Lovel.

Ah, Mr Lovel, welcome to Monkbarns. I began to think you had taken French leave, as my old friend and brother antiquary did, when he went off with one of my Syrian medals.

Lovel. I hope, my good sir, I should have fallen under no such imputation.

Old. Quite as bad, let me tell you, if you had stolen yourself away, without giving me the pleasure of seeing you again. But come, we have no time to lose; at dinner I must introduce you to my neighbour knight, Sir Arthur Wardour, and to his lovely daughter.

Lovel. (*Embarrassed.*) Miss Wardour, sir?

Old. Ay, a charming creature, though of woman-kind; above all nonsensical prejudice and ceremony, and who makes ample amends for the absurdities and weakness of the punctilious old fool, her father.

Lovel. She does indeed. I think, Mr Oldbuck, I have heard that Sir Arthur's affairs are somewhat embarrassed.

Old. Upon the brink of ruin, I fear. Sir Arthur is good and honourable enough, but rather weak; so a High German Mountebank, an impostor, has turned him into a belief that he can make his fortune by mining on the estate, and has ruined him by the foolish and ridiculous experiment.

Lovel. You have a share in the speculation, I believe, sir.

Old. Hem—hem. Mr Lovel, look yonder, you see that extensive mound?

Lovel. Clearly, sir.

Old. Do you see nothing remarkable on it?

Lovel. I see something like a ditch, I think, indistinctly marked.

Old. Indistinctly—humph! You'll pardon me, Mr Lovel, but the indistinctness must be in your own powers of vision. Now, sir, what would you say if, on that very spot, called the Cairn of Kimprunes, which words signify an ancient camp, or I know nothiug of the matter——

Lovel. (*Aside.*) Like enough, I fear.

Old. What would you say, sir, if on that very spot, now the property of the humble and obscure individual now before you, the memorable and final conflict took place between Agricola and the Caledonians.

Lovel. It would indeed be an interesting purchase.

Old. Fact, fact, sir; fact, depend upon it. See here, sir, upon touching the ground I found this stone; you see it bears a sacrificing vessel, and the letters A.D.L.L, which, without much vio-

lence, may stand for "*Agricola. Dicavit Libens Lubens.*" Hey, Mr Lovel!

LOVEL. Certainly, sir.

(EDIE OCHILTREE *appears behind.*)

OLD. (*With enthusiasm.*) No doubt, no doubt; now my dear young friend, you see those ruins yonder—the central part of the mound.

LOVEL. Clearly, sir.

OLD. That was the prætorium itself of the Roman camp: There stood Agricola himself, viewing with anxious eye the countless myriads of the Caledonian army, and exclaiming——

EDIE. (*From the prætorium, which he has ascended during* OLDBUCK'S *last speech.*) How's a' wi' ye the day, Monkbarns?

OLD. Hollo, Agricola!—I mean Edie Ochiltree—what the devil do you do on the prætorium there?

EDIE. Prætorium here, prætorium there, I mind the biggin o't!

OLD. You, you old fool; it was there before you were born, and will be after you're hanged.

EDIE. Hanged or drowned, here or awa', dead or alive, I mind the biggin o't.

OLD. You, you old blockhead; what the devil do you know about it?

EDIE. Why, I ken this anent it, Monkbarns, and what profit ha'e I for telling ye a lie. About twenty years syne, I and a wheen hallen-shakers like mysel', set to wark, and biggit this bit thing here that ye ca' the prætorium, and a' just for a bield at auld Aikin Drum's bridal.

OLD. Pooh, pooh, no such thing!

EDIE. Ay, ay, but it's e'en sae, Monkbarns; and if ye'll howk up the burrock, ye'll find a stane that ane o' the callants cut a ladle on, to ha'e a bound at the bridegroom, and he pat four letters on't, A. D. L. L., *Aikin Drum's Lang Ladle*; for ye ken Aikin Drum was ane o' the kale suppers o' Fife.

OLD. Curse Aikin Drum, and his lang ladle too. Pooh, pooh! there's some mistake.

EDIE. The deevil a bit on my side o' the wa'. I never deal in mistakes; they aye bring mischances.

LOVEL. (*Aside.*) So much for Agricola and his sacrificing vessel.

EDIE. Weel, Monkbarns, I'll awa' down to Saunders Mucklebackit's; ha'e ye ony commands there?

OLD. No, no, friend Edie, there's my mite for you; and I say, Edie, you needn't mention anything of this d——d foolish story of yours about Aikin Drum.

EDIE. The de'il a bit, yer honour; but, Lord's sake, yer *honour, they tell me* ye ha'e gi'en that wily deevil, Johnie Howie, *acre for acre o'* your best corn land, for the prætorium yonder.

OLD. Provoking scoundrel! Never mind, Edie, it's all a mistake.

EDIE. Troth, the deevil o' a mistake, I'm thinking; something like yer honour's gi'eing a gowd guinea to the packman for a bad bodle, which he ca'd a *serious* medal.

OLD. Go to the devil—I mean to my sister—and tell her to give you a dram; that's a good fellow.

EDIE. I'm gaun, yer honour. Lang life to yer honour's prætorium. (OLDBUCK *lifts his cane.*) Aweel, aweel, I'm gaun, Monkbarns. Heaven bless yer honour and Aikin Drum.

"And he play'd upon a ladle,
And they ca'd him Aikin Drum."

[*Exit.*

OLD. Curse Aikin Drum and the prætorium.

LOVEL. Pray, Mr Oldbuck, who is that familiar gentleman?

OLD. One of the plagues of the country. Who is he? He has been a soldier, ballad-singer, travelling tinker;—is now by profession a beggar—one of the privileged class, which we call King's Bedesman or Bluegown.

LOVEL. He uses freedom, apparently.

OLD. He's spoil'd by our foolish gentry, who laugh at Edie Ochiltree's nonsense as regularly as Joe Miller's; and then to provoke one, he invents some infernal lie about Aikin Drum. Curse Aikin Drum. I shall dream of him.

LOVEL. Shall we proceed in our researches, sir?

OLD. (*Looking at him suspiciously.*) Not just now, Mr Lovel. I must now introduce you to my live-lumber—my unlucky and good-for-nothing animals, my womankind; here they come, and I will present them in order.

Enter MISS GRIZELDA OLDBUCK *and* MISS MARIA MACINTYRE.

Mr Lovel, I present to you Aikin Drum.

LOVEL. Sir!

GRIZ. Brother!

OLD. I mean my most discreet sister, Miss Grizelda, one of the greatest lions of Monkbarns, and whose greatest merit is her antiquity. And here, Mr Lovel, is my most exquisite niece, Maria, sometimes called Mary, more frequently Molly.

GRIZ. My brother, Mr Lovel, has an odd humorous way. Mr Lovel, of expressing himself—but don't mind his nonsense;—nobody thinks any thing of what Monkbarns says—you must be very tired of him, tho' he's clever in his way.—Has he shewn you the Roman emporium he has purchased, where Gricola —— ?

OLD. Hold your tongue, you old fool, do:—Molly, my dear, you seem in spirits.

MARIA. *I have reason,* dearest uncle;—my brother Hector *will shortly be here.*

OLD. He shall be welcome, my most beautiful Molly;—a very firebrand, Mr Lovel,—the Hotspur of the north—with a Highland pedigree as long as his claymore, and a claymore as long as the High Street of Fairport.—But here comes my old friend, Sir Arthur Wardour, and his lovely daughter.

Enter SIR ARTHUR *and* MISS ISABELLA WARDOUR.

Welcome, Sir Knight, and lady-fair.—Miss Wardour, allow me to make known to you, my young friend, Mr Lovel, whom you will find grave, wise, courtly, scholar-like, and modest;—the very man for the ladies;—he blushes, and gives proof of what I say.

ISAB. *(Aside.)* Lovel here! unfortunate!

GRIZ. Sir Arthur—Miss Wardour—you must be wearied:—will you take a little something after your fatigue?—a glass of balm of wine.

OLD. Balm wine! "Aroint thee, witch!"—aroint thee—would'st thou poison my guests with thy infernal decoctions? Do you forget how it fared with the poor parson, whom thou seduced to partake of that deceitful beverage?

GRIZ. Oh, fie, brother! Sir Arthur—Mr Lovel—did you ever hear the like?

OLD. Nor ever tasted either. I assure you, Lovel she left the unfortunate gentleman in a very pitiful dilemma; but there goes Jenny to ring the dinner bell.

(JENNY RINTHEROUT *crosses to the Palmer's Port, and rings the bell.*)

GLEE.

Merrily sounds the dinner bell,
The bell of the Palmer's Port,
Of many a feast it rang the knell,
In the jolly Abbot's court.

CHORUS. Merrily, merrily, sounds the bell,
The bell of the Palmer's Port.

The jolly Abbot once, they tell,
Was fam'd for liberality:
In Monkbarns he bore off the bell
For jovial hospitality.

CHORUS. Merrily, merrily, &c.

Still in his place this day we find
A host as worthy dwell,
And though he rail at womankind,
Can love them quite as well.

CHORUS. Merrily, merrily, &c.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—*A Chamber in Monkbarns.*

Enter JENNY RINTHEROUT.

JENNY. Lord bless us, how delightfu'!—I declare the Captain's arrived, and looks as braw—

CAX. (*Without.*) This way, yer honour. Tak' care, sir, or ye'll break yer neck o'er that gentleman in the suit o' armour.

HECT. (*Without.*) Take care of him yourself, Caxon, or you'll be down. (*Noise without.*)

JENNY. Gracious heaven! there's Caxon and the knight tum'led down thegether.

Enter JACOB CAXON, *rubbing his shins, followed by Captain* HECTOR MACINTYRE, *in a Highland uniform.*

HECT. Caxon, my good friend, that was a bad manœuvre;—what we call, in the army, the goose step.

JENNY. Welcome to Monkbarns, yer honour;—I'll awa' to the maister, and tell him.—Eh! how bonnie the tartan looks.

CAX. Nonsense, Jenny;—the airmy ha'ena looked like themsel's sin' they gae up powder, and cut aff their tails.

[*Exit with* JENNY.

HECT. Well, here I am once more at Monkbarns—all seems in *statu quo;* not a grain of dust displaced since I left. The very cobwebs are preserved with due antiquarian veneration. Heaven send I may find the rest of the household in equal order; and then, hey for Knockwinnock Castle, and Miss Wardour.

Enter JONATHAN OLDBUCK, ESQ., *and* MISS MARIA MACINTYRE.

MARIA. (*Running to* HECTOR.) Dearest brother!

HECT. Best of sisters!

OLD. Ah, Hector! son of Priam! whence comest thou?

HECT. From Fife, great king!—I arrived this morning at Fairport; and hastened here to pay my respects, understanding I should meet many of my old friends.

Enter MR LOVEL, *leading in* MISS ISABELLA WARDOUR.

OLD. And a new one also, my trusty Trojan;—Mr Lovel, my nephew, MacIntyre—Hector, I recommend Mr Lovel to your particular acquaintance.

HECT. (*Bowing with haughty reserve.*) Sir, your servant.

Enter SIR ARTHUR WARDOUR *and* MISS GRIZELDA OLDBUCK.

Ah, my kind aunt!—Sir Arthur, your most obedient.—Why, aunt, you look as blooming as ever.

(*Retires apart with the ladies.*)

OLD. Quite;—but, Sir Arthur—Mr Lovel—Hector, my hero—we were speaking of James the First—

HECT. Yes, sir, my aunt reminds me of him.

OLD. Well, she's not unlike his picture.

HECT. Indeed, aunt, the resemblance is striking.

GRIZ. I am delighted to hear you say so;—but I must to work, and prepare for your accommodation—the military must be well looked after. [*Exit.*

OLD. And you'll make an excellent quarter-master, sister. Ay, womankind are like turkeys, always subdued by a bit of red rag;—but, Hector, talking of the style of building in the days of James the First—

HECT. It was very bad.—I've often told him so.—Sir Arthur —Miss Wardour—

(*Brushes past* OLDBUCK, *and taking* MISS WARDOUR *by the hand, enters into conversation with her.*—OLDBUCK *lays hold of* LOVEL, *and tries to engage his attention; but it is exclusively directed towards* HECTOR *and* MISS WARDOUR.)

OLD. Bad, you silly goose!—it was an infernal union of styles;—was it not, Mr Lovel?

LOVEL. An infernal union indeed, sir.—Torture!

OLD. Torture! What the devil's the matter with you, man?

LOVEL. Nothing, sir;—a slight spasm—nothing else indeed, sir.

(MISS WARDOUR, *hearing* LOVEL'S *exclamation, suddenly leaves* HECTOR, *and goes to* LOVEL.—HECTOR *comes forward with his sister.*)

HECT. Pray, Maria, who is this Mr Lovel, who ranks so high here? My uncle did not use to be so accessible to strangers.

MARIA. Mr Lovel, Hector, is a very gentlemanly young man.

HECT. That's to say, he bows when he comes into a room, and wears a coat that's whole at the elbows.

MARIA. It says much more, brother.

HECT. Perhaps so:—but I desire to know his birth, his rank in society, and his title to be in the circle in which I find him now domesticated.

MARIA. That question you must ask my uncle, who, I presume, is at liberty to invite whom he pleases to his own house. But I see the cause of your anger—his attentions to Miss Wardour; and if you really continue to nourish any affection for Isabella, I own I consider your perseverance as hopeless.

HECT. Why, hopeless, my sage sister?—In the present *state of Sir Arthur's affairs* Miss Wardour cannot pretend to *much fortune;* and as to family, I trust the name of Macintyre—

MARIA. But Sir Arthur merely considers us as members of the Monkbarns' family.

HECT. Sir Arthur may consider what he pleases; but any one of common sense will consider that the wife takes rank from the husband;—and that my father's pedigree, of fifteen unblemished descents, must have ennobled my mother had her veins been filled with printer's ink.

MARIA. Gracious Heaven! if my uncle should have heard you.

(SIR ARTHUR, OLDBUCK, LOVEL, *and* MISS WARDOUR *come forward.*)

OLD. And so our men stood firm upon the left flank, Mr Lovel?

LOVEL. They were Highlanders, Mr Oldbuck.

(*Bows to* HECTOR.)

OLD. The question is answered, my young friend. Hector, your hand.—I hate compliments, but I sincerely hope our delicacy will never become so fastidious as to decline acknowledging the services of our gallant countrymen.

HECT. I am speaking to a military man then?—(LOVEL *bows.*) May I enquire to what regiment Mr Lovel belongs?

LOVEL. Certainly, Captain MacIntyre. (*Presents a card.*)

HECT. It happens strangely that we never should have met before, Mr Lovel?—I know your regiment well, and have served with them at different times.

LOVEL. (*Embarrassed.*) I have not lately been with my regiment;—I served the last campaign upon the staff of General Sir Thomas Bastion.

HECT. Indeed! I had an opportunity of knowing the names of the officers who held situations in the General's family, and I cannot recollect that of Lovel.

(LOVEL *becomes more embarrassed, and the attention of the whole party is deeply attracted.*)

OLD. (*Aside.*) There is something strange in all this, but I'll not readily give him up;—all his actions, language, and bearing, are those of a gentleman.

LOVEL. (*Presenting a letter to* HECTOR, *of which he retains the envelope.*) You know the General's hand, in all probability. I own I ought not to shew these exaggerated expressions of his regard and esteem for me; but thus far your doubts shall be replied to.

HECT. (*Glancing over it.*) It is the General's hand, and the contents what any officer may be proud of. But the address is wanting.

LOVEL. The address, Captain MacIntyre, shall be at your *service, whenever you please* to enquire after it.

HECT. I certainly shall not fail to do so.

OLD. Come, come, come,—what's the meaning of all this?—What have we got here?—We'll have no swaggering, youngsters;—what the devil, returned from the wars abroad, to stir up domestic strife;—like bull-dog puppies, that worry each other, and bite honest folk's shins that are passing by.

SIR A. I hope, gentlemen, you'll not grow warm upon such a trifle as the back of a letter.

OLD. Warm! Sir Arthur;—that young Celt there, would put himself in a fever were he doing duty at the North Pole, in an easterly wind.

HECT. Me warm, sir!—I never was cooler in the whole course of my life.

LOVEL. Mr Oldbuck, I have already intruded too long upon you;—I must take my leave.

OLD. What, man, you are not going to leave us on account of that foolish Hector?—Why, he's been a petted child from the time he was in the nurse's arms.—He threw his coral and bells at my head once, for refusing him a lump of sugar. Sir Arthur, take that young firebrand along with you.—Hector, I insist upon it.

HECT. Sir, I obey.—Miss Wardour, I regret most sincerely that this unfortunate misunderstanding should have arisen in your presence, but I must say—

OLD. Leave the room.

HECT. Sir—Mr—Uncle—Maria—I insist—

OLD. Retire, thou epitome of Vesuvius.—(SIR ARTHUR *and* MARIA *force* HECTOR *off.*)—Pooh, pooh!—Mr Lovel, don't leave us;—I'll school this shrewish boy by and bye, and put all to rights.

LOVEL. Pardon me, sir, I must; we shall meet soon, and more lastingly, I hope.

OLD. Take heed, young man, your life has been given you for useful and valuable purposes; and not rashly to be exposed, but in the rescue of the innocent, or the defence of your country.

LOVEL. But I assure you, sir, there can be nothing of that nature between Captain MacIntyre and myself.

OLD. Be it so; for otherwise I will stand second to both parties. [*Exit.*

ISAB. I hope it is not any unpleasant engagement that deprives Mr Oldbuck of the pleasure of Mr Lovel's company. I hope Mr Lovel will excuse my interference in his affairs; but in the present instance prudence appears so necessary that every friend of Mr Lovel's will expect him to employ it.

LOVEL. Can my fate be an object of any interest to Miss *Wardour?*

ISAB. When I first saw you in Yorkshire, I regard the can-

dour with which you told me the mystery that enveloped your birth, by as candidly explaining how hopelessly irreconcileable that mystery would be with my father's pride of family, and would for ever forbid a union, which——

LOVEL. Miss Wardour, I see the delicacy of your situation, and will not intrude farther. The time may come which will entitle me to approach without fear, and claim without mystery, all that my heart desires. [*Exit.*

ISAB. Alas! I dread Captain MacIntyre's impetuosity, and Lovel's spirit.—Should he fall, how desolate, how hopeless, would be my life. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*A Romantic Landscape, and Ruins of the Abbey of Saint Ruth.*

MR LOVEL *crosses the Stage,* EDIE OCHILTREE *follows him.*

EDIE. Mr Lovel,—Mr Lovel,—I wad speak a word wi' ye.

LOVEL. Say, and be brief.

EDIE. Are ye indebted ony thing to the Laird o' Monkbarns?

LOVEL. Indebted?—not I.—What makes you think so?

EDIE. Ye maun ken I met that auld wig-block, Caxon, just now, for I gang about a' gates like the troubled spirit——

LOVEL. For Heaven's sake, my old friend——

EDIE. Canna ye bid me gang to the deevil at ance, Mr Lovel, it wad be mair to the purpose far;—and to speak o' Heaven in that impatient gate!

LOVEL. You are either mad, Edie, or have a mind to drive me mad.

EDIE. Nane o' the twa, Mr Lovel; but Caxon's awa' to the shirra, at Monkbarns' desire, to tak' out a fugie warrant against ye.

LOVEL. Generous-hearted man—'tis kindly meant.

EDIE. The chield's daft. A fugie warrant kindly meant!

LOVEL. Ah, I see Captain MacIntyre coming:—Edie, leave us, I request you.

EDIE. I'll do yer biddin', Mr Lovel. (*Aside.*) But by my faith I'll watch awee. (*Retires.*)

Enter CAPTAIN HECTOR MACINTYRE.

HECT. Mr Lovel, a word with you.

LOVEL. Well, sir.

HECT. What am I to understand by your telling me your address was at my service?

LOVEL. Simply, sir, that my name is Lovel, and my residence for the present, in Fairport.

HECT. And this is all the information you are disposed to give me?

LOVEL. I see no right you have to require more.

HECT. I find you, sir, in company with my sister, and have a right to know who is admitted to Miss MacIntyre's society;—and if you have served, as you say you have——

LOVEL. If I have served, as I say I have——

HECT. Such was my expression, sir. You must know that you owe me satisfaction in one way or other.

LOVEL. If that be your opinion, Captain MacIntyre, I shall be proud to give it you, in the way in which the word is generally used among gentlemen.

EDIE. (*Comes forward.*) I guess Monkbarns' purpose now.—Oh, bairns—bairns—out and alas! I see it noo.

HECT. What has this old fellow to do here?

EDIE. I am an auld fallow, but I am also an auld sodger o' your faither's; for I served wi' him in the Forty-second.

HECT. Serve where you please, sir, you have no right to intrude here. Go your ways, or—(*Raising his cane.*)

EDIE. Haud down yer cane, Captain MacIntyre; I'm an auld sodger, as I said afore, and I'll tak' muckle frae yer faither's son, but no a touch o' the wand while my pike staff will haud thegither.

HECT. Well, well, I was wrong, Edie—pardon me, here's a crown for you; go your ways. Why, what the devil's the matter now?

EDIE. Bairns—bairns—what are ye come here for?—Are ye come amangst the maist lovely warks o' heaven, amang the peacefu' hills, and the quiet waters, to break his laws that made them? Oh, sirs, ha'e ye brithers, sisters, faithers that ha'e tended ye, and mithers that ha'e traivailed for ye, friends that ha'e ca'd ye a piece o' their ain heart; and is this the way ye tak' to mak' them childless, britherless, and friendless? Think on't, bairns—I'm a puir man, but I'm an auld man too, and what my poverty tak's awa' frae the weight o' my counsel, grey hairs, and a truthfu' heart, should add to it twenty times.—Gang hame, gang hame, like gude lads.—Ohon, it's an ill fecht when he that wins has the warst o't. (*Retires.*)

HECT. After what has passed before witnesses, Mr Lovel, this interposition comes too late.

LOVEL. As you please, Captain MacIntyre, and a circumstance which this good old man has mentioned to me respecting your uncle renders speed necessary.

HECT. Delay was never a favourite of mine. I shall wait your company a few paces hence. [*Exit.*

LOVEL. Hold, let me not forget—I have one duty which must *be performed.* Edie, I have no friend but you to trust in this *dilemma.*

EDIE. And ye may safely.

LOVEL. Should Sir Arthur's affairs fall to ruin, as I fear they must, at the post office of Tannonburgh, you will find a packet directed for you—instantly convey it to Wardour Castle:—and now, Edie, one favour more—on the honour of an old soldier, not one word of what has passed between me and Captain MacIntyre. —Remember, it may be my last request.

EDIE. Hard as the task may be, Mr Lovel, I'll promise, and ye shall ha'e nae cause to regret takin' the word o' a Scotsman.

[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE IV.—OLDBUCK'S *Sanctum Sanctorum.*

Enter JONATHAN OLDBUCK, ESQ., *in a green velvet cap, and* JACOB CAXON.

OLD. No, no, don't be alarmed, Caxon, I locked the Captain up in his apartment,—so once let the officers lay hold of Lovel, and all is safe.

CAX. Indeed, Monkbarns, that Lovel's an unco body—nae-body kens onything about him. Mrs Mailsetter o' the post office, says he receives and answers mair letters than the town-clerk himsel'; and then, sir, he has been observed to tak' drawings o' the coast, the three gun battery, the weigh-house, signal-post, and ither government buildings, and in times like these when we are threatened wi' invasion—

OLD. Invasion!—nonsense.

Enter JENNY RINTHEROUT *running.*

JENNY. Oh laird, laird—rin, or, as Miss Grizzle says, the Captain will be guilty of tommyside—

OLD. Tommy-devil—thou womankind, explain thyself.

JENNY. Davie Dibble, the gairdener, has just come in, and has seen Captain MacIntyre walkin' arm in arm wi' a brace o' pistols and anither gentleman.

OLD. It's impossible; he's lock'd up in his own room.—Caxon, run and call him;—if he don't answer, knock him down.

CAX. Sir!

OLD. I mean, break open the door.

[*Exit* CAXON.

Enter MISS GRIZELDA OLDBUCK.

GRIZ. So brother, here's a fine clamjamfry—Captain MacIntyre and Mr Lovel knocking one another's heads about in fine style.

OLD. Where's Molly?

GRIZ. Out amang a' the steery, seeking for her brother.

OLD. *Caxon!*

CAX. (Without.) *Your honour.*

OLD. Where's the Captain?
CAX. (*Without.*) Jumpit out o' the window.
OLD. Heaven help me! I'm a miserable man.

Enter MISS MARIA MACINTYRE.

MARIA. Dearest uncle, there are some Sheriff's officers below, come in search of Mr Lovel.

OLD. Search here—search nonsense.—Get me my hat and cane. (JENNY *runs.*) Call all the servants.—Ring the great bell. —Raise all the womankind.

(JENNY *brings his hat and cane.—He takes the hat, and in his agitation throws off the velvet cap, putting on the hat without his wig.*)

Heaven help me! I'm a miserable man.

(*Exeunt, followed by* CAXON, *who runs across with the wig in his hand, calling after* OLDBUCK.)

Yer wig, Monkbarns, yer wig—dinna gang without yer wig.

SCENE V.—*Interior of* MUCKLEBACKIT'S *Cottage.*

MAGGIE *and* PATIE MUCKLEBACKIT *discovered mending a net.*—ELSPETH OF THE CRAIGBURNFOOT *seated by the fire in an old wicker chair.*

EDIE. (*Without.*) Are ye within?
MAGGIE. Ay, ay, come yer wa's, auld Edie.

Enter EDIE OCHILTREE.

What news do ye bring us?

EDIE. Troth little eneugh, Maggie, nae mair than what may-be ye've heard—the auld Countess o' Glenallan's burial by torch-light at Saint Ruth's.

MAGGIE. Ay, ay; she ne'er held up her head whan she heard o' the death o' her youngest and favourite son.

EDIE. And the young Earl's wearin' awa'; and whan he gaes, awa' gaes gear, for there's no anither heir-male they say.

MAGGIE. Sae I've heard; but, Edie, man, what mak's the Glenallan folks aye bury their dead by night?

EDIE. 'Tis their way, I tak' it, but yer auld gude-mither, Elspeth, can tell, I daur say, for she kens mair o' the Glenallan folk than maist folk.

MAGGIE. That does she—mair, they say, than at times she lik'd to think about!—speak till her, Patie, for she's sae auld and *deaf, I wad* raither hail the coble half a mile aff, and the nor-wast *wind whistlin' in* my teeth.

(PATIE *goes to* ELSPETH, *who gazes vacantly on the group.*)

EDIE. Eh, but she's an awfu' lookin' woman.

PATIE. Grannie!—minnie wants to ken what for the Glenallan folk aye bury by candle light, in the ruins o' Saint Ruth.

ELSPETH. Is there a Glenallan dead e'en now?

MAGGIE. We might be a' dead and buried too, for ony thing she wad ken about it.—It's the auld Countess, gude-mither.

ELSPETH. (*With great agitation.*) And is she ca'd hame at last—ca'd to her last account, after her lang race o' pride and power? Heaven forgi'e her.

PATIE. But minnie was asking ye what for the Glenallans aye bury their dead by torchlight?

ELSPETH. They have aye done sae since the time that the great Earl fell in the sair battle o' the Harlaw. They did it to show scorn that they should die and be buried like ither folks; for they were a proud and stern-hearted race. But the warld's changed now, and I hardly ken whether I'm standing or sitting, dead or alive.

EDIE. Eh, sirs! it's awsome to hear yer gude-mither break out in that gait.

MAGGIE. Whisht, Edie, whisht! See how her hands and lips are ganging, now it's working in her head. Whiles she'll no speak a word in a week, but she'll speak enough the night.

ELSPETH. Didna some of you say, or did I dream, that Joscelin, Countess o' Glenallan, is dead and buried?

MAGGIE. Yes, gude-mither, it's e'en sae.

ELSPETH. And e'en sae let it be. She's made mony a sair heart in her time, ay e'en her ain son's, she gar'd him do the thing he has repented a' his life, and will repent, were it as lang and wearisome as mine.

MAGGIE. What was it, gude-mither?

ELSPETH. Ne'er ask what it was, but pray that ye are na left to the pride and wilfu'ness o' yer ain hearts. Oh that weary and fearfu' night, will it ne'er gae out o' my auld head. Heaven will avenge on a' wha had to do in't. She was a hard-hearted woman; but she's gane to her account, and mercy is infinite.

MAGGIE. She's quiet now, and will speak nae mair. Patie, let's awa' wi' the nets to yer faither. Edie, there's yer auld corner, and yer mess o' parritch.

EDIE. Mony thanks; but Maggie, I'm no just certain I'd like to be left alane wi' that fearsome auld wife. I dinna think she's canny.

MAGGIE. Hoot, man, she'll no fash wi' ye. She'll ken naething now for days to come; and there's a wee drap whisky to mak' yourself canty wi' till we come ben.

(*Exeunt* MAGGIE *and* PATIE. EDIE *goes up to the table and sits down at it with his back towards* ELSPETH, *who during his speech, rises, and comes behind him.*)

EDIE. Whisky! Eh, that's anither matter. Here's their healths, and gude luck to 'em; and here's to Saunders, he's a weel doin' man; but, Lord, I was a little fearsome at the auld wife. They're no canny cattle at ony time. I dinna fear onything that's life-like, and fairly human, but at times she disna seem a'thegither o' this warld.

ELSPETH. (*In a low tone.*) Edie Ochiltree!

EDIE. (*Starting round, and dropping his spoon, cup, &c.*) Lord save us! What's that?

ELSPETH. Edie Ochiltree, as ye wad e'er deserve mercy, ye maun gang my errand to the house o' Glenallan, and ask for the Earl.

EDIE. The Earl o' Glenallan, cummer? ow he winna see ony o' the gentles i' the country, and what likelihood is there that he wad see the like o' an auld gaberlunzie?

ELSPETH. Gang yer ways and try; and tell him that Elspeth o' the Craigburnfoot, he'll mind me best by that name, must see him or she be relieved from her lang pilgrimage, and that she sends him that ring in token o' the business she wad speak o'.

EDIE. Weel, gudewife, I'se do your bidding, or it's no be my fault. Gude-day to ye, cummer, and mony o' them. I'll be back about the fore-end o' hairst, and I trust to find ye hale and fare.

ELSPETH. This business ended, pray that ye may find me in my grave, for heaven will be avenged on a' wha had to do wi't.

(*Retires to her chair.*)

Enter SAUNDERS, STEENIE, PATIE, *and* MAGGIE MUCKLEBACKIT.

SAUND. Ah, Edie, man, how's a' wi' ye? Ha'e ye been skailing your parritch instead o' suppin' them? Why, there's been bonnie work at Monkbarns. The laird, after rinning half o'er the country, after twa young scapegraces, just came o'er late to prevent mischief.

EDIE. Is Mr Lovel killed?

SAUND. Killed? No, he's no killed, he's sound eneugh; but the lad MacIntyre's gotten a shot i' the shouther, but it's no muckle, they say.

EDIE. Lord send it may cool the chiel; he's sae proud he canna haud down his head when he sneezes, for fear o' seeing his shoon.

SAUND. Ha, ha! Weel said, Edie; but come, bustle, bustle Steenie, the tide serves, and we maun be aff to sea, my man.

EDIE. Eh, man, ye're no for the sea the night; it looks stormy.

SAUND. Sae muckle the waur for the fishermen, Edie. But *storm or calm*, foul or fair, we maun to the sea, or starve; and *starvin's no very* gude for the bairns, ye ken.

EDIE. It's no very gude for ony body.

GLEE.

O, weel may the boatie row,
And better may she speed;
And weel may the boatie row,
That wins the bairnies' bread.

The boatie rows, the boatie rows!
The boatie rows fu' weel;
And lightsome be their hearts that bear
The merline and the creel!

And when our bairns are gotten up,
And age can work no more;
They'll help to gar the boatie row,
As we ha'e done before.

The boatie rows, &c.

[*Exeunt.*

END OF ACT I.

Act Second.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in Monkbarns.*

Enter JONATHAN OLDBUCK, ESQ.

OLD. Jenny, Jenny Rintherout. This confounded hot-brained boy, now he's pronounced in no danger, turns my house out at the windows. I can tolerate this life no longer. All goes to sixes and sevens. A universal saturnalia seems to be proclaimed in my peaceful and orderly family. I ask for my sister, no answer; my niece, Molly, no answer; I shout, I bawl, I invocate my inmates by more names than the Romans gave to their deities; and confound me if the sluts of womankind have not given up speaking on purpose to torment me. Jenny, Jenny Rintherout, where's Miss Oldbuck?

JENNY. (*Bawls without.*) Miss Grizzy's in the Captain's room.

OLD. I thought so. And where's my niece?

JENNY. Making the Captain's tea.

OLD. Of course. And where's Caxon?

JENNY. Awa' to the town, about the Captain's dog and gun.

OLD. Confound the Captain. And who the devil's to dress *my wig?*

Enter MISS GRIZELDA OLDBUCK.

GRIZ. The Captain, brother———

OLD. Who! you womankind?

GRIZ. Brother, brother, ye'll cry yoursel' as hoarse as a corbie. Is that the way to skreigh when there's a sick person in the house?

OLD. Where's my breakfast, and where's my wig? Am I to die of hunger and cold for fear of disturbing a sick gentleman who lies six rooms off, and is well enough to send for his dog and his gun,—the one, I suppose, to shoot my turkeys, and the other to worry the kittens?

Enter JENNY RINTHEROUT, *with the breakfast things.*

Oh, thou slut of womankind, you're here at last.

Enter MISS MARIA MACINTYRE.

MARIA. Don't be uneasy, dear uncle, you'll have your wig directly. Caxon has returned with poor Juno.

OLD. Juno! Lord preserve me, a lady dog—a notable addition to the rest of my precious womankind. A delicious household I shall have; but Heaven's will be done. How is Hector, how is the bold lightning?

MARIA. Quite well, my dearest uncle. His arm is perfectly easy, and he has no fever.

OLD. For the first time in his life, then.

MARIA. Indeed, dear uncle, he is quite sensible of the rashness of his own behaviour, and allows that Mr Lovel behaved very handsomely.

OLD. And much good that will do, when he has frightened the lad out of the country.

MARIA. Indeed, sir, my brother is not so much to blame. His chief motive in sending Caxon to Fairport so early, was to find some means of conveying a note to Mr Lovel, in which Hector has confessed the rashness of his conduct, and has requested permission to make his personal apologies to your favourite.

OLD. Hector's a bawcock, and a heart of gold. But did Caxon discover where Mr Lovel was?

MARIA. Oh yes; and he will be here in the course of the day.

OLD. "Richard's himself again." Hector's a fine fellow; Juno a fine—dog; and Grizzy a fine woman. Come, come, "*let's to breakfast* with what appetite we may."

GRIZ. It's all ready, brother.

(*They all* seat themselves at the table.)

OLD. The thoughts of seeing Lovel again raises my spirits fifteen per cent. I am bewitched with the rogue's company; as the jolly knight says, "I have swallowed medicines." That's abominable tea, Molly.

(*A dreadful crash is heard without; various voices in great uproar, and the cracking of a whip.*)

Heaven preserve me! What's that?

JENNY RINTHEROUT *rushes in, wringing her hands in dreadful agitation.*

JENNY. Oh, sir—sir—sir! Dear—dear—dear!

OLD. What the devil's the matter now?

MARIA. Has anything happened to my brother?

GRIZ. Has the Captain collapsed?

JENNY. Oh, no, the Captain's quite weel; but Juno has broken open the Bangum Shankorum.

[*Exit.*

(*A general exclamation of horror.* OLDBUCK *distracted paces up and down, followed by* MARIA *and* GRIZELDA.

HECT. (*Without.*) Juno, Juno! Kennel, kennel.

(*Cracking of a whip heard; another crash.* OLDBUCK *falls on his knees. Crash again.* OLDBUCK *faints in* MISS GRIZELDA'S *arms.*)

GRIZ *and* MARIA. Oh Lord! he's dying! Murder! Jenny! Help!

(JACOB CAXON *and* JENNY RINTHEROUT *rush on, followed by* CAPTAIN HECTOR MACINTYRE, *his left arm in a sling, and a whip in his right hand.*)

HECT. Upon my life, sir, I'm very sorry; but—gracious Heavens! what's the matter with my uncle?

(*Runs to assist* OLDBUCK, *who, reviving by degrees, looks with most melancholy aspect at* MISS GRIZELDA, *and exclaims*—Oh, Juno, Juno!)

HECT. Indeed, sir, I'm very much concerned, very much indeed, my dear sir; but my dog has thrown down a sort of water-jug, which I hear you set some value upon.

(OLDBUCK *starts up and rushes to* HECTOR.)

OLD. If it please Heaven, not the lachrymatory from Clochnaben?

CAX. Really, laird, I'm afraid.

OLD. (*After a pause.*) "Hector, I love you, but never more be officer of mine."

HECT. Why, really, sir, I am afraid I should make a bad figure *in a regiment of* your raising.

(*All endeavour to soothe* OLDBUCK.)

GRIZ. Come, Monkbarns, don't be angry about this pumpish blackamytory.

OLD. Leave the room, thou plagues of Egypt.

(CAXON *and* JENNY *run off.*)

Not be angry! My lachcrymatory, the main pillar of my theory on which I rested, to show that the Romans had passed the defiles of these mountains, is gone—annihilated—reduced to such fragments as might be the shreds of a broken flowerpot!

HECT. I am truly sorry that Juno has committed so much disorder; but Jack Muirhead, the breaker, was never able to bring her under command; she has more travel than any dog I ever knew.

OLD. Then, Hector, I wish she would travel herself out of my grounds.

HECT. We will both of us retreat to-morrow, or to-day, but I would not willingly part from my mother's brother in unkindness about a paltry pipkin.

MARIA. Oh, brother, brother!
GRIZ. Oh, Captain, Captain! } *Together.*
OLD. A what? }

HECT. I say again, a d——d insignificant pipkin.

(*Paces about, passionately, followed by* OLDBUCK, *equally enraged.*)

OLD. Harkye, Mr Hector MacIntyre, or Mr Captain Hector MacIntyre, that pipkin, as you are pleased to call it, was the foundation of a treatise, the publication of which would have done more honour to Scotland than the whole of your ancestry—grandfathers and great-grandmothers put together.

(*Walks about triumphantly, closely followed by* HECTOR.)

HECT. Say, Mr Oldbuck, what you please against me, or what you please against Juno, but not one breath against my great-grandfathers and grandmothers; and if the thing was of such—

(*They separate, mutually irritated,* MISS GRIZELDA *endeavouring to soothe* OLDBUCK, *and* MARIA, HECTOR.)

MARIA. Indeed, brother, you are too passionate.

HECT. How dare any one abuse my great-grandfathers and grandmothers?

GRIZ. Monkbarns, Monkbarns, ye're owre fashious.

OLD. How dare he call my lachcrymatory a pipkin?

HECT. Why, what would you have me call it? It was just such a thing as they use in Egypt to cool wine, or sherbet, or water. I brought home a pair of them; I might have brought home twenty.

OLD. What, shaped such as that your dog threw down?

HECT. Exactly, sir. They are in my lodgings at Fairport; *if I could think* they could in any way repair your loss, I'm *sure*—

OLD. My dear Hector, say no more. (*Grasping his hand.*) They're mine. I'll take them both.

HECT. Then may I hope, sir, I am forgiven?

OLD. Oh, my dear boy, you are only thoughtless and foolish.

HECT. And Juno, sir—

MARIA *and* GRIZ. Oh, she's only thoughtless and foolish.

OLD. You see, Hector, womankind always stick together. But all is forgiven.

HECT. Then, dear uncle, I should have been sorry and ashamed to propose to you anything in the way of expiation of my own sins, and those of my friend Juno, that I thought worth your acceptance; but now all is forgiven, will you permit the orphan nephew, to whom you have been a father, to offer you this trifle, which I have been assured is really curious, and which only the accident of my wound has prevented me delivering to you before,—an antique ring, with a cameo, bearing a head of Cleopatra.

OLD. (*Surveying the ring in ecstacy.*) Juno, Juno, Juno. Caxon, take care of Juno. Hector, many thanks, my boy. Maria, Grizzy, look here.

GRIZ. It's a bonny thing, Monkbarns, but ye ken I'm nae judge o' these matters.

OLD. Womankind all over. Believe me, my dear Hector, had I shown her a yard of flannel, she would have overwhelmed me with queries about its precise texture and price.

Enter JENNY RINTHEROUT, *with a letter.*

JENNY. A letter for the Captain.

(MARIA *takes the letter and opens it for* HECTOR, *who reads it.*)

Oh, Miss Grizzy!—Oh, Madam! for a' I left the pantry door double lock'd, that unlucky brute, Juno, has broken in, and eat up the shouther o' mutton.

GRIZ. Gracious powers! what will become of us?

OLD. Pooh, pooh, Grizzy, don't fret and fume so, it's only a shoulder of mutton.

GRIZ. A shouther o' mutton! Monkbarns, Monkbarns, it was *the* shouther o' mutton, and the only shouther o' mutton in the house. I'd sooner ha'e a' the blackamytories in the warld broken, than onything should have happened to that shouther o' mutton. Oh, waes me! honest Mr Blattergowl, the minister, coming to dinner, and no shouther o' mutton!

[*Exeunt* GRIZELDA, MARIA, *and* JENNY.

HECT. My dear, sir, I'm very sorry that anything should have happened to that identical shoulder of mutton that my aunt lays so much stress upon, but I'll try that jade, Juno, by a court-*martial.*

OLD. Then bring it in not proven, to oblige me. If Jupiter himself couldn't rule Juno in Heaven, how the devil can we expect to do it on earth? Besides, as to the animal's unlocking the door, it's all a lie of Jenny; so we must acquit Juno of what the lawyers call a *clanstrum fugit*, and which makes the burglary and privately stealing. But what say your despatches?

HECT. A most handsome letter from Mr Lovel, promising to see me in the course of the day.

OLD. All's well, then. Come, Hector, let us go and see what mischief thy canine goddess has committed in my sanctum,—my terrestrial paradise,—and thou shalt hear the anecdote of John o' the Girnell, whose grave we will forth and see.

HECT. (*Aside.*) Heaven forgive me! John o' the Girnell for the hundredth time. I shall certainly misbehave, and lose all my credit.

OLD. (*After finding his cane, comes forward.*) And if you behave well, my boy, thou shalt see my collection of ballads, not one younger than 1700, and are the memoranda and trophies of many a walk through the Cowgate, the Bow, and St. Mary's Wynd.

HECT. Spirits of my ancestors!

OLD. Curse your ancestors! I say you shall see——

HECT. Mr Oldbuck, no one but my mother's brother should have used such an expression. My ancestors!——

OLD. Were great and gallant chiefs. I meant no offence.

HECT. I'm glad of it, my dear sir; for the house of Macintyre—

OLD. Peace be with them, every man of them.

HECT. Sir, it is d——d hard that you will respect everything that is ancient but my family.

[*Exeunt* HECTOR *enraged, and* OLDBUCK *endeavouring to pacify him.*

SCENE II.—*The Gates of Glenallan Castle.*

Enter EDIE OCHILTREE.

EDIE. Weel, surely there ne'er was sic a braw propine as this sent to a yerle by an auld fishwife, and thro' the hands o' a gaberlunzie beggar. I made the ring up into a packet for his honour, the Yerle o' Glenallan. Weel, a gude turn ne'er gaes unrewarded. I'll maybe get a bonnie amous that I wad ha'e missed, but for trotting on the auld wife's errand.

(*Knocks at the Gate*)

Enter FRANCIS M'CRAW.

FRAN. Fat's the auld feelbody deeing, making sican a din?

EDIE. What's that ye're saying, Francis M'Craw? d'ye no *mind Fontenoy*, and keep thegither front and rear?

FRAN. Ohon, Ohon, naebody could ha'e said that word but my auld front-rank-man, Edie Ochiltree. But I'm sorry to see ye in sican a puir state, man.

EDIE. Nae sae ill aff as ye may think, Francie; but I say, lad, ye maun serve me. I've a petition to present to the Yerle.

FRAN. Hoot, hoot, man, the Yerle will look at na petition; but I can gie't to the almoner.

EDIE. But I ha'e come a weary way on purpose to deliver it to himsel', Francie, and ye really maun help me at a pinch.

FRAN. Ne'er speed, then, if I dinna; let them be as cankard as they like, they can but turn me awa'; and I was just thinking to ask my discharge, and gang down to end my days at Inverury.

[*Exit.*

EDIE. Eh, that Francie's a true friend; he'll serve ane at a' ventures, particular whan it canna muckle disoblige himsel'. Aye, there's the hatchment for the auld Countess, and if a' says be true, the young Yerle's no lang for this warld. And as his brother Gerald's gane dead, a' this bonnie property may gang whistle for an heir. Braw times thae for the lawyer chiels.

Re-enter FRANCIS M'CRAW.

Weel Francie, what news?

FRAN. I'm na sure gin ye be Edie Ochiltree o' Carrick's company in the Forty-twa, or gin ye be the deevil in his likeness.

EDIE. The deevil! Lord, man, dinna speak in that gait.

FRAN. My lord has been in sic surprise, and sic a swither, as I ne'er saw man in my life. But he'll see you. I got that job cookit. I thought he wad ha'e swarft a'thegither; and when he cam' to himsel' he asked fa brought the packet? and fat trow ye I said?

EDIE. An auld sodger,—that does likliest at a gentle's door. At a farmer's, man, it's best to say ye're an auld tinkler, if ye need ony quarters, for maybe the auld wife may ha'e something to souther.

FRAN. Hoot, man, my lord cares for nane o' the twa, sae I said ye might be a capuchin friar for fat I kenn'd, for ye were dressed like an auld palmer.

EDIE. Me an auld palmer! Lord forbid! Come, Francie, step out.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—OLDBUCK'S *Sanctum Sanctorum.*

Enter JONATHAN OLDBUCK, ESQ., CAPTAIN HECTOR MACINTYRE, *and* MISS GRIZELDA OLDBUCK.

OLD. *I tell you it's no* use talking,—Hector's intolerable, and *I'm inconsolable.*

GRIZ. What has happened, Monkbarns?

OLD. Why, your precious nephew, madam, was pretending to argue with me respecting Ossian, and giving me what he calls a translation of that gentleman, when, perceiving a phoca, or seal, lying asleep on the beach, he whips my beautiful walking-stick out of my hand, attacks the animal, who, elegantly overturning Mr Hector on the sand, walloped away with all the grace of triumph, carrying off my precious stick as the spoils of the field.

Enter JENNY RINTHEROUT.

JENNY. Madam, Sir Arthur, and Miss Wardour are come.

GRIZ. Say I attend them. (*Exit* JENNY.) Come, come, Monkbarns, you must not teaze Hector any more about this accident. You must drop the seal, or phoca, as you call it.

[*Exit.*

OLD. Get out, you absurd womankind. Hector, my boy, I am a little inclined to suspect that, in one instance, you are a fool!

HECT. Sir, if you only think me so in one instance, I am sure you do me more grace than I expected or deserved.

OLD. I mean in one instance, *par* excellence. I have sometimes thought that you have cast your eyes on Miss Wardour.

HECT. Well, sir?

OLD. Well, sir! Deuce take the fellow, he answers me as if it were the most reasonable thing in the world that he should marry the daughter of a baronet.

HECT. I presume to think, sir, there would be no degradation in point of family.

OLD. Oh, Heaven forbid we should come on family matters again.

HECT. And in point of fortune we're equal.

OLD. The devil you are?

HECT. Yes, sir, we've neither of us got a farthing.

OLD. Well, that I'm afraid may be true; but if I am any judge of sighs and blushes, you may draw off your forces, and beat your retreat.

HECT. There's no occasion to beat any retreat, sir. No man needs to retreat that has never advanced; besides, sir, Miss Wardour's too sentimental for me. A fine, dashing, lovely, spirited, black-eyed girl, of five feet five, is the object of my admiration; and without much self-flattery, I don't believe I need advertise for a partner.

> "There are lasses in Scotland, more lovely by far,
> That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

OLD. Bravo, my boy, Dashers, eh!—a showy figure, with two cross feathers in her noddle, one red and one green,—a riding

habit of the regimental complexion,—one that would drive a grey pony in a gig one day, and review the regiment on it the next.

HECT. D—n the grey pony.

OLD. Well, one that had a taste for natural history, and admired a seal, or a phoca, as your aunt calls it.

HECT. It's a little hard that I should have that cursed seal thrown in my face on all occasions.

OLD. Not so hard, sir, as the loss of my stick.

HECT. Pretty loss truly,—a twig not worth a pair of drum-sticks.

OLD. Drum-sticks, sir! Oh, Hector, Hector, thy namesake was born to be the prop of Troy, and thou the plague of Monkbarns. [*Exit.*

HECT. Confound my want of thought. I recollect some story about a Miss Neville. I'd sooner die than give him pain; but then his eternal system of raillery drives every spark of prudence out of this hotbed of mine, and rather than hear any more of that d—d phoca, I'd exchange to the West Indies on half-pay. Ah, my brave antagonist!—

Enter MR LOVEL.

Though almost ashamed to meet you after the late absurdity, in my uncle's name, I most truly welcome your return to Monkbarns; and for myself, I confess, I've been much to blame. The Highlanders, Mr. Lovel, are a race wild as our hills, but the errors our impetuosity has committed, our reflection is never ashamed to acknowledge.

LOVEL. Captain MacIntyre, the error was mutual, and sincerely do I lament the injury it has occasioned.

HECT. Oh! a hint for me,—nothing more.

LOVEL. Captain MacIntyre, your kindness draws from me what other measures failed to extort.—I must apologize to both you and your uncle for my introduction here under a feigned name; but I have this morning received letters, which in a few hours will enable me to satisfy all your inquiries, without injuring those I am bound to respect.

HECT. My dear sir, at your leisure.—I am not going to make a target of myself a second time.—The enemies of my country shall never have cause to complain of Hector MacIntyre's backwardness; but in private feuds the less we indulge, the better for all parties. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—MISS GRIZELDA OLDBUCK'S *Boudoir.*

Enter MISS GRIZELDA OLDBUCK, MISS MARIA MACINTYRE, *and* MISS ISABELLA WARDOUR.

GRIZ. This room, Miss Wardour, is fitted up after my own taste: 'tis more comfortable than our old crazy, bleak, wilderness *of a drawing-room, although,* except when honoured with the

presence of Sir Arthur Wardour, it is seldom open to gentlemen.

ISAB. My father is highly honoured, Madam.

GRIZ. My brother has his *sanctum* shut up from womankind, and I have my little *sanctum* sacred from the profanation of men-creatures.

MARIA. But, aunt, you sometimes entertain Mr Blattergowl, the minister. here.

GRIZ. Worthy creature!—I do sometimes permit him to enter;—but his cloth is privileged, honest man.

MARIA. And my uncle says, his appetite is as sound as his arguments.

GRIZ. Your uncle is a scurrilous, sarcastic person; and so deficient in his manners, that I dare say he'll affront Sir Arthur as usual, before they separate.—But I must beg pardon, Miss Wardour, for a minute, to see all's going on right, or Mr Oldbuck will make noise enough,—though, to say the truth o' Monkbarns, his bark's waur than his bite. [*Exit.*

MARIA. Well, Isabella, am I not right respecting my poor brother, Hector.—Is not the shrine at which he would worship unapproachable to all but one?

ISAB. Maria, what mean you?

MARIA. What do I mean?—What do you think of Lovel?

ISAB. No more, I entreat you, Maria.—I respect, I admire your brother;—he is brave—honourable—handsome,—but——

SIR A. (*Without.*) Very well, Mr Oldbuck, very well, sir.—Good day, sir.

OLD. (*Without.*) Nay, nay; stop, Sir Arthur,—the passage is dark,—you'll tumble down the back stair.

ISAB. Good heavens! there's a quarrel between my father and Mr Oldbuck already.

MARIA. Some abominable argument about antiquity, I dare say.

Enter SIR ARTHUR WARDOUR *and* JONATHAN OLDBUCK, ESQ.

OLD. Nay, nay; but stay a minute, Sir Arthur.

SIR A. No, sir, I shall not stay,—you have insulted, by low bred sneers, the dignity, the learning, and the loyalty of my ancestors, Mr Oldbuck.

OLD. Well, well, I confess I was a little rude; but I beg their, and your pardon.—Come, forget and forgive.—Let's return to reason and our bottle of old port, and confess to the young fellow, Lovel, we have given him a right to think us a couple of testy old fools.

SIR A. Speak for yourself, Mr Jonathan Oldbuck.—I shall not return, Mr Jonathan Oldbuck.

OLD. Aweel, aweel; a wilfu' man maun ha'e his way.

SIR A. And I shall hereafter take care how I honour with my company the descendant of a Westphalian printer, Mr Jonathan Oldbuck. (OLDBUCK *starts offended.*) Come along, Miss Wardour,—the evening, I believe, is fair, and we will walk forward to meet the carriage;—let us begone from this house immediately.

OLD. In that, Sir Arthur, you will do as you please; only, I hope, as I was not aware of the extent of the obligation you did me, by visiting my poor dwelling, I may be excused from not having carried my gratitude to the extent of servility.

SIR A. Mighty well, mighty well, Mr Oldbuck!—Come along, Miss Wardour.—I wish you a good evening, Miss a—a—MacIntyre.—I wish you a very good evening, Mr Printer.—Come—come along, Miss Wardour. (*Exit very angrily.* ISABELLA *remains behind to shake hands with* OLDBUCK, *when* SIR ARTHUR *exclaims without*—"Come along, Miss Wardour!" *at which she exits.*)

OLD. Descendant of a Westphalian printer, indeed!—D—n his stiff-necked impudence!—a tup-headed old ass!

Enter MISS GRIZELDA OLDBUCK.

GRIZ. Mercy on me! what's the matter now, brother?—Sir Arthur came flying down stairs with his daughter, brushing past *me* without the least notice, and had liked to have tumbled me over backwards!—He's got the black dog on his back again, I think.

OLD. Black dog! black devil!—he's more absurd than womankind. This is all one gets by puffing, and bustling, and putting one's self out of the way, in order to give dinners.—(*Taking up a book.*) Oh, Seged! Emperor of Ethiopia! well hast thou spoken, "No man should presume to say, *this* shall be a day of happiness!"—(*A knock at the door.*) Come in!—Who the devil's that now?—(JACOB CAXON *puts his head in.*) Is it you, Caxon? Come in, man.

CAX. (*Remaining at the door, and in a subdued tone.*) I was wanting to speak to you, sir.

OLD. Come in, then, you old fool, and say what you have got to say.

CAX. (*Coming softly in.*) I'll maybe frighten the leddies.

OLD. Frighten! what do you mean?—Have you seen a ghost?

CAX. No, sir, it's no a ghaist; but I'm no easy in my mind.

OLD. Did you ever hear of any body that was? What reason has an old battered powder-puff, like you, to be easy in your mind, more than all the rest of the world besides?

CAX. It's no for mysel', sir; but it threatens an awfu' night! and Sir Arthur, and Miss Wardour, puir thing!

OLD. Pooh why, they must have met the carriage by this time.

CAX. Na, sir, they didna gang by the road to meet the carriage; they went by the sands.

OLD. (*In great alarm.*) The sands! impossible!

CAX. That's what I said to the gairdener; but he says he saw them turn down by the Mussel Craig;—and then said I to him, "Davie," said I, "if that be the case, I'm misdoubting, for it's a spring-tide—"

GRIZ. *and* MARIA. A spring-tide!

OLD. A spring-tide! Gracious Heavens! my poor dear Isabella! and poor Sir Arthur, too! Rot him! he'd better have stuck to my bottle of port wine! his pedigree will do him small service against the waters, I fear. Where's Lovel?

CAX. The moment he heard the gairdener tell o' the business he ran aff to the tap o' the Cliffs to see if he can help 'em.

OLD. He's a fine fellow! But I'll go myself. Tell the gardeners and ploughmen to bring ropes and ladders; and keep you the top of the cliff, Caxon. [*Exit* CAXON. Go you, sister, and scream like a pea-hen, and call all the help you can together. (*Pushes* MISS GRIZELDA *out.*)

MARIA. And I'll run, and desire Hector to go to Muckle-backit, the fisherman, and make him get out his boat.

OLD. Thank you, thank you, my dear; that's the wisest word has been spoken yet,—Run, run, my love.

[*Exit* MARIA.

To go by the sands! was there ever such madness?—The sands! —Good Heaven!—we shall never save them—we shall never save them. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.—*A Stormy View of the Sea Shore, and the precipitous range of Rocks above it.—Thunder.*

Enter SIR ARTHUR *and* MISS ISABELLA WARDOUR.

ISAB. My dear father, I wish we had waited at Monkbarns for the carriage.

SIR A. I almost wish we had, my love; but after the insult I received it was impossible.

(*Low thunder, and distant rushing of the wind.*)

ISAB. (*With increasing terror, and catching by her father's arm.*) I fear, I fear, we are in serious peril!—Look yonder, how rapidly the waters gain upon the sands! We shall be surrounded.

(*As they are going.*)

Enter EDIE OCHILTREE, *hastily, and alarmed.*

EDIE. Back! back!—I heard ye were here, by the lad ye sent on for the carriage; and ran as fast as my auld limbs would move, to warn ye back.

SIR A. Cannot we get round by the Halket Head?

EDIE. Halket Head!—the sea roars over it like a waterfall. I could scarcely pass it twenty minutes since, the tide was coming in three feet a-breast.

ISAB. What is to be done?

EDIE. Back, directly; maybe we'll get by Ballyburghness Point, 'tis our only chance.—Tak' haud o' my arm, my bonnie leddie; 'tis an auld and frail ane now, but it has been in as sair stress as this yet.

ISAB. Thanks! thanks! But should you have come only to perish with us——

EDIE. Hout, never mind me, if I can save ye.—Let death tak' the ripe corn, so he spare the green; and at the back o' a dyke, or a wreath o' snaw, or in a wave o' the sea, it matters not how the auld beggar dies.—Awa', and mak' haste, for Heaven's sake. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*The Sea Sands.—On one side the precipitous rocks, going off in perspective to a great distance.—On the other side the Sands and Clouds.—Storm of Thunder, Hail, and Wind, gradually increasing.*

Enter EDIE OCHILTREE, *supporting* MISS ISABELLA, *and follow'd by* SIR ARTHUR WARDOUR.

EDIE. Come on, come on, Sir Arthur.—Lord sake, ye suld tak' shame to be sae frightened, and see yer daughter here, as brave as she's bonnie. This way——

SIR A. Which? Where? What will become of us? My child! My child! Where is she?

EDIE. Here, here, Sir Arthur.—Look!—d'ye see yon black speck amang the wallowing waves? While I see as muckle black abcon that as the crown o' my hat, I'll not believe but we may get round Ballyburghness Point yet. Come, this way,—this way.——

(*They advance as if going towards it.—The Storm increases.—A dreadful burst of thunder, lightning, &c.*)

Ha'e mercy, Heaven! the beacon's gane, and there's nae hope!

(*They clamber a little way up the rocks, and the waters rush in upon the stage.*)

SIR A. No help!—What, none! (*Storm rages.*) My child! My child!—Good man, save us, save us!—I'll give you gold! I'll make you rich!

EDIE. Rich!—Look round upon the strife o' waters,—our riches will soon be equal.

(*The waters keep rising.*—ISABELLA *and* SIR ARTHUR *cling in each other's arms; during this* MR LOVEL *is seen descending the cliff.*)

LOVEL. Isabella! Isabella!

ISAB. Lovel!

SIR A. What's that?

EDIE. It's the screech o' a tammie-norrie. I ken the skirl weel.—Eh! there's a man coming doun the rocks,—tak' care o' yer feet there—pit your fit on that muckle blue stane—no that—on here—look—the Bessie's apron—Gude guide us, are there mair to dee?

LOVEL. None, none, Edie,—none. On this flat stone we may be safe. (*Takes* ISABELLA *by the hand.*)

EDIE. No lang, I fear; but we'll no perish without a struggle. (*Voices are heard above, on the summit of the cliff.*)

—Hillihoa! hoa! ho!

EDIE. Hark! d'ye hear that?

SAUNDERS MUCKLEBACKIT. (*Above.*) Hillihoa!

LOVEL. There's aid at hand!—Come! to the stone! to the stone! Edie! Sir Arthur! help, help, here!

(*They assist in placing* ISABELLA *on the summit of the flat rock, during which* SAUNDERS *and others appear on the cliff, with ropes, chair, masts, torches, &c., &c.*)

SAUND. Here lads, quick!—Fix the tackle and stand clear—

(*By this time* ISABELLA, *&c., are on the rock, and the tackle being fixed, they begin to lower the chair.—The storm continues, and the waters rise higher up the rock.*)

Lower away, lads! lower away!

(*The chair descends;* LOVEL *fastens* ISABELLA *in it;* SIR ARTHUR *is held from interfering by* EDIE.)

Yo! ho! steadily there!—Tak' care o' your rope against the face o' the rock;—there—there—canny now, and we'll ha'e them up as sae mony kegs o' brandy. Yo ho! Yo ho!

(EDIE *keeps his eye steadily and anxiously upon them as they ascend, until a shout is given above.*)

—Hurrah! Hurrah!

SIR A. (*Falling on his knees.*) Thank Heaven!

(*The waves dash and foam over the rocks they have quitted, and rise up to the flat stone; and as the chair is lowering again for* SIR ARTHUR *and* EDIE, *the Act scene falls.*)

END OF ACT II.

Act Third.

SCENE I.—Oldbuck's *Sanctum Sanctorum.*

Jonathan Oldbuck, Esq., *and* Jacob Caxon *discovered.*

Old. A precious night we've had of it, Caxon, and a precious adventure truly.

Cax. 'Tis the mercy o' Providence, yer honour, and a great wonder to boot, that ye didna a' perish, baith aboon and below; yer honour was ower venturesome. If I hadna caught haud o' yer honour's coat tail you'd have whommeled o'er the cliff, and then there wadna ha'e been one wig left in the parish.

Old. There was enough to venture for you old booby. Weren't the lives of the lovely Isabella and the gallant Lovel at stake?

Cax. Gallant he is, sure enough, as auld Edie said; he behaved as though he had three lives to lose, and was willin' to waste them a', raither than endanger ither folks.

Old. And wasn't there the descendant of the renowned Sir Gamelyn de Guardooer to draw up,—the pedigree of a hundred links,—the whole barony of Knockwinnock, dangling on a rope's end. 'Twas lucky, however, that we had beds enough ready for them all after their ducking. But get thee gone, for here comes Sir Arthur and his fair daughter. [*Exit* Caxon.

Enter Sir Arthur *and* Miss Isabella Wardour.

Welcome, my good Sir Arthur, once more to Jonathan Oldbuck's, who rejoices to see his noble foe under his roof again in a whole skin.

Sir A. Mr Oldbuck, if, instead of a silly misunderstanding, such as ours was, there had been blood-feud in our families, your conduct last night should heal it for ever.

Old. Say no more, Sir Arthur, say no more.

Sir A. I understand, Mr Oldbuck, the young gentleman to whose gallantry and presence of mind we are so much indebted, is a favourite of yours.

Old. He is, Sir Arthur, and well deserves to be so, I think.

Sir A. You made acquaintance with him, I suppose, in Edinburgh?

Old. About a fortnight since we were fellow-travellers from thence.

Sir A. Why, then, Mr Oldbuck, my daughter is an older acquaintance of Mr Lovel than you are.

Old. Indeed. I was not aware of that.

ISAB. (*Blushing and confused.*) I met Mr Lovel when I resided, this last spring, with my Aunt, Mrs Wilmot.

OLD. And what character did he bear then? How was he engaged?

ISAB. He had a commission in the army, had served with reputation, and was much respected as an amiable and promising young man.

OLD. And pray, young lady, such being the case, why didn't you speak to the lad at once when you met him at my house?—(ISABELLA *appears confused.*)—I thought my favourite, Miss Wardour, had less of the paltry pride of womankind about her.

SIR A. (*Dignified.*) There was a reason for it. You know the opinions—prejudices, perhaps, you will call them, Mr Oldbuck, of our house concerning purity of birth. This young gentleman is, it seems, the illegitimate son of some man of fortune, and my daughter did not choose to renew their acquaintance till she should know whether I approved of her holding any intercourse with him.

OLD. Here's my venerable sister—

Enter MISS GRIZELDA OLDBUCK.

SIR A. Miss Oldbuck, I trust that you have not suffered from the alarm we put you to last night?

GRIZ. I was dreadfully nervous, I confess, with thinking of your being knocked about by sea and wind, like sae mony bunches o' sea-weed; but you men are hardy creatures, you can go through a' things! To be tossed up and down in that manner—gracious me! If I had to undergo ony thing o' that nature—that is, ony thing beyond nature, I should have shrieked out, and fainted awa' downright.

OLD. And a fine figure you would have cut, rising on the winds of the night wind, or splashing in the weltering waves like a venerable mermaid; though our fair guest, Miss Isabella, would be no bad representative of that lovely and alluring race—hey! But what news, Sir Arthur, from the mines? How goes on our subterranean Good Hope?

SIR A. Nothing good as yet, but my agent does not despair.

OLD. I do dismally. I doubt we shall never find copper enough to make a pair of sixpenny knee-buckles.

SIR A. Well, Mr Oldbuck, suppose that failure, you have no great interest in the matter.

OLD. Too much, too much, Sir Arthur; yet for the sake of your fair daughter here, I would consent to lose it all, so you had *no more on the* venture.

SIR A. (Rising and aside.) That stings deeper than he's aware. *How shall I confess* the downfall of all my golden dreams? Yet it

must out at last, and my child know her father's ruin and her own.

OLD. He seems disturbed! Oh my poor hundred pounds!

SIR A. Hey, Mr Oldbuck, you do not doubt, I hope?

OLD. No, no, Sir Arthur, not in the least; but then, there's also the three notes of hand with the interest thereon, amounting to—let me see——

SIR A. About a thousand pounds; you told me so the other day, Mr Oldbuck.

OLD. More, more, Sir Arthur; another term's interest due since that makes it eleven hundred and thirteen pounds, seven shillings, five pennies, and three-fourths of a penny sterling. You shall look over the summations yourself.

SIR A. Mr Oldbuck, I—I—I don't understand——

ISAB. There'll be another quarrel in a minute. My dear father, pray attend Miss Oldbuck.

(SIR ARTHUR *leads out* MISS OLDBUCK.)

And come, Mr Oldbuck, you shall be my beau. I am afraid, mermaid as I am, my influence as a syren over you is but small.

OLD. Try me, try me, my dear.

ISAB. Listen, then, to the mermaid's invitation.

SONG.

Follow, follow, through the sea,
To the mermaid's melody!
Safely, freely shalt thou range
Through things dreadful, quaint and strange!
And through liquid walls behold
Wonders that may not be told;
Treasures, too, for ages lost,
Gems surpassing human cost!
Fearless follow, follow me,
Through the treasures of the sea!

Thou shalt hear sea-music swell
From the Triton's curled shell;
Sea-nymphs shall with dance and song
Draw thy charmed steps along,
To the palace, glory dight,
Of the white-armed Amphitrite,
Whose coral throne, and amber roof,
Ocean monsters guard aloof;
Fearless follow, follow me
Through the wonders of the sea.

[*Exit.*

Enter JACOB CAXON.

CAX. Yer honour, yer honour.

OLD. *Come, come,* Caxon, don't tease me now, I must to *breakfast.*

CAX. Lord save your honour, breakfast is put aff, *sine die*, as the provost says. There's been a messenger for Sir Arthur, full gallop frae Knockwinnock; and the Baronet has ordered his horses, and desired me to mak' his apologies to you. Bad news, I fear; but the warst's ahint. Mucklebackit's boat was foundered i' the gale, and his son, Steenie, drown'd, puir lad.

OLD. Steenie drowned!

CAX. Aye, puir fallow, little did Mucklebackit ken, when he was hauling up the Laird o' Knockwinnock, that his ain flesh and blood was gaun to the bottom. The sea, as I aye teld him, is as uncertain a calling——

OLD. As the calling of an old periwig-maker that's robbed of his business by crops and powder-tax. Poor Steenie! Well, I must to Mucklebackit, and see what can be done for him. Sir Arthur, I am sure, will be liberal.

CAX. He'll be awa' be this time wi' Miss Isabella; and if a' says be right, Sir Arthur has nae muckle to be liberal wi'.

OLD. What, has the storm burst upon my poor friend, Sir Arthur? Confound those mines of Glenwithershins! He has lost his fortune, and I my poor hundred pounds. Go, Caxon, and send Mr Lovel to me.

CAX. In what room does he stay?

OLD. The green room, you blockhead!

CAX. Heaven preserve us, laird, did ye clap the puir young thing, after a' his troubles, into the haunted room!

OLD. Haunted! nonsense. I never heard of any mischief that ever happened in it; but my learned friend, Dr Heavystone, flopping himself too suddenly into an arm chair, in which was a pair of Saxon spurs, somewhat of the longest. Master Caxon, go and call Lovel. [*Exit* CAX.

Enter EDIE OCHILTREE.

Well, Edie, what's the news with you?

EDIE. No muckle, yer honour; only they say there's news came frae Edinburgh for a' the sodger lads to brush them up a bit. I saw the Bailie's servant-lass cleaning his belt and his white breeks. I gave her a hand, for ye maun think she was na o'er clever at it. She says, he's ta'en up the sword.

OLD. The scales you mean, Edie.

CAX. (*Without.*) Oh, laird! laird! laird!

OLD. What's the matter now, old curlingtongs?

CAX. (*Running in.*) Oh, laird, laird! there's a pretty catastrophe, there's no a hair of puir Mr Lovel to be found.

OLD. Not to be found!

CAX. Not a fraction.

OLD. What's to be done?—Lovel missing—Hector out a shooting,—and poor Sir Arthur going to ruin.

EDIE. Sir Arthur going to ruin!

CAX. Ay, Edie; waes me, anither of my wigs going.

EDIE. Eh! I mind me o' the packet Mr Lovel tauld me o'.—In the name o' Heaven, Monkbarns, get me on to Tannonburgh.—If you wish to save Miss Wardour, get me on to Tannonburgh.

OLD. You on to Tannonburgh. Save Miss Wardour.

EDIE. I dinna ken, that is, I canna tell; but get me on to Tannonburgh, and I'll never speak mair of the prætorium.

OLD. Silence, you plague of Egypt.—Caxon, what's to be done?

CAX. If yer honour pleases, I can drive auld Edie in the taxed cart; if yer honour will only come and bid Davie Dibble help me.

EDIE. In the name o' Heaven, yoke the cart, Caxon; and if I am no of some use, less or mair, I'll gi'e ye leave to fling me o'er Bottle-brig as ye come back again. But ye maun haste ye, man, for time's precious the day.

OLD. But, Edie, I insist that——

EDIE. The prætorium, yer honour——

OLD. Caxon, I desire——

CAX. Tak' care o' yer wig, yer honour.

OLD. You couple of fiends, you——

GRIZ. (*Without.*) Monkbarns, where are you?

EDIE. There's womankind, sir.

OLD. Lord save us! (*They drag him out.*)

SCENE II.—*Interior of* MUCKLEBACKIT'S *Cottage.*

SAUNDERS MUCKLEBACKIT *discovered apart from the rest; his arms resting upon a table, violently compressing his forehead with his hands. The implements of his occupation lying scattered about; his Wife and* PATIE *watching him with an expression of alarm mingled with sorrow.*—ELSEPETH *in her chair.*

PATIE. Speak to faither; do, dear mither.

MAG. I darena, lad, he'd only turn awa' in silence, or speak sae fierce, I couldna bear it. Oh, my puir Steenie, to dee sic a death.

PATIE. But faither tak's neither rest nor food, mither.

MAG. Do you speak then, Patie,—you were always his darling: perhaps he'll hear you.

PATIE. Faither, dear faither, do come and tak' something:—you've eat naething a' day.—Come for our sake, dear faither, do bear a heart.

SAUND. Let me alane, sir; let me alane. (*Drives him away.*) Na, na, my bonnie man; I didna mean that. I dinna ken what I mean, or what I say the now.

PATIE. I'll work for ye, faither, and love you,—now poor *Steenie's gane, mair than ever.*

SAUND. Ye'll be a braw fallow, Patie, an' ye be spar'd; but ye'll ne'er, na ye ne'er can be what he was to me. He has sail'd the coble wi' me since he was ten years auld; and there wasna the like o' him drew a net between this and Buchanness.

MAG. Oh, what an hour is this, and naebody to help me. Oh, gude-mither, could ye but speak a word. Wad ye but bid him be comforted. (*At this appeal* ELSPETH *rises from her chair and advances to her son.*)

PATIE. See, see, mither, she hears you.

ELSPETH. Rise up, my son, and sorrow not for him that is beyond sin, and sorrow, and temptation. I, who do not sorrow—who cannot sorrow for any one,—have most reason that you should all sorrow for me. (*A knock is heard at the door.*)

MAG. Hegh, sirs, wha is it that can be coming in that gate enow? They canna ha'e heard o' our misfortune, I'm sure. (*Opens the door, but stands before it.*)

The EARL OF GLENALLAN. (*Without.*) Is there not an old woman living in this cottage, called Elspeth of the Craigburnfoot?

MAG. Yes; but——

SAUND. Wha's that, Maggie? What for are you steeking them out? Let them come in. It disna signify an auld rope's end wha comes in, or wha gangs out o' this house frae this time forward. (MAGGIE *retires.*—*The* EARL OF GLENALLAN *enters, and goes forward to* ELSPETH.)

EARL. Are you Elspeth of the Craigburnfoot of Glenallan?

ELSPETH. Who is it that asks about the unhallowed residence of that evil woman?

EARL. The unhappy Earl of Glenallan.

ELSPETH. Earl!—Earl of Glenallan,—what Earl?

EARL. William, Lord Geraldin, and whom his mother's death has made Earl of Glenallan.

ELSPETH. Light,—light,—quick, more light, that I may see if this be the right Lord Geraldin, the son of my mistress; him that I received into my arms the hour after he was born,—him that has reason to curse me that I did not smother him before the hour was past. (*Observes him well.*) It's a sair change,—it's a sair change; and whose fault is it? But what are you seeking from one like me, who only belongs so far to the living that I am not yet laid in the mould.

EARL. Behold this ring; why did you request so earnestly to see me, and by a token which you knew I dared not refuse?

ELSPETH. I mind it all now.—She's gone, and it shall burden my mind no longer. Children, quit the house, and leave Lord Geraldin alone with me.

SAUND. Leave the house!—It's an unco thing to bid a faither *leave his ain house to please anybody, the very day he's lost his—— This is nae day for* yer auld warld stories, mither,—neither for

laird nor loon, gentle nor semple, will I leave my ain house, the very day my poor lad's being laid in his cauld grave. I'll no gang.

ELSPETH. My son, as ye would shun hearing a mother's shame and guilt;—as ye would deserve her blessing, and avoid her curse,—I charge you leave me with Lord Geraldin. Obey my words, that when ye lay the moulds upon my head (and oh! that the day were come,) ye may remember this hour without the reproach of having disobeyed the last earthly command that ever your mother laid upon you.

SAUND. I'll obey her. He never disobey'd me in reason or out o' reason, and what for should I vex HER.—Heaven bless you, mither,—Heaven bless you. Come awa', Maggie.

[*Exit with* MAGGIE *and* PATIE.

EARL. Now, for Heaven's sake, proceed.—Let me, though I tremble at my own request, hear what you have to impart.

ELSPETH. Eveline Neville——

EARL. I charge thee, woman, name not that name in my hearing!

ELSPETH. I must, or how can you understand me?

EARL. If it must be so—proceed.

ELSPETH. Your mother hated all that came o' your father's family—all but himself; and doubly did she hate Eveline Neville, when she perceived a growing kindness between you and that unfortunate young lady. I was alone in my hut one night, when the Countess, your mother, entered my dwelling, and said, Elspeth, thou and thy fathers have been the faithful and the favourite vassals of Glenallan;—my son loves Eveline Neville;—they are plighted;—should they have a son—I sink from a Countess to a miserable stipendiary.—I who brought land and vassals, high blood, and ancient fame, must bend before the descendant of the hated Nevilles—this girl—this object of my hate;—and I, I answered, hate her equal to thyself.

EARL. Wretch! What cause of hate hadst thou against a being so innocent and gentle?

ELSPETH. I hated what my mistress hated, as was in use with the liege vassals of the house of Glenallan.—Miss Eveline mocked and jested at me;—sneered at my northern speech and habit;—yes, she scorned at, jested at me;—but let them that scorn the tartan fear the dirk!

EARL. But my mother, my mother!—Say on, in mercy.

ELSPETH. She talked of death, but I could not stain my hand in blood;—but I lied—lied like the archfiend,—and persuaded your mother to make you believe yourself so near related that no law would permit your union.

EARL. Powers of mercy,—was it not true? Then Eveline Neville was not the—the ——

ELSPETH. The daughter you would say of your father. No,

—be it torment, or be it comfort to you, know the truth;—she was no more a daughter of your father's house than I am.

EARL. Woman, deceive me not;—make me not curse the memory of the parent I have so lately laid within the grave.

ELSPETH. Curse your own deceit.—Had you not transgressed the obedience of a son by wedding Eveline Neville in secret, our stratagem could not, nor would not have been practised against you.

EARL. Great Heaven! accept my humble thanks.—I may live miserable, but I shall not die stained with guilt unutterable. If thou hast more to tell proceed whilst thou has power to speak, or I to listen.

ELSPETH. Yes; the hour when you shall hear, and I shall speak, is indeed waning away. Death has crossed your brow with his finger; and every day his grasp is turning colder at my heart. Interrupt me no more, but hear my tale to an end; and then, if ye be such a Lord of Glenallan as I have heard of in my day, make your merry-men gather the thorn and the briar, and the green holly, till they reach to the house roof, and then burn—burn the auld wretch, Elspeth, and all that ever put ye in mind that such a creature crawled upon the land.

EARL. Go on, I will not interrupt thee.

ELSPETH. Our perjury drove you from the castle, and Miss Neville from her reason. She was put under ward;—the ward slept;—the window was open;—I saw her white form dart from the top of the cliff, like a sea-maw, through the mist;—I rush'd into the tide, grasp'd her in my arms, and bore her to my hut;—there, poor lady, she took the pains of travail before her time, and died in giving birth to a son.

EARL. Gracious Heaven! does the child survive?

ELSPETH. I know not. I hastened to inform your mother of the birth, and she consulted with your brother Neville, and her Spanish servant Tereza. What they determined on I know not; but when I returned to my dwelling the babe was gone.—And now, heir of Glenallan, can you forgive me?

EARL. Ask forgiveness of Heaven, and not of man.

ELSPETH. If I have sinned, I have suffered. Has not my house been burnt wi' my bairn in the cradle?—Have not my boats being wrecked, when all others weathered the gale?—The flames, the winds, the waters, have all combined to punish the auld wretch Elspeth; and now, that earth is opening to receive me, heir of Glenallan, will you not forgive me?

EARL. (*Is about to quit the Cottage, but suddenly turning to* ELSPETH, *exclaims,*) I forgive thee. (ELSPETH *screams, and falls. The* EARL *returns, exclaiming for help.*—SAUNDERS, PATIE, *and* MAGGIE MUCKLEBACKIT *rush in and form around* ELSPETH; *they raise her.*)

ELSPETH. (*Wildly.*) Hark! whose voice was that!—Hush! 'tis the Countess calls. Bring me my hood and scarf:—call Miss Neville.—What do you mean by Lady Geraldin?—there's no Lady Geraldin—tell her that: and bid her change her wet gown, and not look so pale.—Tereza—my lady calls us,—bring a light,—the great staircase is as dark as a December midnight.—My lady, we are coming, we are coming. (*Dies.—Scene closes.*)

SCENE III.—*Sea Shore and Fisherman's Hut.*

Enter JONATHAN OLDBUCK, ESQ.

OLD. So, Lovel was neither carried away by brownies or kelpies.—That fellow is certainly a most mysterious personage.—What, in the name of wonder, could an express want with him at twelve o'clock at night.—It was kind in him, however, to desire that I should not be disturbed.

Enter CAPTAIN HECTOR MACINTYRE *and* ROBERT.

HECT. My dear uncle, here's pretty work at Knockwinnock;—here's Robert from Wardour Castle.

OLD. What! is he come express too?

HECT. Yes, sir; from Miss Wardour, to say all's up at the Castle.

OLD. Did Miss Wardour say "All's up at the Castle."

HECT. No, no;—I don't mean that.—She sent me to say——d—n it, how stupid you are.

OLD. Pray, inform Miss Wardour that I am highly flattered by——

HECT. My dearest uncle, how can you jest at such a moment?—Sir Arthur is going to the devil; the sheriffs are after him, and Miss Wardour wishes you to go, and——

OLD. I am obliged to her!—but what can I do?

HECT. Do, sir!—Jump on Robert's charger that stands yonder—turn his head homewards, and he'll be there in five minutes.

OLD. Yes; and where shall I be?

ROBERT. He's quite a free goer, sir,—only pulls a little if he feels a dead weight on him.

OLD. He wouldn't pull long; for I should soon be a dead weight off him.—Where's Grizzy,—let her go?

HECT. Pooh, pooh!—Come, Robert, give me your whip and spurs.—I have little hope that I can be of any use—but I can shew attention and sympathy in their distress, at least.

OLD. Ay, ay,—and bring them all to Monkbarns;—and hark ye, as to money matters in their adversity, don't stand on trifles.

HECT. That's a kind uncle.—Give me your other spur—quick—*quick.*

OLD. My dear boy, remember what Quintus Curtius says.

HECT. Curse Quintus Curtius now;—Knockwinnock the word.

[*Exit with* ROBERT.

OLD. There they go—well matched—a mad horse and a wild Highlander—two of the most unruly animals in Christendom—womankind excepted. Now for old Mucklebackit, and see what service I can be of there. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*An Apartment in Knockwinnock Castle.*

Enter CAPTAIN HECTOR MACINTYRE *and* MISS ISABELLA WARDOUR.

HECT. Dear Miss Wardour, do not make yourself uneasy; my uncle will shortly find some way to clear the house of these rascals,—and I hear that Edie is on his way to Tannonburgh for some packet of the most essential consequence to Sir Arthur's affairs.

ISAB. Alas! Captain MacIntyre, I fear all will be too late; the officers are in the castle, and have seized my father.

HECT. Fear nothing; I have ordered your carriage, and——

Enter ROBERT *and* Mr SWEEPCLEAN.

ROBERT. What! an't I to put the horses to in obedience to my young lady's orders?

SWEEP. You must remove nothing here, or you will be liable for all consequences.

HECT. What the devil, sir, have you the impudence to prevent the young lady's servant from obeying her orders?

SWEEP. Captain MacIntyre, sir, I have no quarrel with you; but if you interrupt me in my duty I will break the wand of peace, and declare myself deforced.

HECT. And who the devil cares whether you declare yourself divorced or married?—As to the breaking your wand, or breaking the peace, or whatever you call it, all I know is, that I will break your bones if you prevent that lad from harnessing the horses.

SWEEP. I take all who stand here to witness that I showed my blazon, and explained my character.—"He that will to Cupar maun to Cupar."

HECT. Why, you rascal——

ISAB. For Heaven's sake, Captain MacIntyre—(*A clamour without*—EDIE *heard.*—"Victory!")

HECT. Long life to an old soldier.—Here comes Edie with his budget.

Enter SIR ARTHUR WARDOUR *and* EDIE OCHILTREE.

SIR A. My child! my child! we are yet preserved.—Officer, read that paper.

SWEEP. A sist on a bill o' suspension.—I thought it would be queer if ultimate diligence was done against such a gentleman as Sir Arthur.

ISAB. Dearest father, whence this good fortune?

SIR A. In a letter from your brother,—read—read—

ISAB. (*Reads.*) "Dearest father,—Acquainted with the entangled state of your affairs, judge my happiness at finding myself unexpectedly placed in a situation to give most effectual assistance. My matchless friend, Major Neville, affords me the means and power of relieving you from all your difficulties.—Your ever affectionate son,

"REGINALD WARDOUR."

SIR A. Who can this Major Neville be, to whom we are so infinitely indebted?

HECT. I have seen his name mentioned frequently and honourably in the gazette, but have not the honour of his acquaintance. —Now, Mr Officer, why this delay, decamp, or I'll——

EDIE. Eh, Captain, tak' care o' thae messengers,—they're queer deevils.

SWEEP. Weel, I'll awa' wi' my party; but whs's to pay my charges.

HECT. Those who employed you; and so, Mr Sweepclean, sweep yourself, and all your followers, tag, rag, and bobtail, clean out of Knockwinnock Castle.

[*Exit* SWEEPCLEAN.

SIR A. Young gentleman, how to express the obligations I owe to both you and your uncle, I know not; but be assured, that——

HECT. My dear sir, the obligation you may feel yourself under to my worthy uncle, I have no power to annul; but as to any trivial service I may have afforded, allow me to pass over your manors in August, and gallop over them in October, and you leave me infinitely your debtor.

ISAB. What can the military duty be to which my dear brother alludes?

EDIE. Lord, madam, ha'e ye no heard the French are coming?

HECT. The French, you blockhead!—Pshaw!

SIR A. I have not had time to look over my lieutenancy correspondence for the week; but from the slight glance I took of my letters, I observed some alarm was entertained.

EDIE. Alarm—troth's there's alarm—for the provost's gard the beacon-light on the Halket Head be sorted up (that suld a' ha'e been sorted half-a-year syne) in an unco hurry, and the council ha'e nam'd nae less a man than auld Caxon himsel' to watch the light.—Some say it's to please yer honour and Monkbarns, that wear wigs, some say there's some auld story about a perriwig, that ane o' the bailies got, and ne'er paid for,—ony way, there he

is sitting cocking up like a scart upo' the tap o' the craig, to skirl when foul weather comes.

SIR A. Come, Edie, this must be look'd to.

EDIE. And a' the bonny engines, and wheels, and the coves and sheughs, down at Glenwithershins yonder, what's to come o' them, Sir Arthur?

SIR A. I hope the men, before they are dispersed, will make a bonfire of them.

EDIE. Gude guide us! burn the engines,—hech, sirs, that's an unco waste.—Hadna ye better try to get back part o' yer hundred pounds, wi' the sale o' the materials. [*Exit with* SIR A.

HECT. Be assured, Miss Wardour, should Edie's news of the enemy prove true, you have no reason to be apprehensive concerning the result of the encounter, we are not altogether unprepared, and experience has proved that the hour of danger is the hour of union. Domestic feuds, opposing interests, and civil strife, are then banish'd from every heart, and our greatest contest is, which shall be foremost in defence of the lasses we love, the parents we honour, and the tombs of the ancestors we venerate. [*Exit.*

ISAB. Generous, noble-minded man.—We may but little fear the terrors of invasion, while the bonnie tartan waves on our side.

SONG.

O! leeze me on my sodger love
Bonnie laddie, sodger laddie,
Brave as lion, kind as dove,
Bonnie, &c.
Should he fall in battle strife,
Bonnie, &c.
None beside shall call me wife,
Bonnie, &c.

What becomes a hero's bier,
Bonnie, &c.
More than faithful maiden's tear?
Bonnie, &c.
By the sparkle in his e'e,
Bonnie, &c.
None, I ken, he loves but me,
Bonnie, &c.

Glorious comes he from the wars,
Bonnie, &c.
Proud will I be of his scars,
Bonnie, &c.
What rewards a hero's toil,
Bonnie, &c.
More than faithful maiden's smile?
Bonnie, &c.

[Exit.

SCENE V.—*Parlour in Monkbarns.*

Enter MISS GRIZELDA OLDBUCK.

GRIZ. Now, only to think what a man my brother is, to bring this Yerl into our house without speaking a single word to a body;—and there's that silly fiskmahoy, Jenny Rintherout, has ta'en exies, and dune naething but laugh and greet for twa days successfully. I am sure it a' thegither passes my judgment.

Enter the EARL OF GLENALLAN, *and* JONATHAN OLDBUCK, ESQ.

My Lord, your Earlship's room is ready; your Grace's sheets are weel air'd, and I trust your excellency will ha'e nae cause to regret——

OLD. Get out of the room, you silly old woman.

EARL. Let me request, Mr Oldbuck——

OLD. I must beg your lordship's pardon. Grizzle, abscond——

GRIZ. Brother, brother, his reverence the Earl——

OLD. Womankind get out—(*Forces her out.*)—My Lord, I regret this interruption: My womankind mean well; but they're odd animals at the best, my Lord.

EARL. Mr Oldbuck, your kind forgiveness of the past will, I fear, involve you in the perplexities of an unhappy man.

OLD. Not at all; let me first ask your Lordship what are your own wishes and designs on this subject?

EARL. First, to vindicate the character of my Eveline, by the publication of our marriage; and then, if possible, ascertain the fate of my poor infant.

OLD. I suspect your late brother, Edward Geraldin Neville, could have much assisted your researches.

EARL. Indeed! what mean you, Mr Oldbuck?

OLD. During my inquiries concerning the event of that deplorable evening, I learnt that a woman and child were carried that night from the cottage at the Craigburnfoot, in a carriage and four, by your brother. Deeming its birth of guilty origin, he doubtless wished to conceal it; but though your brother was a gay and dissipated man, he was too kind and generous to intend any foul play against the—(*The* EARL *sinks upon a chair.*)—Bless me, my Lord, are you unwell?

EARL. Excuse me, Mr Oldbuck, your intelligence affects me deeply. My son may yet survive!—My brother has bequeathed his name and fortune to a young man, a stranger, whom he has long supported. Allow me to retire. I will instantly dispatch a messenger that shall satisfy my doubts. [*Exit.*

OLD. Well, I must confess that latterly my house of Monkbarns here, has been pretty well occupied;—first, a hospital for a *wounded duellist;—next,* an asylum for drowned people;—now, *a refuge for an unhappy* nobleman;—the womankind have only

to turn it into a lying-in hospital, and then the transformation will be complete.

(A dreadful noise is heard without of women screaming—drums and shouts are heard in the distance—bells tolling, &c.)

What the devil's the matter now?

Enter MISS MARIA MACINTYRE *and* JENNY RINTHEROUT.

Womankind in my quarters at this hour of the night!—are you all mad?

MARIA. The beacon, uncle—

JENNY. The French coming to murder us——

OLD. What beacon? What do you mean?

*(*JENNY *runs and draws up a large Curtain at the back, and through the window is discerned the Cliffs, with the Beacon burning, and its light reflected on the Sea.)*

JENNY. There—there—the beacon—the beacon.

OLD. Heaven preserve us! There's old Caxon blazing, sure enough. Hear ye, womankind! don't stand squalling there, but go and bring me my sword.

MARIA. Which of them, uncle?

JENNY. The langest—the langest.

Enter MISS GRIZELDA OLDBUCK *in the greatest alarm, with a helmet on, a shield on one arm, and an ancient musket on the other.*

GRIZ. So, brother, though the French have evaded us at last, there you stand totally unprepared to receive them; and will see the ladies of your family carried off like the Sabine virgins at the siege of Troy.

OLD. Womankind, be composed. Are ye sure they're come?

JENNY. Sure, sure, owre sure; there are a' the sea fencibles, and land fencibles, and the volunteers, and yeomanry are ganging to Fairport, as if auld clootie were ahint them.

(A loud knocking heard; all start. The knocking continues; and, amidst much bustle and exclamation, they arm OLDBUCK, *and place him in front, at the moment that* CAPTAIN HECTOR MACINTYRE, SIR ARTHUR, *and* MISS ISABELLA WARDOUR, *enter on the one side, and the* EARL OF GLENALLAN *on the other.)*

GRIZ. }
MARIA. } Mercy! mercy!
JENNY. }

HECT. What, my magnanimous uncle, armed in defence of *womankind!*

EARL. Good heavens, gentlemen! what's the matter?

HECT. Why, my lord, it appears from the firing of the beacon that the French, like our prize-money, long looked for, are come at last. (*Bugle without.*)

Enter EDIE OCHILTREE.

EDIE. My lord, my lord, here are a' the Glenallan yeomanry and fencibles, ganging up to the house to learn yer Lordship's pleasure.

OLD. Clap their horses into the kitchen, and the men into the parlour, this is no time for ceremony.

EARL. Excuse me, my dear Mr Oldbuck, I will but give some necessary orders, and rejoin you instantly. Captain MacIntyre, your experience would essentially serve. Might I request——

HECT. My Lord, I attend you. (*Exit the* EARL OF GLENALLAN.) Really, uncle, you are in a most admirable state of equipment, completely a soldier of all-arms; the shield of Achilles—the helmet of Paris—an Andrea Ferrara of Robert the Bruce—and a matchlock from the armoury of his more pacific Majesty King James the First. Really, sir, you are an admirable exemplification of ancient and modern warfare, an animated edition of Grose's Military Antiquities. [*Exit.*

(*During this speech,* OLDBUCK *is dreadfully enraged, and is only prevented from assaulting* HECTOR *by the surrounding company.*)

OLD. A rascal; he to speak of military antiquities! I'll——

EDIE. Dinna fash wi' him, Monkbarns; the broadsword and target are no that bad when the cry is, "Shouther to shouther, lads; and auld Scotland for ever!"

ISAB. Why, your martial spirit is rising again, Edie. I would not have thought that you, Edie, had so much to fight for.

EDIE. Me no muckle to fecht for, madam!—Isna there the country to fecht for, and the burn sides that I gang dandering beside, and the hearths o' the gudewives that gi'e me my bit bread, and the bits o' weans that come toddling to play wi' the auld man? De'il o' my soul, Madam, I may be auld, but I'se do my best.

OLD. Well said, Edie; the country's in little ultimate danger when the beggar's as ready to fight for his dish, as the laird for his land. (*Loud shouts are heard without.*)

Enter CAPTAIN HECTOR MACINTYRE.

Well, scapegrace, what is all that noise about?

HECT. Major Neville is arrived, sir; and his servant informs me the whole is a false alarm.

OLD. *How! a false alarm?*

HECT. The watchman at the Halket Head was misled by a bonfire, which some idle people had made on the hill above Glenwithershins, just in the line of the beacon, with which he corresponded.

GRIZ. Then, where are the French, Hector?

HECT. Fast asleep at Paris, I suppose, aunt.

EDIE. Sir Arthur—Monkbarns—the hill abune Glenwithershins!—The auld machinery has made an awfu' bleeze.

OLD. But who is this Major Neville?

SIR A. The gentleman who has so nobly assisted the house of Knockwinnock in its adversity.—He is a friend of my son's, and I have since learnt is adopted heir to the late brother of Lord Glenallan.

OLD. What! Geraldin Neville of Neville Hall, Yorkshire!—Tol de riddle lol.—Then he's found—he's found.—Where is he?

HECT. His Lordship can best inform you. Not a glimpse could I catch of the Major, for the instant the Earl heard his name, he carried him off in double quick time.

OLD. Huzza! huzza!—he's found. The heir of Glenallan's found.

ALL. Found.

OLD. Ay, found; and see here comes Lord Glenallan, and—what the devil!—Lovel.

Enter the EARL OF GLENALLAN *and* LORD GERALDIN.

GER. Ay, my worthy, my benevolent friend—your own obliged Lovel.

EARL. Or, in other words, Mr Oldbuck, William, Lord Geraldin.

OLD. *(Much affected.)* Son of—— Young man, for your own sake, for your father's sake, and for the sake of your dear—dear— Heaven bless you.

GRIZ. Allow me, my Lord, to offer my——

OLD. Womankind, be quiet. My Lord, having found your son, allow me to find him a wife.—Hey, Miss Wardour?—She blushes.—Well, a maiden blush does make womankind divinities. Aha! old Truepenny! we are all, I believe, indebted to thee, my old blue-pigeon, who brought us the good news.

EARL. I owe him a debt of gratitude, too, for being the first who brought me the tidings of great importance, and would willingly offer him a place of comfortable retirement for life.

EDIE. Hoot, hoot, my lord, ye maunna shame me wi' yer kindnesses. I'm the idlest dog that ever lived! A beggar I am, and a beggar must remain; and if I were to retire, and lay down my vocation, it would be a public loss.

OLD. Right, Edie, it would; so we'll take care you are always *comfortable.* And now, we must *all* be beggars here; and I hope THE ANTIQUARY will be forgiven—especially by WOMANKIND.

FINALE.

AIR—"*Highland Lad and Lowland Lassie.*"

GERALD. Now Fortune's fickle wheel at rest,
Her crowning favour still is wanted;
For we are ne'er completely blest,
Till your approval here is granted.

MARIA. Since our's, to-night, an anxious cause is,
And hearts like yours can know no pauses,
Whene'er to bounteous deeds alive,
Oh, crown our efforts with applauses.
Now Fortune's &c.

EDIE. A beggar, I by trade may sue,
And not in vain, I'm sure to-night here;
For every face around I view,
With mirth and kindness beaming bright here.

ISAB. Dear friends, then, while your hearts are glowing
To us extend their kind bestowing;
And I will pour the sweetest song,
The song from grateful bosom flowing.
Now Fortune's &c.

OLD. Can you resist her? faith I can't:
O bless your pipe, you little fairy;
For her sake, Womankind! Oh grant
Your kindness to the Antiquary.

ISAB. Were mine, indeed, the power of fairy,
With spell and song I'd charm and cheer ye,
Until for all our sakes you'd grant
Your kindness to the Antiquary.
Now Fortune's, &c.

END OF THE ANTIQUARY.

ROB ROY MACGREGOR;

AN OPERATIC DRAMA IN THREE ACTS.

Dramatis Personæ,

As Originally Acted in the Theatres Royal, Covent Garden, London, 1818, and Edinburgh, 1819; and as Performed in the latter, before and by command of His Majesty, King George the Fourth, Tuesday, August 27, 1822.

	Covent Garden, 1818.	Edinburgh, 1819.	Edinburgh, 1822.
Sir Fred. Vernon,	Mr Egerton.	Mr Anderson.	Mr Munro.
Rashleigh Osbaldistone,	Mr Abbott.	Mr Alexander.	Mr Denham.
Fran. Osbaldistone,	Mr Sinclair.	Mr Benson.	Mr Huckel.
Mr Owen,	Mr Blanchard.	Mr Chippendale.	Mr Roberts.
Captain Thornton,	Mr Connor.	Mr W. Murray.	Mr Murray.
Major Galbraith,	Mr Taylor.	Mr Dobbs.	Mr Weekes.
Rob Roy,	Mr Macready.	Mr Hamerton.	Mr Calcraft.
Bailie Nicol Jarvie,	Mr Liston	Mr Mackay.	Mr Mackay.
Dougal,	Mr Tokely.	Mr Duff.	Mr Duff.
MacStuart,	Mr Comer.	Mr Shaw.	Mr Lee.
Jobson,	Mr Simmons.	Mr J. Farren.	Mr Hillyard.
Saunders Wylie,	Mr Penn.	Mr M'Gregor.	Mr Simpson.
Andrew Fairservice,	Mr Treby.	Mr Stewart.	Mr Aikin.
Lancie Wingfield,	Mr Heath.	Mr Douglas.	Mr Stanley.
Willie,	Mr Goodwin.	Master Gordon.	Master Ronaldson.
Sergeant,	Mr Grant.	Mr Collyer.	Mr Douglas.
Highlanders, Travellers, Lennox Troopers, English Soldiers, &c.			
Diana Vernon,	Miss Stephens.	Miss M'Alpine.	Mrs H. Siddons.
Martha,	Miss Green.	Miss Nicol.	Miss J. Nicol.
Mattie,	Mrs Sterling.	Miss Stanfield.	Miss Nicol.
Jean M'Alpine,	Miss Logan.	Mrs Nicol.	Mrs Nicol.
Hostess,	Mrs Coates.	Mrs Mackay.	Mrs Mackay.
Helen Macgregor,	Mrs Egerton.	Mrs Renaud.	Mrs Renaud.

ROB ROY.

Act First.

SCENE I.—*The interior of a Village Inn.*—TRAVELLERS *preparing to set forward on their journey*—HOST *and* HOSTESS *attending them.*—*Sunset.*

GLEE.

Soon the sun will gae to rest,
Let's awa' thegither;
Company is aye the best,
Crossing o'er the heather.

Tak' each lad his stirrup cup,
His heart will feel the lighter;
Tak' each lass a wee bit sup,
Her e'e will sparkle brighter.

SOLO. Bold Rob Roy, the Southrons say,
Is now upon the border;
Should he meet wi' us the day,
'Twad breed a sad disorder.

CHORUS. Soon the sun, &c.

HOST. Brawly sung, my maisters, brawly sung! I wish ye a' safe hame, for yer ain sakes, an' a quick return for mine. Here, wife, gi'e our frien's their stirrup-cup, while I rub down the table. I wish you a' gude e'en, frien's.

[*Exeunt* TRAVELLERS.

Odd! there are twa mair travellers just alighting. Wha'd ha'e thought o' mair company at the "Thistle an' Bagpipes" sae late i' the day? But what wi' Whigs and Tories, Jacobites an' Rob *Roy, we in the North* here drive a bonny trade o't.

Enter ROB ROY, *dressed like a north-country grazier—and* OWEN, *in a plain brown suit, boots, a whip, &c., shown in by* WILLIE.

WIL. Travellers to Glasco', maister.

ROB. Landlord, let us have your best, and quickly too.

HOST. Troth will I, sir; ye'll be for a dram, nae doubt, till we can toss ye up something het for yer late dinner.

[*Exit* HOST.

(OWEN *places a small saddle-bag on the table, and sinks into a chair, evidently greatly fatigued.*)

OWEN. Oh, my poor bones! the firm of my constitution has been worse shaken than the great house of Osbaldistone and Co., Crane Alley, London.

(WILLIE *places liquor and glasses on the table.*)

Young man, have you sent my message to the Hall, hard by?

(ROB ROY *pours out, and* OWEN *drinks.*)

WIL. Ay, sir, and the lassie will sune be back wi' the answer.

[*Exit.*

ROB. Weel, fellow-traveller, how does our Scotch whisky agree with your English stomach?

OWEN. Thank you, sir, thank you:—it cheers the body, but it cannot raise the spirit. I'm quite below par, as we say in the city.

ROB. Try it again, man.

OWEN. I hope Mr Francis Osbaldistone will make haste—yet I have a sad tale to tell him.

ROB. Osbaldistone! I know something of that family, sir, and if there's anything I can serve you in, you may command me.

OWEN. You are very kind, sir, but it is far beyond your help.

ROB. Perhaps not. Will you trust me with the matter?

OWEN. Surely I will, sir. The affairs of the great commercial and banking house of Osbaldistone and Co., Crane Alley, London, are no secret by this time. All public as the Gazette. That I should live to see it and to say it! Oh dear!

ROB. Come, come; there's nought so bad but what it may be mended. Let's hear the business that brings you to the Hall.

OWEN. It's a long account, sir; but I'll sum it up by the shortest rules. You must know, sir, my name is Owen. I am head clerk and junior partner of the house of Osbaldistone and Co., Crane Alley, London; and I am now on my way to Glasgow to recover certain papers which have been taken—stolen, I'm *afraid—in the* absence of the head of the firm.

ROB. Stolen! by whom?

OWEN. By his nephew, Mr Rashleigh.

ROB. Rashleigh! I know—I remember—the son of Sir Hildebrand, late of the Hall here.

OWEN. The same, sir. Sir Hildebrand and the rest of his sons are taken up on suspicion of treasonable practices. It's an awful balance they have to strike.

ROB. But how happened it that this son, this Mr Francis you talk of, was not left in charge of his father's affairs, rather than the nephew, Rashleigh?

OWEN. Ah, sir, there lies all the mischief! Mr Francis loathed the counting-house, worse than I loathe a bankruptcy. While his father was making money he was making poetry; and so his father, sir, being a stern man, said that his nephew Rashleigh should take Mr Frank's place; for he would never ask his only child, a second time, to be the partner of his fortunes and affections. Oh dear!

ROB. Well, sir; but what motive could induce this Rashleigh to betray a trust which, for his own interest, one would naturally suppose he would be most faithful to?

OWEN. I suspect to aid some political purpose, whereby, at the expense of honour and conscience, he expects to make a larger per centage of worldly profit. He knew that to shake the house of Osbaldistone and Co., Crane Alley, London, was to alarm the government. The cash he took was no hurt; but the assets—the assets, sir; however, I'll not give them up, for I know Rashleigh has come north.

ROB. (*Aside.*) North, indeed! Umph! he's a cunning chield that—he'll be too cunning for himself at last, I fear. (*Aloud.*) A false friend, Mr Owen, never yet served a good cause.

OWEN. You say true, sir; such people are as variable as the course of exchange. But when we reach Glasgow, sir, perhaps you can assist my inquiries.

ROB. I—I'll meet you there, Mr Owen. I just recollect a small matter of business that I have to do in this neighbourhood. (*Aside.*) I must go to the Hall: Rashleigh has been there, no doubt; and Sir Frederick Vernon may wish to speak with me. (*Aloud.*) I'll meet you at Glasgow, Mr Owen.

OWEN. Heaven help me! I shall never live to balance an account there, without a companion or a guide. I was never ten miles from Crane Alley before in all my days.

ROB. Pooh, man! there is nothing to fear. Where shall I hear of you?

OWEN. At Messrs MacVittie and MacFin's, in the Gallowgate, sir. We have another agent, one Mr Nicol Jarvie, in the Saltmarket, but I can't depend upon him.

ROB. Fare-ye-weel, Mr Owen. (*Aside.*) Rashleigh in the *north! then the heather* will soon be on fire.

Enter WILLIE.

WILLIE. Here's the Squire to speak wi' ane Mr Owen.

Enter FRANCIS OSBALDISTONE.

(*As he enters,* ROB ROY *exits hastily, unperceived by him.*)

FRANCIS. Owen, my excellent, kind friend!

OWEN. O, Mr Frank! O, Mr Osbaldistone! such news! (*Wiping his eyes.*) But why did you never answer our letters—mine and your good father's?

FRAN. Letters! I have never yet received one. I have written repeatedly, and have been astonished at receiving no reply.

OWEN. Oh, Lord! no letters! O, my stars! no letters! then they have been intercepted. How has your poor father been deceived! O, Mr Francis, what have you not to answer for? But that's past now—it's all over!

FRAN. Good Heaven! my father, he is ill—dead?

OWEN. No, no; not so bad as that! thank Heaven, his day-book is still open, but his affairs are in worse confusion than my poor brain—oh, dear!

FRAN. Explain yourself, I beseech you, and in terms less technical.

OWEN. Well, well, the sum total is, that your cousin Rashleigh, taking advantage of my good master's absence in Holland, has absconded, with papers of such consequence to ourselves and to the government, that unless we can recover them, or get help from our agents by a certain day, the house of Osbaldistone and Co., Crane Alley, London, is in the bankrupt list as sure as the Gazette!

FRAN. Gracious Heaven! my folly and disobedience then have ruined my father! Tell me how shall I redeem the consequence of my error?

OWEN. Oh, Mr Frank, you raise my heart ten per cent. to hear you talk in that way. Repair to Glasgow, and assist my poor endeavours. Though you understand little, I grieve to say, of Debtor and Creditor, you thoroughly understand, I rejoice to tell it, the great fundamental principle of all moral accounting—the great ethic rule of three—let A do to B as he would have B do to him, and the product will give the rule of conduct required.

FRAN. It shall be, it must be so. This very hour I'll bid adieu to the enchantress, who still must rule my destiny, and seek this destroyer, this traitor, Rashleigh! Set forward, Owen, *instantly:* by the time you have made the necessary inquiries *at Glasgow I shall* be with you. Oh, Diana! must we then *part?*

OWEN. Diana! Ah, love, love! I thought so. Never knew a man open an account with him but his affairs got into confusion. I never had any dealings with him in all my life. It's more dangerous, Mr Francis, than meddling with contraband goods: But I've heard of the consignment—to Miss Diana Vernon, best affections! Item, heart! Item, honour! Item—Oh, Mr Francis, look at the per contra! Blank! ruin! Oh, dear!

[*Exit.*

FRAN. Yes, for a while we must separate; yet I cannot cease to love—cannot live without her.

SONG.

(*Words by Burns.*)—AIR—"*Low down in the broom.*"

O my love's like the red, red rose
That's newly sprung in June,
O my love's like the melody,
That's sweetly played in tune.
As fair art thou, my bonny lass,
So deep in love am I;
And I will love thee still, my dear,
Tho' all the seas gang dry.

Till all the seas gang dry, my dear,
And rocks melt wi' the sun;
And I will love thee still, my dear,
While the sands of life shall run.
But fare thee weel, my only love,
And fare thee weel awhile!
And I will come again, my love,
Tho' 'twere ten thousand mile.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II—*The Library of Osbaldistone Hall.*

SIR FREDERICK *and* DIANA VERNON *seated at a table,* MARTHA *attending.—They rise, and come forward.*

SIR F. It is now time we separate. Remember, Diana, my instructions. We are surrounded by dangers, which will require all your prudence to avert. 'Tis evident your cousin Francis suspects the visits of a stranger to these apartments; and though this dress, resembling that of your ancestor's portrait, has hitherto enabled me to impose on the weak minds of the domestics, his penetration may discover who and what I am before the plans are matured on which my hopes of future happiness now entirely rest.

DIANA. Rely on my discretion, sir! you may with safety.

MARTHA. (*Taking from the back of a chair a cloak resembling that of a Catholic priest, and giving it to* SIR FREDERICK.) Indeed,

Sir Frederick—I beg pardon, Father Vaughan, I mean, your reverence has nothing to fear, though you are a Catholic and Jacobite. There is not a soul in the place, myself excepted, that dare stir a foot towards this part of the house after nightfall.

Sir F. I repeat, it is not from them I fear detection; the character I openly bear, of confessor to Miss Vernon, is a sufficient security; but remember, Diana, Francis Osbaldistone and his father are firm adherents of the present government, and should he discover me, or the purpose which renders my concealment in this part of the country necessary, it might be fatal to the cause of Scotland and ourselves.

Diana. But my cousin is a man of honourable and affectionate feelings; he would never betray you, sir.

Sir F. You mean he would never sacrifice his love in the person of Diana Vernon. Subdue those reflections, my child, for the sake of your future peace of mind; annihilate them, while it is yet in your power; think that you are devoted to a cloister, or the betrothed bride of Rashleigh Osbaldistone.

[*Exit at a tapestry panel.*

Diana. You may leave me now, Martha. When my cousin Francis returns, say I wish to speak with him here.

[*Exit* Martha.

The bride of Rashleigh! never, never! any lot rather than that—the convent, the jail, the grave! I must act as becomes the descendant of a noble ancestry! Yet how preferable is the lot of those, whose birth and situation neither renders them meanly dependent, nor raises them to the difficulties and dangers which too often accompany wealth and grandeur.

SONG.

Air—"*Corn Riggs.*"

Ah! would it were my humble lot
To share with thee some lowly cot,
Where Fame and Fortune ne'er intrude
To mar the lover's solitude.

Then I'd sing nonny, nonny, O!
And merry be,
With love and thee,
From morn till e'en so bonny, O!

If far away from lordly pride,
The stream of life would calmly glide,
And I content if thou wert nigh,
In joy could live, in peace could die!

And I'd sing nonny, nonny, O, &c.

Enter MARTHA, *introducing* FRANCIS OSBALDISTONE, *and exit.*

FRAN. Diana, you sent for me.

DIANA. Yes, Frank. It was to bid you farewell. Suppress your amazement, while I tell you that I am acquainted with the distresses which the treachery of Rashleigh has brought upon your father.

FRAN. How, in the name of Heaven! since but within these few minutes I myself was informed?

DIANA. Ask me no questions. I have it not in my power to reply to them. Fate has involved me in such a series of nets and entanglements that I dare hardly speak a word for fear of consequences. You must meet, and obviate the difficulties this blow has occasioned.

FRAN. And how is that possible?

DIANA. Everything is possible to him who possesses courage and activity.

FRAN. What do you advise?

DIANA. Quit this place instantly, and for ever!

FRAN. Diana!

DIANA. You have only one friend to regret, and she has long been accustomed to sacrifice her friendships and comforts to the welfare of others.

(*Turning round, sees* SIR FREDERICK *at the panel, who motions to her angrily. She falters.—He disappears.*)

FRAN. What alarms you? Ha, I thought——

DIANA. It is nothing—nothing. Take Andrew, the gardener, for your guide, and repair instantly to Glasgow.

FRAN. Such was my intention; but if Rashleigh has really formed the scheme of plundering his benefactor and disturbing the state, what prospect is there that I can find means of frustrating a plan so deeply laid?

DIANA. Stay!—Yes, I will insist upon it.—Do not leave this room till I return.

[*Exit.*

FRAN. She has then a confederate, a friend—perhaps a lover Everything confirms it; the light from these windows which have seen at unusual times, the footsteps which I have traced in the morning's dew, from the private entrance to the apartment beneath this library, the report, too, of apparitions, a thousand circumstances tend to confirm my suspicions. But she comes.

Re-enter DIANA *with a packet.*

DIANA. Frank, I trust you with this proof of my friendship, because I have the most perfect confidence in your honour. If I understand the nature of this business rightly, the funds in Rashleigh's possession must be recovered by a certain day. Take this

packet, but do not open it till all other means fail. Ten days before the bills are due you are at liberty to break the seal.

FRAN. It has no superscription.

DIANA. If you are compelled to open it you will find directions enclosed.

FRAN. And now, Diana, after the mysterious, but kind interest you have shown to my worldly cares, relieve my heart by explaining——

DIANA. I can explain nothing. Oh, Frank! we are now to part, perhaps never to meet more; do not, then, make my mysterious miseries embitter the last moments we may pass together. In the world, away from me, you may find a being less encumbered by unhappy appearances, less influenced by evil fortunes, and evil times.

FRAN. Never, never! the world can afford me nothing to repay the loss of her I must leave behind me.

DUET.

AIR—"*Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch.*"

DIANA. FRANCIS. Tho' {you / I} leave {me / thee} now in sorrow,
Smiles may light our loves to-morrow,
Doomed to part! my faithful heart,
A gleam of joy from Hope shall borrow.

Ah! ne'er forget, when friends are near,
This heart alone is thine {for ever, / Diana.}
Thou may'st find those will love thee dear,
But not a love like mine, {O never, / Diana.}
Tho' you leave, &c.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in Bailie Nicol Jarvie's House in Glasgow.*

Enter BAILIE *and* SAUNDERS WYLIE.

BAILIE. My conscience! I tell ye, Saunders, ye're daft—ye're mad! Osbaldistone and Co. in danger! It's no possible.

WYLIE. It's very true, Bailie, and I thought it but right to let you, my auld maister, ken o't.

BAILIE. Troth, Saunders, ye've stunned me wi' the evil communication. Osbaldistone and Co. fail! Stop!—My conscience! Mattie! (*Calling off.*)

WYLIE. Maister Owen, the head clerk and junior partner, *has been at* our house wi' the news, an' begging for time to tak' *up the bills.*

BAILIE. Owen! I remember—he's a man o' figures—a man o' calculation; an' if he talks o' ruin, by my saul it's no far aff! But what for did he no ca' upon Nicol Jarvie? I'm a merchant an' a magistrate as weel as MacVittie; but he thinks nae mair o' me, I reckon, than o' an auld Scotch pedlar. Mattie, Mattie!

Enter MATTIE.

Tell the clerk to bring the ledger.

MATTIE. The clerk! Lord, Bailie! he's safe in his bed these twa hours.

BAILIE. A-bed, the lazy blackguard! Then fetch it yoursel', Mattie.

MATTIE. I'se do your bidding, Bailie.

[*Exit* MATTIE.

BAILIE. My conscience! I havena had sican a shock since my worthy faither, the Deacon, (peace be wi' him!) left me to fecht my way alane in this wicked warld. But what says MacVittie? Will he grant the time?

WYLIE. No a day, Mr Jarvie—no an hour. Things look sae bad, I fear my employers mean to resort to the severest measures. I heard them talk o' arresting Maister Owen; so you had best look to yoursel'.

Enter MATTIE *with the ledger.*

BAILIE. Look to mysel'! let me look at the ledger first. (*Putting on his spectacles and opening it eagerly.*) L—M—N—O—Os—Osbal—as I'm a Bailie, the balance maun be enormous—but I havena the heart to run it up noo. (*Returning the ledger to* MATTIE.) How muckle is MacVittie in wi' him, Saunders?

WYLIE. I canna justly say, Bailie; but some hundreds.

BAILIE. Hundreds! only hundreds! Damn their supple snouts! And would they press a fa'ing man for the sake o' hundreds: they that ha'e made thoosands by him? Your maisters, Saunders Wylie, ha'e ta'en mony a gude fat job frae between my teeth; but I'll snap them this turn—I'll snap them this turn!

WYLIE. I wish you could, Bailie—I wish you could. Ah! I made a sair change when I left you to serve twa sic infernal——

BAILIE. Whisht! Saunders, whisht! while you eat their bread, dinna abuse the damn'd scoundrels ahint their backs.

WYLIE. Ye've a kind heart, Mr Jarvie, and an honest ane too.

BAILIE. My conscience! so had my worthy faither the Deacon, Saunders; rest and bless him!

WYLIE. Wad you be pleased to consult on this business wi' our partners, sir?

BAILIE. No: I'll see them baith damn'd first! My conscience! —*that is, a man that* meddles wi' pitch is sure to be defiled. I'd

sooner haud a parley wi' Auld Clootie! Na, na; Nicol Jarvie has a way o' his ain to manage this matter. Gang your ways, Mattie, wi' that huge memorial o' misfortunes, and bring my walking gear an' the lantern.

[*Exit* MATTIE.

As for you, Saunders, speed ye hame again, and no' a word that ye ha'e seen me.

[*Exit* WYLIE.

Osbaldistone and Co. stop! My conscience! I'd sooner ha'e dreamed o' the dounfa' o' the Bank o' Lunnon! Why, it's eneugh to gar the very hairs o' my wig rise, an' stand on end! But the distress cannot be permanent. At ony rate I'se prove mysel' a friend, and if the house regains its credit, I shall recover my loss; and if no, why I ha'e done as I would be done by, like my worthy faither the Deacon, gude man: blessings on his memory, say I, that taught me gude-will towards my fellow-creatures!

Enter MATTIE, *decked out for walking, her apron pinned up, &c., and bearing the Bailie's tartan cloak, hat, lantern, &c.*

MATTIE. I've brought your gear, sir; but, gude save us! whar wad ye be ganging to, at such a time o' night? (*She helps him on with his dress.*)

BAILIE. Ye'll sune ken that, Mattie, for ye maun e'en tramp alang wi' me. I wadna like to be breaking my shins in the dark just now; for, truth to speak, I had never mair occasion to stand firm on my legs, baith at hame and abroad. Now, gi'e us the beaver, lassie.

MATTIE. Weel! to think of putting on claithes when ye suld be taking 'em aff, an' scampering abroad when ye suld be ganging to your bed!

BAILIE. Time and tide wait for nae man, Mattie.

MATTIE. But whar are ye ganging to Bailie?

BAILIE. To mony places that I'd as lief bide awa' frae.

MATTIE. Now wrap this 'kerchief about your thrapple. (*Ties a handkerchief round his neck.*)

BAILIE. Ye're a kind-hearted lassie, Mattie.

MATTIE. There,—leave a wee bit room for your mou.'

BAILIE. (*Aside.*) I wonder what she's gaun to dae wi' my mou'. (*Stroking his chin.*)

MATTIE. (*Giving him a flask.*) Ye maun needs ha'e a drap o' the cordial your faither, the Deacon, was sae fond o';—he aye liked to sip the cordial.

BAILIE. Rest and bless him! sae he did; an' sae do I too, Mattie. (*Drinks.*) You're a good-tempered soul, Mattie, and a *bonnie lass too.* You're come of gude kith and kin, Mattie—the *Laird o' Limmerfield's* cousin—only seven times removed. (*MATTIE is taking away the bottle.*) Stay, you may bring the bottle

wi' you, Mattie, and tuck yoursel' under my arm—there's nae disgrace in a Bailie walking hand in arm wi' ane o' gentle bluid—Sae, come your ways, Mattie. Osbaldistone and Co.—Stop! My conscience! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The Old Bridge of Glasgow.*

Enter FRANCIS OSBALDISTONE *and* ANDREW FAIRSERVICE.

ANDW. (*Drunk.*) Weel, sir, thanks to the gude guidance o' Andrew, here ye are in Glasgow, spite o' the bogles and bad ways.

FRAN. Was it the bogles or the brandy that made you ride at such an infernal pace? You are half drunk, you scoundrel—but get you gone—see the horses taken care of, and order something for my supper; while it's preparing I shall walk here upon the bridge.

(ROB ROY, *muffled in a cloak, appears at the back, but seeing* ANDREW, *retires.*)

ANDW. A walk by moonlight, after a lang ride, is but cauld comfort for aching banes, but yer honour kens best. (*Aside.*) He's crack-brained, and cockle-headed, wi' his poetry nonsense; he'd sooner by half chatter to Miss Vernon, than hear a word o' sense from a sober steady chield like mysel'.

[*Exit.*

FRAN. 'Tis now too late to learn tidings of poor Owen, or inquire the residence of my father's agents. Bitter reflection! All this I might have prevented by a trifling sacrifice of the foolish pride and indolence which recoiled from sharing the labours of his honourable profession.

Enter ROB ROY.

ROB. Mr Osbaldistone, you are in danger.

FRAN. From whom? (*Starting.*)

ROB. Follow me, and you shall know.

FRAN. I must first know your name and purpose.

ROB. I am a man, and my purpose is friendly.

FRAN. That is too brief a description.

ROB. It will serve for him who has no other to give. He that is without name, without friends, without coin, and without country, is at least a man; and he that has all these is no more. Follow me, or remain without the information which I wish to afford you.

FRAN. Can you not give it me here?

ROB. No; you must receive it from your own eyes, not from my mouth. *What is it* you fear?

FRAN. I fear nothing. Walk on, I attend you.

ROB. Yet, if you knew who was by your side you might feel a tremor.

FRAN. (*Aside.*) The spirit of Rashleigh seems to hover round me, yet 'tis neither his form nor his voice.

ROB. Would you not fear the consequence of being found with him whose very name, whispered in this lone street, would make the stones themselves rise up to apprehend him? on whose head the men of Glasgow would build their fortunes, as on a found treasure!—the sound of whose downfall were as welcome at the Cross of Edinburgh, as the news of a battle fought and won!

FRAN. Who are you, then, whose name should create such a terror?

ROB. No enemy of yours, since I am conveying you to a place where, if I myself were recognised and identified, iron to the heels, and hemp to the throat, would be my brief dooming.

FRAN. You have said either too much or too little, to induce me to confide in you.

(ROB ROY *makes a step towards him; he draws back, and lays his hand on his sword.*)

ROB. What! on an unarmed man, and your friend?

FRAN. I am yet ignorant if you are either the one or the other.

ROB. Well, I respect him whose hand can keep his head. I love a free young blood that knows no protection but the cross of the sword! I am taking you to see one whom you will be right glad to see, and from whose lips you will learn the secret of the danger in which you now stand. Come on!

[*Exit* ROB ROY, FRANCIS *following cautiously.*

SCENE V.—*Hall in the Tolbooth of Glasgow.*

Enter DOUGAL.—*He has a shock head of red hair, and an extraordinary personal appearance; a huge bundle of keys at his belt, and a lamp in his hand. Knocking without. He listens and speaks.*

DOUGAL. Fat's tat?

ROB ROY. (*Without.*) Gregarach!

(DOUGAL *runs out hastily, and re-enters joyfully, bringing on* ROB ROY *and* FRANCIS OSBALDISTONE.)

Dougal, you have not forgotten me?

DOUGAL. Och, te'il a pit! te'il a pit! whar'll she gang? fat will she do for you? Oigh, it's lang sin she wadna saa't ye.

FRAN. She! *she* seen him? Is it then a female to whom I am conducted, or is it merely the dialect of his country, in which *that animal* expresses himself? (*As he says this apart,* ROB ROY *speaks to* DOUGAL, *and points to him.*)

DOUGAL. To be sure she wull, wi' aw her heart, wi' aw her

saul! But fat wull cum o' ye, if the Bailies should cum, or the captain should wakens?

ROB. Fear nothing, Dougal; your hands shall never draw a bolt upon me.

DOUGAL. Och, te'il a pit, te'il a pit! She would hack em baith aff at te elbuck first.

ROB. Then, dispatch.

DOUGAL. Wi' aw my heart, wi' aw my saul. (*He trims his lamp, and beckons* FRANCIS, *who, perceiving* ROB ROY *does not follow, pauses.*)

FRAN. Do you not go with us?

ROB. It is unnecessary; my company might be inconvenient. I had better remain and secure our retreat. Lose no time. [*Exit.*

(FRANCIS *seems at a loss what to do*—DOUGAL *impatient.*)

DOUGAL. Fuith! fuith! come awa, man. Droch-coil ortsa! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*A Cell in the Tolbooth. A pallet-bed, with Owen reposing on it.—A small table and chair.*

DOUGAL *opens the door and advances, followed by* FRANCIS OSBALDISTONE.

FRAN. I cannot suppose he means to betray me; yet 'tis strange—

DOUGAL. (*Having looked towards the bed.*) She's sleepin'.

FRAN. She! who?

DOUGAL. Shentleman's to spoken wi' her. (*Shaking* OWEN.)

OWEN. Ey, what? Oh dear! (*Pops his head, adorned with a red night-cap, from beneath the clothes just as Francis has eagerly advanced.*)

FRAN. Owen. (*Pausing in surprise.*)

OWEN. I'll tell you what, Mr Dugwell, or Hugwell, or whatever your name may be, if my natural rest is to be broken in upon in this manner, the sum total of the amount is this, I'll complain to the Lord Mayor.

DOUGAL. Ugh! cha neil Sassenach. [*Exit.*

FRAN. Owen!

OWEN. Ey! Oh dear! have they caught you too? then our last hope fails, and the account is closed.

FRAN. Do not be so much alarmed; all may not be so bad as you expect.

OWEN. (*Rises and advances.*) Oh, Mr Frank, we are gone! Osbaldistone and Co., Crane Alley, London, is no longer a firm! I think nothing of myself—I am a mere cypher; but you that *were your father's* sum-total, as I may say—his omnium—that *might have been* the first man in the first house in the first city,

to be shut up in a nasty Scotch jail—a Holbooth, I think they call it—Oh dear!

FRAN. I am no prisoner, my good friend, though I can scarcely account for my being in such a place at such a time.

OWEN. No prisoner! Heaven be praised! But what news this will be upon 'Change!

FRAN. Cease these lamentations, and let me know the cause of your being here.

OWEN. It's soon told, Mr Frank. When I disclosed my business to Messrs MacVittie and MacFin, instead of instant assistance, they demanded instant security; and as I am liable, being a small partner in our house, they made oath that I meditated departing this realm, and had recourse to a summary process of arrest and imprisonment, which it seems the law here allows, and—here I am. Oh dear!

FRAN. Why did you not apply to our other correspondent, Mr Nicol Jarvie?

OWEN. What! the cross-grained crabstick in the Saltmarket? 'Twould have been of no use. You might as well ask a broker to give up his per centage, as expect a favour from him without the per contra. Oh, Mr Frank, this is all your doing! But I beg pardon for saying so to you in your distress.

Enter ROB ROY *and* DOUGAL *hastily.*

DOUGAL. (*Running about.*) Och hone a rie—Och hone a rie! what'll she do now? It's my Lord Provost, an' Bailies, an' Town Guard! (*To* ROB ROY.) Hide yoursel' ahint te bed. Fuiths, fuiths, man, ye maun gang, for the captain has opened the wicket.

ROB. Lend me your pistols!—yet it's no matter. I can do without them. (*To* FRANCIS.) Whatever you see, take no heed—do not mix your hand in another man's quarrel. I must manage as I can. (*Seats himself on the table.*)

[*Exit* DOUGAL.

Enter MATTIE, *followed by* BAILIE NICOL JARVIE.

BAILIE. (*Looking back.*) I'll ca' when I want ye, Stanchells. Dougal shall mak' a' fast, or I'll mak' him fast, the scoondrel! A bonnie thing, and beseeming, that I should be kept at the door half an hoor, knocking as hard to get into jail, as ony body else would be to get oot o't. Hoo's this? (*Seeing* ROB ROY *and* FRANCIS.) Strangers in the Tolbooth after lock-up hoors! Keep the door lockit, you Dougal creature;—I'll sune talk to these gentlemen; but I maun first ha'e a crack wi' an auld acquaintance. Ah! Mr Owen! how's a' wi' ye, Mr Owen?

OWEN. Pretty well in body, Mr Jarvie, I thank you, but sore afflicted in spirit.

BAILIE. Ay, ay, we're a' subject to downfa's, Mr Owen, as my worthy faither, the Deacon—rest and bless him!—used to say. "Nick," said he—(ye maun ken his name was Nicol, as weel as mine, so the folks in their daffin' used to ca' us Young Nick and Auld Nick.) "Young Nick," said he, "never put oot your arm ony farther than you can draw it easily back again."

OWEN. You need not have called these things to my memory in such a situation, Mr Nicol Jarvie.

BAILIE. What! do you think I cam' oot at sic a time o' nicht, to tell a fa'ing man o' his backslidings? My conscience! No, no, that's no Bailie Jarvie's way, nor his worthy faither's, the Deacon—rest and bless him!—afore him. I sune discovered what lodgings your *friends* had provided you, Mr Owen—but gi'e us your list, man, and let us see hoo things stand between us, while I rest my shanks. Mattie, haud the lantern.

(*Taking papers from* OWEN, *and sitting at the corner of the bed.*)

DOUGAL *enters cautiously at the door—beckons* ROB ROY, *and expresses anxiety to get him off.*

BAILIE. Eh? what's that ye're about, sir?

DOUGAL. Oich! dit ye mak' a spok' for me?

ROB. Say nothing. (*In a low tone, approaching the door.*)

BAILIE. Eh! look to the door there, you Dougal creature:—let me hear you lock it, and keep watch on the ootside.

(DOUGAL *retires and bars the door, but instantly opens it again, and peeps on, expressing to* ROB ROY *that his retreat is open.*—ROB ROY *observing this, swaggers round the cell, and then seats himself on the table.*—)

(BAILIE, *observing him.*) That's a deevilish queer chiel', he seems unco near his ain fireside. (*To* ROB ROY.) Sit still, sir, and I'll talk to you by and bye.

OWEN. There, sir, you'll find the balance in the wrong column—for us—but you'll please to consider——

BAILIE. There's nae time to consider, Mr Owen—it's plain you owe me siller; but I canna, for the saul o' me, see how you'll clear it aff by snoring here in the Tolbooth! Now, sir, if you'll promise no to flee the country, you shall be at liberty in the morning.

OWEN. Oh, sir! Oh, Mr Jarvie!

BAILIE. I'm a carefu' man as ony in the Sautmarket, and I'm a prudent man, as my worthy faither the Deacon, good saul! was before me; but rather than that double-faced dog, MacVittie, shall keep an honest, civil gentleman by the heels, I'se be your bail mysel'.

(*OWEN goes up to him in raptures, but fails in his attempt to speak.*)

There, you've said eneugh. But, in the name o' misrule, how got ye companions? Gi'e me the licht, Mattie.

(*He catches it from her, and holding it towards* ROB ROY, *who is seated calmly on the table and whistles in his face—starts back.*)

Eh! my conscience! it's impossible! and yet I'm clean bambaized! (*To* ROB ROY.) Why, you robber! you cateran! you cheat-the-gallow's rogue!

OWEN. Bless me! it's my good friend, Mr Campbell;—a very honest man, Mr Jarv—

BAILIE. Honest! my conscience! You in the Glasgow Tolbooth! What d'ye think's the value o' your head?

ROB. Umph! why, fairly weighed, and Dutch weight, one Provost, four Bailies, a Town-clerk, and sax Deacons.

BAILIE. Sax Deacons! Was there ever sic a born deevil? But tell o'er your sins, sir; for if I but say the word—

ROB. True, Bailie, but you never will say that word.

BAILIE. And what for no, sir? What for no?

ROB. For three sufficient reasons, Bailie Jarvie:—First, for auld langsyne.

BAILIE. (*Softening.*) Ay, Rab! (*Shakes his hand.*)

ROB. Secondly, for the gudewife ayont the fire, that made some mixture of our blood——

BAILIE. Weel, Rab?

ROB. And third and lastly, Bailie Nicol Jarvie—

BAILIE. Ay, Rab?

ROB. Because, if I saw any sign of your betraying me, I'd plaister that wall with your brains, ere the hand of man could rescue you.

(OWEN *in great consternation runs to the bed.*)

BAILIE. My conscience! Weel, weel, Rab! it would be quite as unpleasant for me to ha'e my head knocked aboot, as it would be discreditable to string up a kinsman in a hempen cravat; but if it hadna been yoursel', Rab, I'd ha'e gripped the best man in the Highlands.

ROB. You'd have tried, Bailie Jarvie—you'd have tried, Bailie.

BAILIE. Ay, "I wad ha'e *tried*, Bailie;"—but wha the deevil's this? (*To* FRANCIS.) Anither honest man I reckon.

OWEN. This, good sir, is Mr Francis Osbaldistone.

BAILIE. Oh, I've heard o' this spark:—run away frae his faither, in pure dislike to the labour an honest man should live by.—Weel, sir, what do you say to your handywork?

FRANCIS. My dislike to the commercial profession, Mr Jarvie, *is a feeling of* which I am the best, and sole judge.

OWEN. Oh, dear!

ROB. It's manfully spoken, and I honour the lad for his contempt of weavers and spinners, and all such mechanical persons.

(OWEN *goes to bed again.*)

BAILIE. Weavers and spinners, indeed! I'm a weaver and spinner, and wha's better? Will a' your ancestry tell whare Rashleigh is, or a' your deep oaths and drawn dirks procure Mr Frank five thoosand pounds to answer the bills which fa' due in ten days?

FRANCIS. Ten days! is the time so near? I may then have recourse—

(*Draws out the letter, opens it, and an enclosure falls from the envelope;—the* BAILIE *catches it up.*)

BAILIE. My conscience! (*Reads.*) For "Rob Roy."

FRANCIS. Rob Roy!

(ROB ROY *instantly snatches the letter.*)

BAILIE. Weel here's a wind blawn a letter to its richt owner; but, as I am a Bailie, there were ten thoosand chances to ane against its coming to hand.

FRANCIS. You are too hasty, sir; I was not, in this instance, desirous of your interference.

ROB. Make yourself easy, sir; Diana Vernon has more friends than you are aware of. (*Reads to himself.*)

FRANCIS. (*Aside.*) Is it possible? Is the fate of a being so amiable, involved in that of a man of such desperate fortunes and character?

ROB. (*After Reading.*) So, Rashleigh has sent these papers to the Highlands. It's a hazardous game she has given me to play, but I'll not baulk her. Mr Osbaldistone, you must visit me in the glens; and, cousin, if you dare venture to shew him the way——

BAILIE. Catch me!

ROB. And eat a leg of red-deer venison with me——

BAILIE. (*Coolly.*) Na, thank ye, Rab.

ROB. I'll pay you the two hundred pounds I owe you; and you can leave Mr Owen the while, to do the best he can in Glasgow.

BAILIE. Say nae mair, Rab—say nae mair, I'll gang wi' you; but you maun guarantee me safe hame again to the Sautmarket.

ROB. There's my thumb, I'll ne'er beguile you. (*They shake hands.*) But I must be going. The air of the Glasgow Tolbooth is not over wholesome for a Highlander's constitution.

BAILIE. Noo, to think that I should be aiding and abetting an escape frae justice! It'll be a disgrace to me and mine, and the memory o' my worthy faither the Deacon—rest and bless him!—*for ever!*

ROB. Hout, tout, man! when the dirt's dry it will rub out.

again. Your faither could look over a friend's faults, and why not your faither's son?

BAILIE. So he could, Robin, so he could;—he was a gude man the Deacon. Ye mind him, Rab, dinna ye?

ROB. Troth, do I;—he was a weaver, and wrought my first pair of hose.

BAILIE. Tak' care his son doesna weave your last cravat. Ye've a lang craig for a gibbet, Rab. But whar's that Dougal creature?

ROB. If he is the lad I think him, he has not waited your thanks for his share of this night's work.

BAILIE. What, gane! and left me and Mattie locked up in jail for a' night.—I'll hang the Hieland deevil as high as Haman.

ROB. When you catch him, Bailie Jarvie, when you catch him. (*Tries the door, and finds it open.*) But see, he knew an open door would serve me at a pinch. Come Bailie, speak the password.

BAILIE. Stanchells, let this stranger out. He—he's——

ROB. What?

BAILIE. He's a friend o' mine. (*Aside.*) My conscience! an' a bonny friend he is.

ROB. Fare-ye-weel! Be early with me at Aberfoil.

"Now, open your gates, and let me go free,
I darena stay langer in bonny Dundee."

[*Exit.*

BAILIE. So that Dougal creature was an agent o' Rab's! I shouldna wonder if he has one in ilka jail in Scotland. (*Whistling without.*) Do ye hear the Hieland deevils whistling, without ony regard for Sunday or Saturday. I fancy they think themselves on the tap o' Benlomond already. Weel, I have done things this blessed night that my worthy faither the Deacon—rest and bless him!—wadna ha'e believed. But there's balm in Gilead. (*Going to the bedside.*) Mr Owen, I hope to see you at breakfast in the morning. (OWEN *snores.*) Eh! why, the man's fast.

FRAN. And the sooner we depart, and follow his example, sir, the better, for it must be near midnight.

BAILIE. Midnight! Weel, Mattie shall light ye hame.

(FRANCIS *takes* MATTIE *under his arm; the* BAILIE *gently disengages her from him.*)

Nane o' your Lunnon tricks here, my man! Mattie's a decent lassie, and come o' gude kith and kin—the Laird o' Limmerfield's *cousin,* only seven times removed. Noo that I look at you again, *my fine spark, I'se* see ye hame mysel'.

(St Mungo's Clock strikes Twelve.)

Enter TWO GAOLERS *for Chorus.*

FINALE.

FRANCIS. Hark! hark! now from St Mungo's tower,
The bell proclaims the midnight hour,
Bome!

MATTIE. And through the city, far and near,
From spire and turret, now I hear,
Bome!

BOTH. Ere yet the first vibration dies,
Each iron tongue of time replies,
Bome!

OWEN. (*Snores.*) Augh!

BAILIE. Hark! hark! from Mister Owen's nose,
A cadence deep, a dying close,
Bome!

OWEN. (*Snores.*) Augh!

FRANCIS, MATTIE and BAILIE. Ere yet, &c.,
Ere yet the first vibration dies,
His nasal organ quick replies,
Bome!

OWEN. (*Snores.*) Augh! (*Wakes.*)
Bless me! ev'ry way I am undone,
I did not dream of being here;
But snug in sweet Crane Ally, London,
And stocks were up, and I—Oh dear!

ALL.

FRANCIS, BAILIE, and MATTIE. Home, home, { we / you } must no longer stay,
For soon will peep the morning light.

OWEN and STANCH. Now, { let us / pray make } haste, { come, come, / go, go, } away!
Farewell at once, at once good night.

(OWEN *gets into bed as others retire.*)

END OF ACT I.

Act Second.

SCENE I.—*The [Old] College Gardens of Glasgow, and view of the Spire of St Mungo.*

Enter RASHLEIGH OSBALDISTONE, *and* JOBSON *rather behind him, waiting his instructions; he walks rapidly, turns, and pauses.*

RASH. Galbraith and MacStuart are in the neighbourhood of Aberfoil. Good! When did Captain Thornton march?

JOB. Yesterday morning, sir.

RASH. Umph! You are certain that order for the arrest of those two persons I described was given to him?

JOB. I delivered it myself into his own hands, sir.

RASH. You committed Mr Owen to prison, you say; is he there now?

JOB. He is.

RASH. If my cousin, Mr Francis Osbaldistone, follows him to Glasgow, instantly enforce the warrant, of which you have a duplicate.

JOB. It shall be done, you may depend on it, sir.

RASH. 'Tis of importance to keep him out of the way; that man is a basilisk in my sight, and has been an insurmountable barrier to my dearest hopes. Now, sir, a word;—if you breathe a syllable to any human being of the business which the government has entrusted to my direction, before the blow is struck which must counteract the intended rising in the Highlands, you share the destiny of the rankest rebel among them. As to the papers which I forwarded to MacGregor, ere long they shall be again in my possession, and himself in your custody. What hour is it?

JOB. Not yet five, sir.

RASH. 'Tis well: we have time before us. Make yourself ready, and be well armed. Leave me. (*Exit* JOBSON.) MacGregor is by this time in the Highlands. He still believes me faithful to the cause I have hitherto so ardently encouraged and assisted; and those papers (which I now regret having committed to his care,) will at least serve to aid the delusion. Cursed infatuation!—yet I repine not; for I have the power to check the gaze of cunning, probe all hearts, and watch the varying cheek; linked with success, it moulds each other's weakness to my will; such it hath been, and such it shall be now! Rejected by her I loved, scorned by him I would have served, they shall at least find *the false friend* and the renegade knows how to resent those *insults. Ah!*

(*Starts, and instantly recovers himself.*)

Enter FRANCIS OSBALDISTONE.

FRAN. You are well met, sir.

RASH. I am glad to hear it. (*Aside.*) He's earlier than I expected; but Jobson is prepared.

FRAN. I was about to take a long and doubtful journey in quest of you.

RASH. You know little of him you sought then. I'm easily found by friends, and still more easily by my foes;—in which am I to class Mr Francis Osbaldistone?

FRAN. In that of your foes, sir—your mortal foes, unless you instantly do justice to my father, by accounting for his property.

RASH. And to whom am I, a member of your father's commercial establishment, to be compelled to give an account of my proceedings? Surely, not to a young gentleman, whose exquisite taste for literature would render such discussions disgusting and unintelligible.

FRAN. Your sneer, sir, is no answer; you must accompany me to a magistrate.

RASH. Be it so;—yet—no,—were I inclined to do as you would have me, you should soon feel which of us had most reason to dread the presence of a magistrate; but I have no wish to accelerate your fate. Go, young man; amuse yourself in your world of poetical imagination, and leave the business of life to those who understand, and can conduct it.

FRAN. This tone of calm insolence shall not avail you, sir!—the name we both bear never yet submitted to insult.

RASH. Right, right! You remind me that it was dishonoured in my person—you remind me also by whom. Think you I have forgotten that blow, never to be washed out but by blood? For the various times you have crossed my path, and always to my prejudice; for the persevering folly with which you seek to traverse schemes, the importance of which you neither know nor are capable of estimating, you owe me a long account; and, fear not, there shall come an early day of reckoning.

FRAN. Why not the present? Do your schemes or your safety require delay?

RASH. You may trample on the harmless worm, but pause ere you rouse the slumbering venom of the folded snake.

FRAN. I will not be trifled with.

RASH. I had other views respecting you; but enough. Receive now the chastisement of your boyish insolence.

(*They draw, and at the moment their swords cross,* ROB ROY *rushes forward, and beats down their guard.*)

ROB. *Hold! Stand off!*

RASH. MacGregor!

ROB. By the hand of my father! the first man that strikes, I'll cleave him to the brisket. (*To* FRANCIS.) Think you to establish your father's credit by cutting your kinsman's throat? Or do you, sir (*To* RASHLEIGH), imagine men will trust their lives, their fortunes, and a great political interest with one that brawls about like a drunken gillie? Nay, nay, never look grim, or gash at me, man! If you are angry, turn the buckle of your belt behind you.

RASH. You presume, sir, on my present situation, or you would hardly dare to interfere where my honour is concerned.

ROB. *Presume!* And what for should it be presuming? Ye may be the richer man, Mr Osbaldistone, as is most likely, and ye may be the more learned man, which I dispute not: but you are neither a better nor a braver man than myself; and it will be news to me, indeed, when I hear you are half so good. And *dare*, too—dare! Hout, tout! much daring there is about it.

RASH. (*Aside.*) What devil brought him here to mar a plan so well devised? I must lure him to the toils.

ROB. What say you?

RASH. My kinsman will acknowledge he forced this on me, I'm glad we were interrupted before I chastised his insolence too severely. The quarrel was none of my seeking.

ROB. Well, then, walk with me—I have news for you.

FRAN. Pardon me, sir, I will not lose sight of him till he has done justice to my father.

ROB. Would you bring two on your head instead of one?

FRAN. Twenty—rather than again neglect my duty.

RASH. You hear him, MacGregor!—Is it my fault that he rushes on his fate?—The warrants are out.

ROB. Warrants!—curses on all such instruments! they have been the plague of poor old Scotland for this hundred years—but, come on't what will, I'll never consent to his being hurt that stands up for the father that begot him.

RASH. Indeed!

ROB. My conscience will not let me.

RASH. *Your conscience*, MacGregor!

ROB. Yes, *my conscience*, sir; I have such a thing about me; —that, at least, is one advantage which *you* cannot boast of.

RASH. You forget how long you and I have known each other.

ROB. If you know what I am, you know likewise that usage made me what I am; and whatever you may think, I would not change with the proudest of the oppressors that have driven me to take the heather bush for shelter. What *you* are, and what excuse you have for being *what* you are, lies between your own *heart and the long* day.

RASH. (Aside.) Can MacGregor suspect?—Has MacVittie *betrayed me?*

ROB. Leave him, I say! you are in more danger from a magistrate than he is; and were your cause as straight as an arrow, he'd find a way to warp it. (FRANCIS *persists in not leaving* RASHLEIGH, *but is withheld by* ROB ROY.) Take your way, Rashleigh—make one pair of legs worth two pair of hands. You have done that before now.

RASH. Cousin, you may thank this gentleman, if I leave any part of my debt to you unpaid; but I quit you now, in the hope that we shall soon meet again, without the possibility of interruption.

[*Exit.*

ROB. (*As* FRANCIS *struggles to follow.*) As I live by bread, you are as mad as he! Would you follow the wolf to his den? (*Pushes him back.*) Come, come, be cool—'tis to me you must look for that you seek. Keep aloof from Rashleigh, and that pettifogging justice-clerk, Jobson; above all from MacVittie. Make the best of your way to Aberfoil, and by the word of a MacGregor, I will not see you wronged! Remember the Clachan of Aberfoil.

[*Shakes his hand with great cordiality, then exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.—*The Library at Osbaldistone Hall.*

A knocking heard without.—Enter SIR FREDERICK VERNON *from the panel, with haste and agitation.*

SIR F. I was not mistaken; it is at the private door. (*Knocking again.*) Martha! Martha!—I dread the purport of this unexpected visit; yet what should I fear? Martha!

Enter MARTHA.

MARTHA. I come, I come. Bless me, I am a' in a tremble.

SIR F. Is Diana in the next apartment?

MARTHA. Yes, truly, and full o' wonder and apprehension.

SIR F. Haste and observe the appearance of this person. Question, but do not admit him till I know his errand.

[*Exit* MARTHA.

Can it be Campbell?—Rashleigh? No, perhaps a courier from the Earl of Mar. My hopes, my existence, hang upon a thread—either Scotland has her rights restored, or I have nothing more to do with life.

Re-enter MARTHA *with a letter.*

MARTHA. A gentleman—a cavalier—a—I ken na what to ca' him. This, he said, would speak for him. (*Gives the letter, which* SIR FREDERICK *opens, and reads with agitation.*) And weel it ought, for he had scarcely breath to say, "Deliver that," when he put spurs to his panting steed, and dashed frae the wicket as

if he had seen a warlock or a witch, instead o' a decent-looking lassie.

SIR F. Betrayed—ruined—lost! Desire my daughter to attend me.

[*Exit* MARTHA.

O, villain—villain! I had suspicions, but little did I expect so sudden, so fatal a confirmation! This ill-advised confidence in Rashleigh has ruined all. To yield, or to be taken now, were but to lay our heads upon the block. But 'tis yet too strong a cause to be abandoned for the breath of a traitor's tale. Promptness and decision often restore to health and vigour that which despair would leave hopelessly to perish. I must hasten instantly to the Highlands—if our friends there are as weak as some are false, but one course remains—an immediate escape to France.

Enter DIANA VERNON.

DIANA. Dear sir, what means this unusual summons?

SIR F. Diana, our perils are now at the utmost—you must accompany and share them with me.

DIANA. Willingly.

SIR F. Contemplate, with firmness and resolution, the dangers which surround us; rely on the justice of heaven, and the unshaken constancy of your own mind.

DIANA. I have been taught endurance, sir, and will not shrink from it now. What I have borne for your sake, I can bear again. But the cause—some political secret?

SIR F. Yes, which your late rejection of Rashleigh for a husband has induced him to betray, contrary to the oath by which he bound himself. But prepare instantly for your departure.

DIANA. Whither to go?

SIR F. First to the Highlands:—I must endeavour to see MacGregor.—You shall know more when I have made my awn arrangements. I will relieve the distresses of your cousin Francis, if possible; but the solemn contract that has bound me to Rashleigh leaves the convent your whole and sole resource, unless, indeed, you renounce the creed in which you have been educated.

DIANA. Forsake the faith of my gallant fathers! Never!—I would as soon, were I a man, forsake their banners, when the tide of war pressed hardest, and turn, like a hireling recreant, to join its enemies!

(SIR FREDERICK *clasps her with transport to his bosom, and exit.*)

Yes, when the gathering cry is heard upon the hills, there's not a lassie but will share her hero's danger, and thus sing the praise of her gallant Highlandman.

SONG.

(Words by Burns.)

AIR.—"*White Cockade.*"

A Highland lad my love was born,
The Lowland laws he held in scorn,
But he still was faithful to his clan,
My gallant braw John Highlandman.

Sing hey, my braw John Highlandman,
Sing ho, my braw John Highlandman,
There's not a lad in a' the clan,
Can match wi' my braw Highlandman.

With his bonnet blue, and tartan plaid,
And good claymore down by his side,
The ladies' hearts he doth trepan,
My gallant braw John Highlandman.

Sing hey, &c.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*Interior of Jean MacAlpine's Change-House in the Clachan of Aberfoil—Turf fire.*

At an oak table sit MAJOR GALBRAITH *and* MACSTUART. A HIGHLANDER *lies asleep at back, his sword and target near him.*

MACS. Eneugh, eneugh, Galbraith—I can teuk my pint of usquebagh, or pranty either, wi' ony man. But we have wark in hand just noo, and we had better look to it.

MAJOR G. Hout tout, man—meat and mass never yet hindered wark; had it been my directing, instead of this Rish—Rash—what the deevil is the Saxon's name?

MACS. Haud your whist, Major, man—haud your whist——don't let the pranty be owre strang for your prains. Do you no see? (*Pointing to the sleeper.*)

MAJOR G. I say that the garrison and our troopers, with Captain Thornton's party, could have taken Rob Roy, without bringing you all the way from the Glens to Aberfoil here. There's the hand that would lay him flat upon the green, and never ask a Hielander for help.

MACS. Come, come—'tis time we were going.

MAJOR G. Going! why, 'tis here Thornton was appointed to meet us; besides, mind the auld saw—"It's a bauld moon, quo' Bennygask,—*anither pint*, quo' Leslie;" and we'll no stir a step *till we've drucken it neither.* (Rises.)

SONG.

(*Words altered from Wordsworth's Poem of "Rob Roy's Grave."*)

AIR—"*My love she's but a lassie yet.*"

A famous man was Robin Hood,
The English ballad singer's joy;
But Scotland has a thief as good—
She has—she has her bold Rob Roy.
A dauntless heart MacGregor shows,
And wond'rous length and strength of arm;
He long has quell'd his Highland foes,
And kept—and kept his friends from harm.

CHORUS.—A famous man, &c.

His daring mood protects him still,
For this—the robber's simple plan,
That they should take who have the will,
And they should keep—should keep who can.
Then while Rob Roy is free to rove,
In summer's heat and winter's snow,
The eagle he is lord above,
And bold Rob Roy is lord below.

CHORUS.—A famous man, &c.

(JEAN MACALPINE *is heard without in loud expostulation with* FRANCIS OSBALDISTONE *and* BAILIE NICOL JARVIE.—GALBRAITH *and* MACSTUART *look round angrily.—The Sleeper raises his head, and discovers himself to be* DOUGAL.—*He secures his sword and target, and resumes his position as the* BAILIE *and* FRANCIS *enter.*)

JEAN. Indeed, gentlemen, my house is ta'en up wi' them that winna like to be intruded on.

FRAN. But, my good woman, we are dying with hunger.

BAILIE. Starving! Sax hoors since I tasted a morsel, except the rough, tough legs o' an auld moor-cock.

(*Crosses towards fire.*)

JEAN. You had better gang far'er than fare waur.

BAILIE. I've ither eggs upon the spit. I'll no stir a stap, woman.

JEAN. Weel, weel; a wilfu' man maun ha'e his ain way. But I wash my hands on't.

FRAN. I must make the best apology I can to your guests; but as they are so few, I hope little will be required for adding two more to their company.

[*Exit* JEAN MACALPINE.

(*The* BAILIE *turns up a meal-tub, and seats himself very composedly near the fire.*—FRANCIS *goes to seat himself near* GALBRAITH, *who instantly throws his legs upon the seat.*)

MAJOR G. You mak' yoursel' perfectly at hame, sir.

FRAN. We usually do, sir, when we enter a house of public entertainment.

BAILIE. Pray, gentlemen, dinna be angry; we are only bits o' Glasgow bodies, travelling to get in some siller that's awing us.

MACS. Did you no saw by the white wan' at the door that the public-hoose was occupied.

FRAN. The white wand! I do not pretend to understand the customs of this country, but I am yet to learn how three persons should be entitled to exclude all other travellers from the only place of shelter and refreshment for miles round.

BAILIE. There's nae reason for't, gentlemen; we mean nae offence, and if a stoup o' brandy will heal the quarrel——

MAJOR G. Damn your brandy!

BAILIE. That's ceevil. It's my opinion, ye've gotten owre muckle o' that already, if ane may judge by yer manners.

MACS. We want naither your company nor your pranty.

MAJOR G. (*Mimicking* MACSTUART.) No, we want naither your company nor your pranty; and if ye be pretty men, draw!

(*Unsheathes his sword;*—MACSTUART *and* FRANCIS *do the same.*)

MACS. Ay, traw!

BAILIE. (*Starts up*) Draw! I'm neither a pretty man, nor ha'e I ony thing to draw! but by the saul o' my faither the Deacon, I'se no tak' a blow without gi'eing a thrust. (*Runs to the fire and seizes a red hot poker.*) So that he that likes it, has it.

(*As they tilt at each other,* DOUGAL *starts up, and darts between the* BAILIE *and* MACSTUART.)

DOUGAL. Her nainsel' has eaten te town-pread o' Glasgo', an' she'll feucht for Bailie Nicol Sharvie at Aberfoil—troth will she! Och, neish!

MACS. Haud, haud—the quarrel's no mortal, and the gentlemens ha'e given raisonable satiswhaction.

BAILIE. I'm glad to hear't.

MAJOR G. Weel, weel, as the gentlemen have shown themselves men o' honour——

[DOUGAL *goes off.*

MACS. Men o' honour! Wha ta teevil ever saw men o' honour feucht wi' a fire prand before? Figh! my braw new plaidie smells like a singit sheep's head.

BAILIE. Let that be nae hindrance to gude fellowship; there's aye a plaister for a broken head. If I've burnt yer plaidie, I can mend it wi' a new ane. I'm a weaver.

MAJOR G. A weaver! Pah!

(*Retires up the stage, snapping his fingers at him with great contempt.*)

MACS. Weel, sir, the neist time that ye'll feucht, lat it be wi' a soord, like a Christian, and no wi' a red-het poker, like a wild Indian savage.

BAILIE. My conscience! a man maun dae his best. I was obleeged to grip at the first thing that came in my way; and, as I'm a Bailie! I wadna desire a better.

MAJOR G. Come, come, let's drink and agree like honest fallows.

(*Sheathes his sword*—FRANCIS *and* MACSTUART *do the same, and the* BAILIE *replaces the poker.*)

BAILIE. Weel, noo I find there's nae hole in my wame, I'll no be the waur for putting something in till't.

(*Seats himself;—he and the* MAJOR *converse apart.*)

(ANDREW FAIRSERVICE, *with a letter in his hand, appears at the door, terrified for fear of intruding.*—FRANCIS *beckons him forward*—DOUGAL *appears at the window watching.*)

ANDREW. I'm an honest lad, sir—I wadna part wi' your honour lightly—but, the—the—the—read that!

FRAN. 'Tis from Campbell! (*Reads.*)

"There are hawks abroad, and I cannot meet you at Aberfoil, as intended. The bearer is faithful, and may be trusted; he will guide you to a place where we will be safe, and free to look after certain affairs, in which I hope to be your guidance.

"ROBERT MACGREGOR CAMPBELL."

Hawks! he means the government forces. From whom did you receive this?

ANDREW. Frae a Hieland deevil wi' a red head—that—that—— (*Perceives* DOUGAL'S *head at the window.*)

FRAN. Have the horses saddled, and be ready at a minute's notice.

(DOUGAL, *satisfied that the letter has been read, disappears.*)

ANDREW. De'il be in my feet if I stir a tae's length far'er—to gang into Rob Roy's country is a mere tempting o' Providence.

FRAN. Wait without—one way or the other I will determine speedily.

ANDREW. I dinna gi'e a damn how ye determine, sir, but I winna do't—I'm no sic a born idiwut—I'll no do't.

[*Exit.*

BAILIE. Let Glasgow flourish! I'll hear no language offensive to the Duke o' Argyle, or the name o' Campbell. My conscience!—Remember the het poker!—I say, he's a credit to the country, and a good friend to our toon and trade.

MAJOR G. Ah! there'll be a new warld soon—we shall have no Campbells cocking their bonnets so high, and protecting

thieves and murderers, to harry and spoil better men, and mair loyal clans.

BAILIE. Sir, ye gi'e your tongue owre great a leesence—ye may be mair loyal clans, but, by my saul, ye're no better men.

MAJOR G. No?

BAILIE. No! (BAILIE *takes the poker—fight again.*)

FRAN. Pray, gentlemen, do not renew your quarrel; in a few moments we must part company.

MACS. Weel, weel, there's nae occasion for ony mair het blude. But you must ken, sir, that we are harried oot o' all patience here wi' meetings to put down Rob Roy. I ha'e chased the *MacGregor mysel'*—ha'e had him at pay like a red-deer; but still the Duke o' Argyle gi'es him shelter. Oh! it's eneugh to mak' a man mad. I wad gi'e something to be as near him as I ha'e been.

BAILIE. Wad ye? (*Ironically.*)

MACS. Ay.

BAILIE. Ye'll forgi'e me, frien', for speaking my mind, but it's my thought, you'd ha'e gi'en the best button on your coat to ha'e been as far awa' frae Rob Roy then as you are noo. My conscience! my het poker wad ha'e been naething to his claymore.

MACS. You tamn'd weaver! one word mair about that filthy poker, by my saul, I'll mak' you ait it, and sax inches o' cauld steel into the pargain.

BAILIE. (*Seizing the poker.*) Wull you, sir?

FRAN. Come, come, gentlemen, let us all be friends here, and drink to all friends far away.

SONG.

(*Words by Burns—altered.*)

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
An' never brought to min'?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
An' the days o' langsyne?
For auld langsyne, my friends,
For auld langsyne,
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld langsyne.

CHORUS. For auld langsyne, &c,

An' here's a hand, my trusty friend,
An' gie's a hand o' thine,
An' we'll toom the stoup to friendship's growth,
An' days o' langsyne.

CHORUS. For auld langsyne, &c.

An' surely you'll be your pint-stoup,
An' surely I'll be mine,
An' we'll take a right good willy-wacht,
For auld langsyne.

CHORUS. For auld langsyne.

(A drum heard without.)

Enter JEAN MACALPINE, *in alarm.*

JEAN. The red coats! the red coats! [*Exit.*

Enter CAPTAIN THORNTON.

CAPT. T. You, sir, I suppose, are Major Galbraith, of the squadron of Lennox Militia? and these are the Highland gentlemen whom I was appointed to meet in this place?

MAJOR G. You are right sir; Captain Thornton, I presume. Will you take any refreshment?

CAPT. T. I thank you, none—I am late, and desirous to make up time. I have orders to search for and arrest two persons guilty of treasonable practices. Do these gentlemen belong to your party?

BAILIE. No, sir;—we're travellers, sir—lawfu' travellers by land and by sea.

CAPT. T. My instructions are, to place under arrest an elderly and a young person;—you answer the description.

BAILIE. Me! Tak' care what ye say, sir—tak' care what ye say! It'll no be your red coat, nor your laced hat that'll protect you, gin you put an affront on me. I'll convene you in an action o' scandal and fause imprisonment. I'm a free burgess and a magistrate. Nicol Jarvie is my name—so was my faither's afore me. I'm a Bailie—be praised for the honour!—and my faither was a Deacon—yes, sir, he was Deacon o' the weavers.

MAJOR G. True enough; his faither was a prick-ear'd cur, and fought against the King at Bothwell-Brig.

BAILIE. My faither paid what he ought, and what he bought, Major Galbraith, since I ken you are Major Galbraith; and was an honester man than ever stood upon your clumsy shanks, Major Galbraith.

MAJOR G. Clumsy shanks! (*Looking at his legs.*)

CAPT. T. I have no time to attend to all this. And you, sir, what may your name be? (*To* FRANCIS.)

FRAN. Francis Osbaldistone.

CAPT. T. What, a son of Sir Hildebrand?

BAILIE. No, sir; a son till a better man: the great William Osbaldistone, Crane Alley, London, as Mr Owen has it.

CAPT. T. I am afraid, sir, your name only increases the suspicions against you, and lays me under the necessity of demanding your papers.

BAILIE. (*Aside.*) That's a very modest request.

FRAN. I have none to surrender.

CAPT. T. What is that now in your breast?

FRAN. Oh! to this you are welcome. (*Giving it—aside.*) Yet *it may endanger*—I have done wrong.

BAILIE. What for did ye dae it then, ye gouk?

CAPT. T. 'Tis confirmed. Here I find you in written communication with the outlawed robber, MacGregor Campbell.

MAJOR G. Spies of Rob!

MACS. Strap 'em up to the next tree!

BAILIE. Gently, gently, kind gentlemen, if you please; there's nae hurry.

CAPT. T. How came you possessed of this?

FRAN. You will excuse my answering.

CAPT. T. (*To* BAILIE.) Do you, sir, know anything of this?

BAILIE. By the saul o' my faither, the Deacon, no!

CAPT. T. Gentlemen, you are waited for. (*Significantly to* GALBRAITH.) I'll thank you to order two sentinels to the door.

[*Exeunt* GALBRAITH *and* MACSTUART.

BAILIE. Sentinels! sentinels! What——

CAPT. T. I can hear no remonstrances:—the service I am on gives me no time for idle discussions.—Come, sir——

BAILIE. O, vera well, sir, vera well. Ye're welcome to a tune on your own fiddle; but if I dinna mak' ye dance till't, before I've done, my name's no Nicol Jarvie! Gude save us! arrest a Bailie—a free burgess—a magistrate—My conscience!

[*Exit, following* CAPTAIN THORNTON *and* FRANCIS.

SCENE IV.—*The Clachan of Aberfoil. The Inn on the left. A few miserable looking low-roofed hovels in various parts of the crags, which rise immediately behind them, interspersed with brush-wood, &c. The back of the scene exhibits the distant Highland country. Part of a house conspicuous near the front.*

(MACSTUART *enters from Inn, followed by* MAJOR GALBRAITH, *who beckons on the* SERGEANT, *and after giving him directions, exits with* MACSTUART. *The* SERGEANT *brings on the* SOLDIERS, *who range themselves in the back-ground; two* SENTINELS *are placed in front of the Inn.*)

Enter CAPTAIN THORNTON, *from the Inn.*

CAPT. T. Sergeant, make the men fall in.

[*Exit* SERGEANT.

We must at once get under arms. I cannot be mistaken—these strangers must be the persons described by Rashleigh Osbaldistone. Yet his own relative, one would think, might have been overlooked. No, no—he is one that makes no exceptions. The self-interested wretch that would have first betrayed his country, and *now his dearest friends,* respects no tie of honour, kindred, or affection.—*Sentinels,* bring out your prisoners.

(*The* SENTINELS *enter the Inn. At the same instant a noise is heard without—the* SERGEANT *and two men enter, dragging forward* DOUGAL, *followed by the* INHABITANTS *of the village, consisting of* WOMEN *and* CHILDREN; *they are eager for the safety of* DOUGAL, *and with difficulty suppress their enmity to the* SOLDIERS.)

DOUGAL. Oigh, oigh!

SERGEANT. Bring him along!

PEOPLE. Oigh, oigh! Poor Dougal.

CAPT. T. Cease this howling, and let the man be heard!

DOUGAL. Oigh, oigh!

SERGEANT. We caught this fellow lurking behind the Inn, Captain; he confesses to have seen Rob Roy within this half-hour.

CAPT. T. How many men had he with him, fellow, when you parted?

DOUGAL. She cannot just be fery sure about tat.

CAPT. T. Your life depends upon your answer. How many rogues had that outlawed scoundrel with him?

DOUGAL. No aboon half so mony as there wad pe here the noo.

CAPT. T. And what thieves' errand were you dispatched upon? (DOUGAL *looks about him, as beset with doubt and difficulty.*) Speak, rascal, instantly! I'll not give you time to hatch a lie—what errand?

DOUGAL. Just to see what your honour and the redcoats wad pe want at Aberfoil.

Enter the SENTINELS *from the Inn, conducting* FRANCIS OSBALDISTONE *and* BAILIE NICOL JARVIE, *who come down to the front.*

BAILIE. Mercy on us! they've grippit the puir Dougal creature. Captain, I'll put in bail, sufficient bail, for that Dougal creature.

CAPT. T. You know him then—are interested for his safety?

BAILIE. Yes, sir, he did me a good turn ance, when I was sair beset, and I——

CAPT. T. Mr Jarvie, you will please to recollect that for the present you likewise are a prisoner.

BAILIE. Me? My conscience! Sir, I tak' you to witness the captain refuses sufficient bail (*taking one of the* SENTINELS *by the breast*). The Dougal creature has a gude action o' wrangous imprisonment, and I'se see him righted—I'se see him righted.

CAPT. T. Mr Jarvie——

BAILIE. Mr Bailie Jarvie, gin ye please, sir.

CAPT. Well, then, Mr *Bailie* Jarvie, unless you keep your opinions to yourself, I shall resort to unpleasant measures.

BAILIE. My conscience! wull ye really?

(*ROB ROY, in his Highland dress, unarmed, appears in the back-ground, and listens.*)

CAPT. T. Now, my friend, let us understand each other. You have confessed yourself a spy, and should string up to the next tree;—but, come, if you will lead me and a small party to the place where you left your master, you shall then go about your business, and I'll give you five guineas earnest to boot.

DOUGAL. Oigh, oigh! she canna do tat—she'd rather be hanged!

CAPT. T. Hanged then you shall be.

BAILIE. Hanged! My conscience!

CAPT. T. Sergeant, away with him!

PEOPLE. O hone, O hone! (SERGEANT *seizes* DOUGAL).

DOUGAL. (*Perceiving* ROB.) Hooly, hooly, she'll do her honour's bidding.

BAILIE. Wull ye? Then ye deserve to be hanged, ye Hieland deevil! Awa' wi' him! awa' wi' him! he's owre lang leeving!

CAPT. T. Mr Jarvie—Mr *Bailie* Jarvie, it's my belief, sir, when your own turn arrives, you will not be in such a devil of a hurry.

BAILIE. Me—mine? I'm a Bailie—my faither was a Deacon. My conscience! wad ye hang a magistrate?

DOUGAL. She'll no ask her to gang ony far'er then just to let you see whare the red Gregarach is?

CAPT. T. Not a step.

DOUGAL. And te five guineas?

CAPT. T. Here they are. (*Takes out his purse, and counts the money into* DOUGAL'S *hands.*) One.

DOUGAL. Aon.

CAPT. T. Two.

DOUGAL. Da.

CAPT. T. Three.

DOUGAL. Tri.

CAPT. T. Four.

DOUGAL. Ceither. (*A pause,* CAPTAIN *feeling in his purse—*DOUGAL *impatient.*) Coig!

CAPT. T. Coig! what the devil does the fellow mean? Coig! (BAILIE *shakes his head.*)

DOUGAL. (*Recollecting.*) Hout, teevil, five, five.

CAPT. T. Oh! (*Gives him the fifth guinea.*)

BAILIE. The Dougal creature's waur than I thought him—a warldly and perfidious creature! My worthy faither, the Deacon—rest be wi' him, honest man!—used to say that goud slew mair souls than the sword did bodies—and it's true, it's true. Oh, Dougal! Dougal! I'm dune wi' ye now.

DOUGAL. Haud your whisht, Bailie—haud your whisht.

CAPT. T. Mr Osbaldistone, and you, Mr *Bailie* Jarvie, if loyal and *peaceful subjects*, will not regret being detained a few *hours, when it is essential* to the king's service;—if otherwise, I

nced no excuse for acting according to my duty. (*To* DOUGAL.) Now observe, if you attempt to deceive me, you die by my hand!

BAILIE. My conscience!

DOUGAL. (*Aside.*) She's no just sure about tat.

(*Two* SENTINELS *are placed on each side of the* BAILIE, *who looks at them with anger and dismay—the same is done with* FRANCIS.—DOUGAL *leads the march, taking an opportunity to exchange a glance of recognition and understanding with* ROB ROY.)

CAPT. T. March!

(*Military Music, which dies away as they disappear.—Enter* ROB ROY *and* RASHLEIGH OSBALDISTONE *from behind the Hut.*)

ROB. Who'd have thought Dougal had so much sense under that ragged red pow of his?

RASH. Did he act then by your direction?

ROB. Troth did he—and well acted it was! He'll lead the Saxon Captain up the Loch; but not a red-coat of them will come back to tell what they landed in.

RASH. And their prisoners—my cousin and the Bailie?

ROB. They'll be safe enough while Dougal's with them.

RASH. (*Aside.*) Perhaps not.

ROB. Fetch my dirk and claymore, some of you. I must away.

RASH. (*Aside.*) If Thornton has been fool enough to be led into an ambuscade, this opportunity shall not be lost.

ROB. My dirk and claymore! I must attack these buzzards in the rear. (*A* BOY *runs into the Inn.*)

RASH. A word, MacGregor. You told me your whole force was disposed to watch the different parties sent to surprise you.

ROB. I did.

RASH. How then have you been able to provide so suddenly for this unexpected party of Thornton's?

ROB. Look around you.

RASH. Well!

ROB. Think you that any but old men, women, and bairns would stand idle when King James's cause or MacGregor's safety needed them? Ten determined men might keep the pass of Lochard against a hundred—and I sent every man forward that had strength to wield a dirk or draw a trigger.

RASH. Indeed! move on then!

(*ROB ROY goes up—the* BOY *enters from Inn with the claymore —*RASHLEIGH *seizes it, and calls "Galbraith! MacStuart!"—the* PEOPLE *shout—*ROB ROY *sees he is betrayed,*

and runs, but he is met by TWO SOLDIERS, *who point their guns at him—he rushes across, but is met by two more* SOLDIERS; *then to where he is met by* GALBRAITH; *then to where he is met by* MACSTUART—*he then makes a rush at* RASHLEIGH, *who keeps him at bay with his drawn sword—Tableau——pause,* ROB ROY *is bound by* SOLDIERS *with a cord.*)

RASH. Now, MacGregor, we meet as befits us, for the first time.

ROB. But not the last. Oh, villain! villain! villain!

RASH. I should better have deserved that reproach when, under the direction of an able tutor, I sought to introduce civil war into the bosom of a peaceful country; but I have done my best to atone for my errors. Galbraith, let him be mounted on the same horse with the strongest trooper of your squadron, buckled in the same belt, and guarded on every side, 'till he's safe in the garrison.

ROB. There's a day of reckoning at hand! think on't—dream on't—there's not a red MacGregor in the country, but from this time forward marks you for a traitor's doom. There's a day to come—you have not yet subdued Rob Roy!

RASH. Away with him!

(*Military Music*—ROB ROY *is led off, looking steadily at* RASHLEIGH.)

FINALE.

HIGHLANDERS *and* SOLDIERS.

CHORUS. Tramp, tramp, o'er moss and fell,
PEOPLE. MacGregor's } found,
SOLDIERS. The robber's }
PEOPLE. MacGregor's } bound;
SOLDIERS. The traitor's }
And wailing clans shall hear his knell,
Whose battle cry
Was "win or die!"

SOLO.

WOMAN. Guardian spirits of the brave—
Freedom grant, the chieftain save.
CHORUS. Tramp, tramp, &c.

[*Exeunt.*

END OF ACT II.

Act Third.

SCENE I.—*The Pass of Lochard—Military Music heard.*

Enter DOUGAL, CAPTAIN THORNTON, FRANCIS OSBALDISTONE, BAILIE NICOL JARVIE, SERGEANT *and* SOLDIERS.

CAPT. T. Halt! front! (*To* DOUGAL.) Go to the front, sir! (*To the* BAILIE.) Now, sir, you wish to speak with me.

BAILIE. Yes, captain, I crave that liberty; and for the sake o' a' concerned, I'm sorry you didna grant it a full half-hour gane by! for it's my sincere advice, for the sake o' yer friends in general, and mysel' in particular, that you make the best o' your way back again to a place o' safety;—if you do not, by the hand o' my body, there is no ane o' us will gang hame to tell the tale.

CAPT. T. Make yourself easy, sir!

BAILIE. Easy! I canna mak' mysel' easy, sir. My conscience! he'll ha'e us a' butcher'd. (*Aside.*)

CAPT. T. As you are friends of the government, gentlemen, you will be happy to learn that it is impossible this gang of ruffians can escape the measures now taken to suppress them. Various strong parties from the garrison secure the hills in different parts; three hundred Highlanders are in possession of the upper, while Major Galbraith and his troopers occupy the lower passes of this country.

BAILIE. Ah! that sounds a' very weel; but, in the first place, there's mair brandy than brains in the head o' that Major Galbraith; in the next I wadna ha'e you place owre muckle confidence in the Hielanders—corbies winna pick out corbies' een. They may quarrel amang themsel's, and gi'e ilk ither a stab wi' a dirk, or a slash wi' a claymore now and then; but tak' my word for't, they are sure to join in the lang run against a' folks that wear breeks on their hinner ends, and ha'e got purses in their pockets.

CAPT. T. (*Suddenly turning to* DOUGAL.) The route you have led us is dangerous, and therefore suspicious.

DOUGAL. Weel, weel, Dougal didna mak' the roads.

BAILIE. That's very true.

DOUGAL. If the shentlemans wad gang upon better gaits, they should ha'e staid at hames at Glasgo'.

BAILIE. That they should indeed!

DOUGAL. Besides, your honour can no tink to tak' the red *Gregarach* without some tanger.

BAILIE. The Dougal creature's right again.

CAPT. T. You dog, if you have deceived me, I'll blow your

brains out on the spot. (*To the* BAILIE.) Your caution, sir, shall not go unregarded:—But we must proceed.

BAILIE. Proceed! My conscience! there's something deevilish hard in being obliged to risk ane's life in a quarrel with which we ha'e nae concern.

FRAN. I sincerely grieve that your kindness for me has led you into perils in a cause which is now so hopeless.

BAILIE. We may shake hands on't. Your troubles will sune be o'er, and I shall slumber wi' my worthy faither the Deacon,—rest and bless him.

CAPT. T. Now, my lads, forward!

(HELEN MACGREGOR *appears on the point of a projecting rock, with a claymore and target;—a brace of pistols in her belt, and wearing a man's bonnet and tartan plaid.*)

HELEN. Hold, there! stand! Tell me what seek you in the country of the MacGregor?

BAILIE. By the soul o' my faither, the Deacon! it's Rab's wife, Helen! there'll be broken heads amang us in three minutes.

HELEN. Answer me! What is it you seek?

CAPT. T. The outlaw rebel, MacGregor Campbell. Offer no vain resistance, and assure yourself of kind treatment. We make no war on women.

HELEN. Ay, I am no stranger to your tender mercies! Ye have left me neither name nor fame—my mother's bones will shrink in their grave when mine are laid beside them. Ye have left me neither house nor hold—blanket nor bedding—cattle to feed, or flocks to clothe us; you have taken from us all—all! the very name of our ancestors you have taken from us, and now you come to seek our lives!

CAPT. T. I seek no man's life, nor would I rashly lose my own.

BAILIE. Nor I mine.

CAPT. T. You have therefore nothing to fear; but should there be any among you hardy enough to offer unavailing resistance, their own bloods be on their heads. A hundred guineas for Rob Roy!

HELEN. Fire!

CAPT. T. Forward.

(*The heads of the* HIGHLANDERS *appear above the rocks. A volley is fired as Helen disappears. The first party of* SOLDIERS, *led on by the* SERGEANT, *return it, and rush forward. The* BAILIE *at the first discharge starts forward in great alarm, and scrambles up a rock.* DOUGAL *at the same time rushes on with* HIGHLANDERS, *who drive the* SOLDIERS *up the Pass; then re-enters, and rushes off to assist the* BAILIE. *The drums, bugles and bagpipes, heard incessantly. As the tumult subsides in the distance,* FRANCIS OSBALDISTONE, *who had gone off, re-enters.*)

FRAN. The contest has terminated, and I fear fatally for the assailants. But where is my poor friend? I saw him in a situation of imminent danger, but I trust no random shot has confirmed his melancholy prophecy.

BAILIE. (*Without.*) My conscience!

Enter BAILIE NICOL JARVIE *greatly disordered; the skirts of his coat torn off and ragged, his wig off, showing his bald pate; he seizes a cocked hat, which is left upon the stage, and in his confusion puts it on his head.*

BAILIE. My conscience!

FRAN. Somewhat damaged, I perceive, but I heartily rejoice the case is no worse.

BAILIE. Thank ye, thank ye, the case is naething to brag o'. They say a friend sticks as close as a blister. My conscience! I wish I had fand it sae. (*Putting himself to rights.*) When I cam' up to this cursed country,—forgi'e me for swearing!—on nae ane's errand but yours, Mr Osbaldistone, d'ye think it was fair, when my foot slipped, and I hung by the hurdies to the branch o' a ragged thorn, to leave me dangling like the sign o' the Golden Fleece o'er the door o' a mercer's shop on Ludgate Hill? D'ye think it was kind, I say, sir, to let me be shot at like a regimental target, set up for ball practice, and never ance try to help me down, sir.

FRAN. My good sir, recollect the impossibility of my affording you any relief, without assistance. But how were you able to extricate yourself?

BAILIE. Me extricate! My conscience! I should ha'e hung there, like Mahomet's coffin till the day o' Pentecost, 'gin it hadna been for that Dougal creature. He cut aff the tails o' my coat, and clappit me on my legs again, as clean as if I had never been aff them.

FRAN. And where is Dougal now?

BAILIE. Following your example, sir!

FRAN. My example! What's that?

BAILIE. Taking deevilish gude care o' himsel'. He warned me to keep clear o' that amiable leddy we saw the noo; and troth, he's right there again, for Rab himsel's frightened at her, when her bluid's up.

FRAN. Do you know her?

BAILIE. A deevilish deal owre weel—but it's lang since we've met, and it's odds if she'll remember *me*.

(*Two or three* HIGHLANDERS *rush forward,* DOUGAL *following.*)

HIGHLANDER. Mair Saxons! Whiz a brace o' ball through 'em!

DOUGAL. Haud, haud! they're friends to the MacGregor.

BAILIE. Yes! I carena wha kens it—I'm a MacGregor—we're baith MacGregors!—we're a' MacGregors!

(HELEN MACGREGOR, *followed by* HIGHLANDERS, *advances down the pass to a march.*)

HELEN. Englishmen, and without arms!—that's strange, where there is a MacGregor to hunt and slay!

BAILIE. I—I am very happy—exceeding happy—to ha'e this joyfu' opportunity—ahem! this joyfu' occasion o' wishing my kinsman Rab's wife—a—(*she looks at him with great contempt*)—a very good morning.

HELEN. Is it so?

BAILIE. Ye'll maybe ha'e forgotten me, Mistress Helen Campbell, but——

HELEN. How! Campbell! My foot's upon my native heath, and my name is MacGregor.

BAILIE. Vera weel, Mrs Camp—Mistress Rob Roy—tutz—Mrs MacGregor, I beg pardon—I would just crave the liberty o' a kinsman to salute you.

HELEN. What fellow art thou, that dare claim kindred with our clan, yet neither wear our dress nor speak our language? Who are you that have the tongue and habit of the hound, yet seek to shelter with the deer?

BAILIE. Why, my mither, Elspeth MacFarlane, was the wife o' my faither Nicol Jarvie—she was the daughter o' Parlane MacFarlane, and Maggy MacFarlane married Duncan MacNab, wha stood in the fourth degree——

HELEN. And doth the stream of rushing water acknowledge any relationship with the portion that's withdrawn from it for the mean domestic use of those who dwell upon its banks?

BAILIE. Maybe no; but when the summer's sun has dried up the brook, and left naething but the chucky-stanes, it wad fain ha'e that portion back again. I ken ye haud us Glasgow bodies unco cheap; but Lord help ye, Mrs. Ca—MacGregor, think what a figure I should cut wi' my puir auld hurdies in a kilt, and hose gartered below the knee. My conscience! I wad be a bonny figure. I ha'e been very serviceable to Rab as I am, and wad be mair sae, gin he wad leave aff his evil ways, and no disturb the king's peace.

HELEN. Yes—you, and such as you, would have us hewers of wood and drawers of water—you'd have us find cattle for your banquets, and subjects for your laws to oppress and trample on. But we are free—free by the very act which has left us neither house nor hearth, food or covering—which has bereaved us of all—all but vengeance!

BAILIE. *For Heaven's sake* dinna speak o' vengeance!

HELEN. I will speak on't—I will perform it too:—I will carry

on this day's work by a deed that shall break all bonds between MacGregor and the Lowlanders for ever. Here! Allan, Dougal, bind these Sassenachs neck and heels, and throw them into the Highland Loch to seek for their Highland kinsfolk.

BAILIE. My conscience!

DOUGAL. Oigh! to be surely, her pleasure maun be done.

BAILIE. Ah! but Dougal; ye ken——

DOUGAL. Oh ay! they are friends o' te chief, as I can testify, and cam' here on his assurance o' welcome and safety.

HELEN. Dog! were I to order you to tear out their hearts and place them in each other's breast, to see which there could best plot treason against the MacGregor—would you dare to dispute my orders?

(*Distant voices are heard singing the burthen of "The Lament."*)

Hark! hark! what means that strain?

(*An emotion of alarm in the* HIGHLANDERS—HELEN *becomes more agitated as the sounds approach.*)

Why is this? Why a lament in the moment of victory?

(*Enter* ROBERT, HAMISH, *and a party of* HIGHLANDERS.)

Robert, Hamish, where's the MacGregor? Where's your father? (*They intimate his captivity.*) Ah! a prisoner! taken prisoner! Then MacGregor dies! Cowards, did I nurse you for this, that you should spare your blood on your father's enemies—that you should see him taken prisoner and come back to tell it! Ah! cowards!—cowards! (*Suddenly turning to* FRANCIS.) Your name is Osbaldistone?

FRAN. It is.

HELEN. Rashleigh? (*Presenting a pistol.*)

FRAN. No; Francis.

HELEN. That word has saved you. (*Puts pistol in her belt.*)

FRAN. Rashleigh is my cousin; but, for what cause I am unable to divine, he is my bitterest enemy.

HELEN. I'll tell you the cause. You have unconsciously thwarted him in love and in ambition. He robbed your father's house of government papers, to aid a cause which he has this day deserted, and by his treachery has my husband fallen. Dare you carry a message to these bloodhounds from the wife of your friend?

FRAN. I am ready to set out immediately.

BAILIE. So am I.

HELEN. No, you must remain; I have further occasion for you. Bring forth the Saxon captain.

[*Exit* DOUGAL.

FRAN. You will be pleased to understand that I came into this country on your husband's invitation, and his assurance of aid

in the recovery of those papers you have just now mentioned; and my friend, Mr Jarvie, accompanied me on the same errand.

BAILIE. And I wish your freend Mr Jarvie's boots had been fu' o' boiling water, when he put them on for sic a damnable purpose.

HELEN. Sons, you may read your father in what this young man tells you; wise only when the bonnet's on his head, and the claymore is in his hand. He never exchanges the tartan for the broadcloth, but he runs himself into the miserable intrigues of these Lowlanders, and becomes again their agent, their tool, their slave.

(*Enter* CAPTAIN THORNTON, *led on by* DOUGAL, *&c.*)

But enough of this. Now mark well my message. If they injure a hair of the MacGregor's head—if they do not set him at liberty within the space of twelve hours, I will send them their Saxon captain, and this Glasgow bailie, each bundled in a plaid, and chopped into as many pieces as there are checks in the tartan.

BAILIE. My conscience! For Heeven's sake dinna send sican a message.

CAPT. T. Give the commanding officer my compliments, sir,—Captain Thornton's compliments, of the Royals; tell him to do his duty, and not to waste a thought upon me. I am only sorry for the poor fellows that have fallen into such butcherly hands. If I have been deceived by these artful savages, I know how to die for my error, without disgracing the king I serve, or the country which gave me birth!

BAILIE. My conscience! whisht! are you weary o' your life? Oh, Mr Osbaldistone! gi'e my service—Bailie Nicol Jarvie's service, a merchant and a magistrate in the Sautmarket o' Glasgow —and tell them there are some folks here in great tribulation, and (*looking at* HELEN) likely to come to mair; and the best thing they can do for a' parties, is just to let Rab awa', and mak' nae mair aboot it.

HELEN. Remember *my* injunctions! for as sure as that sun shall sink beneath the mountain, my words shall be fulfilled. If I wail, others shall wail with me—there's not a lady in the Lennox but shall cry the Coronach for those she will be loth to lose;—there's not a farmer but shall cry, "Weel awa'," over a burnt barn yard, and an empty byre; there's not a laird shall lay his head on the pillow at night, with assurance of being a live man in the morning. (*To one of the* HIGHLANDERS.) Conduct him on his way.

(*The* BAILIE, *unwilling to leave* FRANCIS, *is following him off, when a* HIGHLANDER *suddenly seizes him by the neck, and throws him round to his former position.*

Exit FRANCIS *and* GUIDE. CAPTAIN THORNTON *retires, guarded.*)

Now, Allaster, the "Lament!" the "Lament!"

LAMENT.

O hone a rie! O hone a rie!
Before the sun has sunk to rest,
The turf will lie upon his breast,
O hone a rie, &c.
The pride of all our line deplore,
Brave MacGregor is no more.
O hone a rie, &c.

(*She sinks in grief upon the rock in front, while the* "Lament" *is sung,—at the close,*——)

ROB. (*Without.*) Gregarach!

DOUGAL. Rob Roy! Rob Roy!

(ROB ROY *rushes on, and is received in the arms of* HELEN, *with wild and exulting shouts from the* CLAN.—*The* BAILIE, *exhilarated to the highest pitch of joy, from the deepest despondency.*)

HELEN. MacGregor!—husband!—life!

BAILIE. But how did you get out o' their clutches, Rab?

ROB. Passing the ford of Avandow, Ewan of Briglands cut the belt that bound us; and I ducked and dived down the river, where not one trooper in a thousand would have dared to follow me.

HELEN. And how fell you within their grasp?

ROB. By him who has placed a brand where he swore to plant the olive—Rashleigh Osbaldistone. But were he the last and the best of his name, may the fiend keep me, when we next meet, if this good blade and his heart's blood are not well acquainted.

BAILIE. Weel, there are as mony slips between the throat and the gallows, as there are between the cup and the lip. I'm like a dead man restored to life!

(*A* BOY *advances with the* BAILIE'S *wig and cane, which he joyfully receives.*)

Eh! ye're a braw Hielander; ye'll be a man afore your mither. (*Turns to* ROB ROY *jocularly.*) Od, Rab, when ye're dividing the spoils o' the field, if you find the tail o' my coat, I'll be muckle obliged to ye for't.

ROB. (*Laughs.*) Drink, lads, drink, and be blythe!

(*DOUGAL passes about horn cups and cans; the music strikes. The* BAILIE *shakes hands with* ROB ROY, *who pledges him with cordiality.*)

CHORUS.

Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
We can be
As blythe as she.
Dancing now the Highland Walloch.

Drink and dance, and sing wi' glee,
Joy can never mak' us weary;
Rab is frae the sodgers free,
And Helen she has found her deary.
Roy's wife, &c.

(*A Highland dance to the Bagpipes by* DOUGAL, *and Highland Lads and Lasses. The* BAILIE, *enraptured at his escape from danger, joins the dancers. Closed in by*

SCENE II.—*Rocks, near Aberfoil.*

Enter FRANCIS OSBALDISTONE.

FRAN. I fear I have dismissed my guide too early. Every step I have taken since his departure renders my way to Aberfoil more intricate. The twilight darkens rapidly, and each succeeding moment the surrounding objects wear a different feature, changeful as my fortunes.

SONG.

AIR.—"*Fee him, father, fee him.*"

O! life is like a summer flower,
Blooming but to wither;
O! love is like an April hour,
Tears and smiles together.
And hope is but a vapour light,
The lover's worst deceiver;
Before him now it dances bright,
And now, 'tis gone for ever!

O! joy is but a passing ray,
Lovers' hearts beguiling;
A gleam that cheers a winter's day—
Just a moment smiling.
But though in hopeless dark despair,
The thread of life may sever,
Yet while it beats, dear maid, I swear
My heart is thine for ever!

Enter SIR FREDERICK *and* DIANA VERNON, *muffled in horsemen's cloaks.*

SIR F. *Soho, friend,* whither go you?
FRAN. To Aberfoil—can you direct me thither?

SIR F. Turn the projecting rock on your left, and the village lies before you.

FRAN. I thank you;—in return, let me advise, if you travel northward, to wait till the passes are open.—There has been some disturbance in this neighbourhood.

SIR F. We have heard so. But the soldiers had the worst, had they not?

FRAN. Yes; but in another quarter, the outlaw, called Rob Roy, has been captured.

SIR F. Know you not Rob Roy has again escaped?

FRAN. Escaped! I rejoice to hear it! That circumstance will at once secure a friend of mine from danger, and prevent my being detained by a commission with which I was entrusted on his behalf.

SIR F. Who are you! What is your name?

FRAN. My name can be of little consequence to an utter stranger.

DIANA. Mr Francis Osbaldistone should not sing his favourite airs when he wishes to remain concealed.

FRAN. Miss Vernon! at such an hour, in such a lawless country?

SIR F. Now, Diana, give your cousin his property, and waste no further time.

DIANA. But one moment, sir;—but one moment, to say farewell.

SIR F. Remember, 'tis your last.

FRAN. Our last?

DIANA. Yes, dear Frank. There is a gulph between us—a gulph of absolute perdition. Where we go, you must not follow. What we do, you must not share in. Take from my hand these eventful papers;—poor Scotland has lost her freedom, but your father's credit will at least be restored.

FRAN. And is there no way in which I may be allowed to show my gratitude?

DIANA. Alas, none!—Adieu! be happy!

DUET.

AIR.—"*The Lass of Patie's Mill.*"

Forlorn and broken-hearted,
I weep my last adieu!
And sigh o'er joys departed,
That time can ne'er renew.

Farewell, my love, I leave thee,
For some far distant shore;
Let no fond hope deceive thee,—
We part, to meet no more!

Tho' grief may long oppress thee,
Your love I'll ne'er resign;
My latest sigh shall bless thee,
My last sad tear be thine!
Farewell, my love, &c.

[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE III.—*Interior of Jean MacAlpine's.*

BAILIE NICOL JARVIE *discovered seated at the table.*

BAILIE. Weel, after the fatigue it has been my lot to suffer this blessed day, a cup o' brandy does nae harm. My cousin Rab is bringing up his family to an ill end; and as for my cousin Helen —my conscience! (*Drinks.*) Thank Heaven, I shall soon leave this dolefu' country.

(*Enter* ROB ROY. *He sits down opposite the* BAILIE.)

Rab again! why, the man's like a bogle or a ghaist.

ROB. 'Twas business that made me follow you so quickly, Bailie, and business waits for no man. There is the two hundred pounds I promised you. Never say a Highlander belied his word.

BAILIE. Ye're an honest man, Rab; that is, ye've a sort o' honesty,—a kind o'—Rab, ye're an honest rogue.

ROB. Come, come, take your money, and your cup, and say no more about it.

BAILIE. Weel, here's your health, and my cousin Helen's health, and your twa hopefu' sons, of whom mair anon. (*Drinks.*) As to Helen, her reception o' me this blessed day was the north side o' friendly, that I maun say.

ROB. Say nothing of her but what is befitting a friend to say, and her husband to hear.

BAILIE. Weel, weel, we'll let that flee stick to the wa'; but I maun tell you, that your sons are as ignorant as the very cattle you used to drive to market.

ROB. And where was I to get them teachers? Would you have me put on the college gate of Glasgow:—"Wanted a Tutor for the children of Rob Roy, the outlaw?"

BAILIE. No exactly, that cock wadna fecht, but you might ha'e taught them something.

ROB. I have taught them something. Hamish can bring down a black-cock on the wing, with a single bullet; and his brother, drive a dirk through a two-inch deal board.

BAILIE. Sae muckle the waur, Rab—sae muckle the waur. But I ha'e been thinking, Rab, to tak' them hame to the Saut-*market, and mak' them 'prentices*—(ROB *starts angrily*)—*and I'll gi'e ye back your twa* hundred pounds for the satisfaction.

ROB. What! a hundred thousand devils! The sons of MacGregor weavers? I'd sooner see every loom in Glasgow, beams, treadles, and shuttles, burnt in hell-fire!

BAILIE. My conscience! that wad be a bleeze! Weel, weel, you needna grip your dirk, as though you were gaun to drive it through me; I'm no a twa-inch deal board.

ROB. Give me your hand. You mean well, but you press over hard on my temper. Consider what I have been, and what I am become; above all, consider the cause that has forced me to become what I am.

Enter FRANCIS OSBALDISTONE.

FRAN. Ah! MacGregor and Mr Jarvie, both safe?

ROB. Ay, and like to keep so;—the worst hour is past.

BAILIE. My conscience! but it has left plenty o' sair banes ahint it; but a man mustna expect to carry the comforts o' the Sautmarket at his tail, when he gangs visiting his Hieland kinsfolk.

ROB. (*Aside to* FRANCIS.) Your father is now in Glasgow; send the packet to him by Mr Jarvie.

FRAN. My father! How knew you this?

ROB. Dispatch your business, and follow me. You shall see the moonlight on the mountain—you shall hear——

BAILIE. What?

ROB. The night-bird scream! will you listen to her bodings? Now the mist is on the brae, and the spirit of the Gregarach walks! But I forget!—you mean kindly. Farewell cousin, farewell.

(*Shakes hands with the* BAILIE, *who is much affected.—To* FRANCIS.)

Follow me towards the Loch; I would speak with you in private.

(*As* ROB *is about to exit, the* BAILIE *goes up to him, and offers him the purse, which he rejects.*)

Keep your trash, Bailie, keep your trash. [*Exit.*

BAILIE. What did Rab say to ye?

FRAN. Something concerning these papers.

BAILIE. Ey, papers! Why, by the son o' my faither, Rab is an honest—stay! (FRANCIS *tears open the packet.*) Here's Mr Owen's list—"Catch'em and Whittington, 706,"—delightfu'! "Pollock and Peelman, 2—8—7,"—exact! "Grubb and Grinder,"—right to a fraction. Lord save us! what's this? "Will o' Sir Hildebrand Osbaldistone in favour o' his nephew, Francis!" My conscience!

FRAN. Is it possible?

BAILIE. As fac as death!

FRAN. This then was the cause of Rashleigh's unrelenting *hatred.*

BAILIE. Nae matter, we've got the stuff, praise be blest—we've got the stuff.

FRAN. Mr Jarvie, I entrust these documents to your care, as, henceforward, the sole agent of my father's concerns in Scotland. Take some repose, and set forward early.

BAILIE. Sole agent, Mr Osbaldistone! (*Bowing.*) I'll not affect to disclaim having done my best to deserve the favours o' my frien's in Crane Alley, London; or that the recompence will not be highly advantageous to Nicol Jarvie, merchant and magistrate, in the Sautmarket o' Glasgow. But, Mr Osbaldistone, I trust you'll say as little as need be o' our pranks here amang the hills. If the members o' the Town Council were to ken that ane o' their body was seen fechting wi' a red-het poker, or dangling like an auld scarecraw o'er a potato-garden,—my conscience! they wadna be weel pleased. If Bailie Graham was to hear o't, it wad be a sair hair in my neck as lang as I leeve.

FRAN. Fear nothing, sir, on that score. Your kindness deserves, and shall receive every expression of the most grateful sentiments; but let me beg of you to lose no time in returning home.

BAILIE. That you may swear; and the next time you catch me out o' hearing o' St Mungo's bells again, may Rab Roy sleep wi' his ancestors, and me wi' his widow! *Eh! My conscience!*

[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE IV.*—*Distant View of the Banks of the Loch.*

Enter RASHLEIGH OSBALDISTONE *and* JOBSON, *in great alarm, followed by* DOUGAL, *who conceals himself behind a rock, occasionally peeping out during the scene.*

RASH. Am I ever to be pestered with these coward fears?

JOB. For Heaven's sake, sir! If you kill me I must speak. Except our own people, we are entirely unsupported; the government forces are all withdrawn.

RASH. Pooh! for that very reason we shall not be suspected; on that very circumstance alone we might build our surest hope. This ruffian will not now suppose it possible he is watched, and least of all by me. Did you overhear their conference in the hut?

JOB. Partly.

RASH. And are you sure my cousin is in possession of the packet?

JOB. Certain.

* *This Scene is* now usually omitted in acting.

RASH. Does he accompany that foolish Magistrate to Glasgow?

JOB. I think not; fearing to be surprised, I withdrew some paces from the hut, and crouched in the deepest shade; presently I saw——(*Looks round terrified.*)

RASH. Saw who?

JOB. (*In a subdued tone.*) Rob Roy. In a few minutes Mr Frank joined him, and they walked away hastily towards the Loch.

RASH. To meet Diana and her father in the Cave. Well, let them meet; I'll wait till MacGregor and his band depart, then spring upon, and crush them in the very nest where their venom was engendered. Did you place Wingfield in the track to prevent the retreat of Sir Frederick, and the proud dame, his daughter?

JOB. I did, sir, exactly as you directed; and all the rest are within call. Hush! hark!

(DOUGAL *has suddenly advanced from behind the rock, he instantly falls flat, throwing at the same time his plaid entirely over him.*)

As I live and breathe, I heard a step!

RASH. The echo of your own footfall.

JOB. No, no, as I'm an honest man—that is, as I'm a sinner,—I beseech, I implore you to quit this place.

RASH. Never, till my purpose is accomplished. Death alone shall defeat it. Curses on the chance that brought him to Diana's presence—that ever brought him to my father's house! But I will not suffer singly; the disappointment and misery they have inflicted upon me shall be shared by them in all its bitterness. Who's there?

Enter LANCIE WINGFIELD.

LANCIE. Word has passed that the Highlanders are preparing to move.

RASH. Lose not a moment.

[*Exit* LANCIE.

Remember, if there be lives sacrificed in the business we are upon, your evidence must justify the act, as necessary to the subjugation of treason. Now, be resolute, and for your life, be silent.

(*Exit* RASHLEIGH, *followed by* JOBSON; DOUGAL *looks after them from beneath his plaid, and rises cautiously.*)

DOUG. My faith, lads, ye'll get yer haffits claw'd

[Exit.

SCENE V.—*Rob Roy's Cave and view of Loch Lomond by moonlight.*

Enter ROB ROY *and* FRANCIS OSBALDISTONE.

ROB. Let me now speak of my own concerns. My kinsman said something of my boys that sticks to my heart, and maddens in my brain;—'twas truth he spoke, yet I dared not listen to it;—'twas fair he offered, yet I spurned that offer from very pride. My poor bairns! I'm vexed when I think they must lead their father's life.

FRAN. Is there no way for amending such a life, and thereby affording them an honourable chance of——

ROB. You speak like a boy! Think you that the old gnarled oak can be twisted like the green sapling? Think you I can forget being branded as an outlaw,—stigmatised as a traitor,—a price set upon my head, and my wife and family treated as the dam and cubs of a wolf? The very name, which came to me from a long and noble line of martial ancestors, denounced, as if it were a spell to conjure up the devil.

FRAN. Rely on it, the proscription of your name and family is considered by the English as a most cruel and arbitrary law.

ROB. Still it is proscribed; and *they* shall hear of my vengeance, that would scorn to listen to the story of my wrongs; they shall find the name of MacGregor *is* a spell to raise the wild devil withal. Ah, Heaven help me! I found desolation where I had left plenty—I looked east, west, north, and south, and saw neither hold nor hope, shed nor shelter; so I e'en pulled the bonnet o'er my brow, buckled the broad-sword to my side, took to the mountain and the glen, and became a broken man. But why do I speak of this? 'Tis of my children, of my poor bairns I have thought, and the thought will not leave me.

FRAN. Might they not, with some assistance, find an honourable resource in foreign service? If such be your wish, depend on its being gratified.

ROB. (*Stretching one hand to him, and passing the other across his eyes.*) I thank you, I thank you. I could not have believed that mortal man would again have seen a tear in MacGregor's eye. We'll speak of this hereafter;—we'll talk of it to Helen;—but I cannot well spare my boys yet.—The heather is on fire.

FRAN. Heather on fire! I do not understand you.

ROB. Rashleigh has set the torch;—let them that can prevent the blaze. (*Bagpipes without.*) Ah! they come;—then all's well.

FRAN. I comprehend.

HELEN *and the* HIGHLANDERS *enter,* HAMISH *and* ROBERT *directing their movements.*

ROB. Have you seen Diana and Sir Frederick on their way?

HELEN. I have. Stranger, you came to our unhappy country when our bloods were chafed, and our hands were red;—excuse the rudeness that gave so rough a welcome, and lay it on the evil times, not upon us.

ROB. Helen, our friend has spoken kindly, and proffered nobly:—our boys, our children——

HELEN. I understand;—but no, no; this is not the time;—besides, I,—no, no, I will not—cannot part from them.

FRAN. Your separation is not required;—leave the country with them.

HELEN. Quit the land of my sires! never! Wild as we live, and hopeless, the world has not a scene that could console me for the loss of these rude rocks and glens, where the remembrance of our wrongs is ever sweetened by the recollection of our revenge.

FRAN. MacGregor?

ROB. She says truly.—'Twas a vain project. We cannot follow them—we cannot part with the last ties that render life endurable. Were I to lose sight of my native hills my heart would sink, and my arm would shrink like fern i' the winter's frost. No, Helen, no;—the heather we have trode on while living, shall sweetly bloom over us when dead.

(HELEN *throws herself into his arms.*)

FRAN. I grieve that my opportunity of serving those who have so greatly befriended me is incompatible with their prospects and desires.

ROB. Farewell!—the best wish MacGregor can give his friend is, that he should see him no more.

HELEN. A mother's blessing, for the only kindness shown for years to the blood of MacGregor, be upon you. Now, farewell! Forget me and mine for ever!

FRAN. Forget? Impossible!

HELEN. All may be forgotten, but the sense of dishonour, and the desire of vengeance.

ROB. No more: Strike!

(*March.—The* HIGHLANDERS *file through the mouth of the cave.—*ROBERT *and* HAMISH *stretch forth their hands to* FRANCIS, *as they pass in the march.—*HELEN *and* ROB ROY *each take leave of him with cordiality and regret, and exeunt through the cave.*)

FRAN. What a wayward way is mine! My father's peace of mind is happily restored, but mine, with Diana, is lost for ever.

(RASHLEIGH OSBALDISTONE *appears at the back of the Cave, and seeing* FRANCIS, *conceals himself.*)

What noise? Surely I heard—no, they have left me.

(*The boats are seen passing the Loch with the* HIGHLANDERS.)

They are passing the Loch—I shall see them no more.

Enter SIR FREDERICK *and* DIANA VERNON, *greatly alarmed.*

DIANA. Gone! MacGregor—Helen—our friends gone!

SIR F. Embarked already! Then my course is ended.

FRAN. Amazement! Diana Vernon and——

DIANA. Her father—her unhappy, her wretched father. Oh, Frank, we are beset by enemies on every side; the only path by which we could escape is guarded.

FRAN. No danger shall befall you here.

SIR F. Do not involve yourself in my fate; protect my child, but leave me to suffer. I am familiar with danger, and prepared to meet it.

RASH. (*Advancing.*) Meet it then, here.

ALL. Rashleigh!

(DIANA *turns from him to her father's arms.*)

RASH. Ay, I come to repay the various obligations conferred on me by my friends.

(*He beckons to* SOLDIERS, *who enter.*)

Apprehend Sir Frederick Vernon, an attainted traitor; Diana Vernon, and Francis Osbaldistone, aiders and abettors of treason.

FRAN. Rashleigh, thou art too great a villain for words to speak thee.

RASH. I can forgive your spleen, my gentle cousin;—it is hard to lose an estate and a mistress in one night. Take charge of your prisoners. If my conduct displeases you, lady, you may thank your minion there.

FRAN. I never gave you cause.

RASH. 'Tis false! In love,—in ambition,—in the paths of interest, you have crossed and blighted me at every turn. I was born to be the honour of my father's house—I have been its destruction and disgrace; my very patrimony has become yours:—but if you ever live to possess it, the death-curse of him you have thus injured shall stick to it.

ROB. (*Without.*) Gregarach!

RASH. (*Starts.*) Ah!

(ROB ROY *darts in and confronts* RASHLEIGH.—HIGHLANDERS, *led by* DOUGAL, *appear* at the mouth of the cave, *and overpower the* SOLDIERS.)

ROB. Now ask for mercy for your soul's sake.
RASH. Never! (*Standing on his guard.*)
ROB. Claymore, then.
(*Short and rapid combat*—RASHLEIGH *falls, and is caught by* DOUGAL.)
Die, traitor, in your treason!
(RASHLEIGH *is carried off by* DOUGAL.)

Highland march—Enter HELEN MACGREGOR, *and the Clan, male and female.*—BAILIE NICOL JARVIE *runs on, confused.*

BAILIE. My conscience! What's here to do? I fear I've lost my way.
FRAN. Mr Jarvie, I thought you were on the road to Glasgow.
BAILIE. I thought sae too; but, troth, the brandy has deceived me. My conscience! to think o' a magistrate losing his head, and losing his horse too! A little man, ca'd Jobson, dismounted me just now in a trice, and gallop'd aff as though my cousin Helen hersel' was at his——(*sees* HELEN)—My conscience!
SIR F. Brave Highlander! you have saved more than my life, you have preserved my honour. You, young man (*To* FRANCIS) have proved yourself worthy of my child, and to you I give her. (*To* ROB.) But whence this unexpected aid? I surely saw the boats depart?
ROB. With half my band—no more. Dougal overheard, and fortunately apprised me of Rashleigh's intentions, and I kept up the appearance which decoyed the villain to his own snare.
HELEN. (*To* FRANCIS.) By Sir Frederick Vernon's means your father's house has been preserved; that consideration must induce his honourable mind to confirm the gift you prize, and endeavour to obtain from the government a remission of the law in favour of a noble enemy.
ROB. We shall rejoice in your happiness, though we may not share it. If, in such moments, you ever think upon MacGregor, think kindly of him; and when you cast a look towards poor old Scotland, do not forget ROB ROY.

FINALE.

AIR—"*Duncan Gray cam' here to woo.*"

CHORUS
Pardon now the bold Outlaw,
Rob Roy MacGregor, O!
Grant him mercy, gentles a',
Rob Roy MacGregor, O!
Let your hands and hearts agree,
Set the Highland Laddie free;
Mak' us sing wi' muckle glee,
Rob Roy MacGregor, O!

FRANCIS. Long the State has doomed his fa',
Rob Roy MacGregor, O!
Still he spurned the hatefu' law,
Rob Roy MacGregor, O!
Scots can for their country die.
Ne'er from Britain's foes they flee—
A' that's past forget, forgi'e,
Rob Roy MacGregor, O!

CHORUS. Let your hands, &c.

DIANA. Scotland's fear, and Scotland's pride,
Rob Roy MacGregor, O!
Your award must now abide,
Rob Roy MacGregor, O!
Long your favours ha'e been mine,
Favours I will ne'er resign—
Welcome, then, for auld langsyne,
Rob Roy MacGregor, O!

CHORUS. Let your hands. &c.

END OF ROB ROY.

ADDENDA TO ANTIQUARY.

The following Pieces occur in the Version of the Drama acted in London, and published in "Cumberland's British Theatre," No. 231:

ACT I.—SCENE II.

DUET—LOVEL *and* ISABELLA.

Subdue, subdue the hopeless flame,
Within thy bosom burning;
Go seek a heart may bless thy choice,
By love for love returning.

No, no, I feel I ne'er can meet
Another to adore, dear;
For thou alone this heart must beat,
Until it beat no more, dear.

Then though worlds divide our hearts,
We'll cherish still their fires;
Though ages part us, we will love,
Till life itself expires.

A love like ours, so warm, so pure,
Let adverse fortune sever;
In absence it unfading blooms,
Unalter'd and for ever.

It is an ever-burning star,
O'er storms sublimely riding;
With steady light our wandering course,
Through life's rough ocean guiding.
Then though worlds, &c.

ACT I.—SCENE IV.

DUET—ISABELLA *and* MARIA.

The secret of my heart, I own,
My eye hath truly told;
To every love but one alone,
This bosom must be cold.

For constant as the widowed dove
Should woman's heart be known;
That when it loves, should truly love,
For ever, and but one!

And may thy gentle bosom know
The blessing it desires;
May kindred worth, with mutual glow,
Return its faithful fires!

For constant as the widowed dove
Should woman's heart be known
That when it loves, should truly love,
For ever, and but one!

ACT II.—SCENE I.

TRIO—LOVEL, MARIA, ISABELLA.

LOVEL. To that loved bosom I am dear!
Whate'er befall, I care not;
That timid blush, and rising tear,
They told what language dare not!

MARIA. Dear lady, dread no further strife,
Thy look of terror, clear;
ISABELLA. Ah! p'tying heav'n, guard a life,
Which this weak bosom's secret fear,
Proclaims, is to its peace too dear.

LOV., ISA., *and* MAR. Farewell! farewell! and may you find,
The charm that soothes to peace the mind!
Farewell! farewell! &c.

ACT II.—SCENE II.

SONG—LOVEL.

Ador'd and beauteous Isabel!
To leave my home if fate compel,
As o'er the deep the vessel flies,
When foreign regions round me rise,
Thy image in my soul shall dwell,
With love unchanged, unchangeable,
Ador'd and beauteous Isabel!

Ador'd and beauteous Isabel!
Should fate ring out a deeper knell,
And, stricken by the deadly ball,
In honour's strife thy lover fall,
For thee his latest sigh shall swell,
Thy name his dying breath shall tell,
Ador'd and beauteous Isabel!

SAME ACT AND SCENE.

SONG—ISABELLA.

A young hussar, a child of fame,
Return'd fair Lilla's vows of flame;
And Love ne'er threw his rosy chains
Round fonder hearts or warmer veins.

One livelong day in bliss they pass'd,
The maiden's first—the soldier's last;
The trumpet's thrilling summons peal'd,
He rush'd from Love's to Honour's field.

There, first in fiery ranks of war,
Expir'd the gallant young hussar;
And she for whom in death he sigh'd,
Sank broken-hearted, wept and died!

ACT III.—SCENE I.

SONG—MARIA.

When moonlight waves are sparkling bright
With broken rays of softened light,
Like those from eyes of one that's dear,
When beaming through affection's tear,
'Tis sweet to rove,
And think of love.

The streamlet while it winds along,
In music sweet as lover's song,
And night winds breathe through young groves nigh,
In whispers soft as lover's sigh,
'Tis sweet to rove,
And think of love.

OLD MORTALITY;

A DRAMA IN FIVE ACTS.

(-10)

N

Dramatis Personæ.

*As First Performed at the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, on Saturday 3rd May, 1823.**

Grahame of Claverhouse,	Mr Murray.
Lord Evandale,	Mr Bland.
Major Bellenden,	Mr Faulkner.
Major Allan,	Mr Hillyard.
Officers of the Life-Guards,	Mr Power. Mr Croly.
Old Milnwood,	Mr Mason.
Henry Morton,	Mr Calcraft.
Gudyill,	Mr Duff.
Sergeant Bothwell,	Mr Denham.
Halliday,	Mr Boddie.
Cuddie Headrigg,	Mr Mackay.
John Balfour of Burley,	Mr Pritchard.
Macbriar,	Mr Gordon.
Paton,	Mr Lee.
Dingwall,	Mr Miller.
Maxwell,	Mr Aikin.
Lady Margaret Bellenden,	Mrs Renaud.
Edith Bellenden,	Mrs H. Siddons.
Jenny Dennison,	Miss Nicol.
Mrs Wilson,	Mrs Eyre.
Mause Headrigg,	Mrs Nicol.

Covenanters,

Officers, Troopers, Insurgents, Attendants, &c., &c., &c.

* Old Mortality was dramatised by Dibdin in 1820, and represented at the Surrey Theatre, London. "It was," states Dibdin in his autobiography, "very finely acted. Huntley, O'Smith, and Wyatt appeared in leading parts, and displayed skill and energy worthy a better theatre." We have not been able to obtain the *cast*.

OLD MORTALITY;

OR,

THE BATTLE OF BOTHWELL BRIDGE.

Act First.

SCENE I.—*A Country Alehouse.*

Several Parties discovered drinking. HENRY MORTON *at one of the tables.* SERGEANT BOTHWELL *and* HALLIDAY *by themselves at another. In the corner, by the fire-place, and separated from the rest of the company,* BURLEY *is seated, leaning on his arm, and apparently paying no attention to the passing scene.*

BOTH. Isn't it a strange thing, Halliday, to see a set of bumpkins sit carousing here, this whole evening, without having drank the king's health.

HAL. They have. I heard that green kail-worm of a lad propose—

BOTH. Did he? Then, Tom, we'll make 'em drink the Archbishop of St Andrew's.

HAL. So we will; and he that refuses, we'll have him to the guard-house, and teach him to ride with a brace of carbines at each foot, to keep him steady.

BOTH. Right, Tom; and to do all things in order, I'll begin with that sulky blue-bonnet in the ingle-nook.

(BOTHWELL *rises and goes over to* BURLEY—*standing before him, with his sheathed* sword under his arm.)

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BOTH. I make so bold as to request, friend, that you will arise from your seat, and, having bent your hams until your knees do rest upon the floor, that you will turn over this measure to the health of his Grace the Archbishop of St Andrew's.

(BURLEY *raises his head, and looks steadfastly at* BOTHWELL.)

BUR. And what is the consequence, if I should not be disposed to comply with your uncivil request?

BOTH. The consequence thereof will be, *firstly*, that I will tweak thy proboscis, or nose; *secondly*, that I will apply my fist to thy countenance; and will conclude with a practical application of the flat of my sword to thy shoulders.

BUR. Is it even so? Then give me the cup—"The Archbishop of St Andrew's, *and the place he now worthily holds.*"

HAL. He has drank the toast, however.

BOTH. Yes; but with a qualification: and curse me if I understand the crop-eared rascal.

(MORTON *comes forward.*)

MOR. Come, come, gentlemen, we are met here on a merry occasion, and have a right to expect we shall not be troubled with this sort of discussion.

BOTH. Well, Mr Popinjay, I shall not disturb your reign—I reckon it will be out by twelve at night. Isn't it an odd thing, Halliday, they should make such a fuss about cracking off their birding-pieces at a mark, which any woman or boy could hit with a day's practice? If Mr Captain Popinjay, now, or any of his troop, would try a bout, either with backsword, broadsword, single rapier, or rapier and dagger, for a gold noble the first-drawn blood, there would be some soul in it. Or, zounds! would the bumpkins but wrestle, or pitch the bar—if they carry things about them that they are afraid to draw.

MOR. Sir, this unprovoked insolence——

BUR. (*Stopping* MORTON.) Young man, this is my quarrel, and I will see it out myself. Hark thee, friend (*To* BOTHWELL), wilt thou wrestle a fall with me?

BOTH. Truly I will; and strive with thee to the downfall of one or both.

BUR. Then forthwith will I make thee an example to all such railers.

(*They wrestle*—BOTHWELL *is thrown with great violence, and lays motionless.*)

HAL. (*Drawing.*) You have killed my sergeant, and by all that's sacred, you shall answer it.

MOR. (*Interposing.*) Stand back! It was all fair play—your comrade sought a fall, and he has got it.

BOTH. (Rising slowly) Ay, ay, it's true enough—put up your bilbo, Tom. I didn't think, though, there was one of them all

could have laid the best cap and feather in the King's Life Guards upon the floor of a rascally change-house. Hark ye, friend (*To* BURLEY), give me your hand—I promise you, the time shall come when we will meet again, and try this game over in a more earnest manner.

BUR. (*Returning the grasp.*) And I'll promise you that, when we do meet again, I will lay your head as low as it lay even now, when you shall lack the power to lift it up again. (*To* MORTON.) I ride towards Milnwood, which I hear is your home. Will you give me the advantage and protection of your company?

MOR. Most willingly.

BUR. Then let us set forward at once. I have reasons, urgent reasons, for wishing to delay no longer.

[*Exit with* MORTON.

HAL. Ay, ay, friend, thou art right to get out of the way before Lord Evandale makes his rounds; for I promise thee he has stayed less suspicious-looking persons. How fares it, comrade? No ribs broke, I hope?

BOTH. No, no, Tom! All right! Confound the ale, I say; if I hadn't had so much of it in my head I should have kept my legs better.

(*A loud flourish of trumpets and kettle-drums—all rise in amazement.*)

Enter LORD EVANDALE, *with several* SOLDIERS *and* TOWN-OFFICERS, *with halberts.*

LORD E. Guard the doors—let no one leave the house. So, Bothwell, how comes this? Did not you hear them sound boot and saddle?

HAL. He was just going to quarters, my Lord. He has had a bad fall.

LORD E. In a fray, I suppose? If you neglect duty in this way, your royal blood will hardly protect you.

BOTH. How have I neglected duty, my Lord?

LORD E. You should have been at quarters, Sergeant Bothwell. You have lost a golden opportunity. There are news come that the Archbishop of St Andrew's has been foully assassinated by a band of ruffians, who stopped his carriage on Magus Moor, dragged him out, and dispatched him with their swords and daggers. Here are their descriptions. The reward of a thousand merks is upon each head.

BOTH. (*To* HALLIDAY.) The toast! the toast! and the qualification! I know the meaning now! Zounds! that we should not have stopped him. Go, Halliday! Saddle your horses—away. [*Exit* HALLIDAY.

Was there one of the men, my Lord, very stout and square-made—*double-chested—thin* in the flanks—hawk-nosed——

LORD E. Stay! stay! Let me look at the paper:—Hackstoun of Rathillet—tall—thin—black haired——

BOTH. That's not my man.

LORD E. John Balfour, called Burley—aquiline nose—red haired—five feet eight inches in height—square chested——

BOTH. That's he! 'Tis the very man! He was in this house not five minutes since.

LORD E. Horse! horse! and pursue my lads. The murdering dog's head is worth its weight in gold. Let parties be detached in every direction. Bothwell, lose not a moment.

[*Exit with some of the* SOLDIERS.

BOTH. Two of you come with me on the road to Milnwood. I heard him tell the young spark in green he went that road. He's mine! I'll have him, or I'll lose my life! A bed of heather or a thousand merks! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Neighbourhood of Milnwood.—The House visible through the trees.*

Enter CUDDIE HEADRIGG *and* MAUSE.

CUD. Weel, mither, here we are at Milnwood; and all along o' your clavering nonsense. The foul fa' ye, (that I suld say sae,) for a lang-tongued wife, as my father, honest man, aye ca'd ye. Couldna ye let the lady alane; but ye maun provoke her to turn us out o' the best kale-yard and ploughing land in the hail country?

MAUSE. Whisht! my bairn, whisht! Thou kens nought about thae things. Never grudge suffering in the gude cause.

CUD. But what ken I about the cause; for a' ye bleeze sae muckle doctrine on it? However, we maun e'en mak' the best on't now. They want a ploughman here; and Mr Harry will stand my friend—for he's a kind-hearted gentleman. I doubt I'll get but little penny fee; for his uncle, auld Nippy Milnwood, has as close a grip as the de'il himsel'. Eh!—By good luck, here comes Mr Harry—Lord, now, mither, haud your tongue for ance in your life, and leave a' to me. For getting a service, I trow I can gar the wee pickle sense I ha'e gang muckle farther than yours, though ye can crack wi' the best amang them a'.

Enter HENRY MORTON.

A braw night this, your Honour, for the rye——

MOR. Cuddie! My honest fellow! What can have brought you and your mother down the water so late?

CUD. Troth, sir, just what gars the auld wives trot—neces*sity, sir. I'm* seeking for service.

MOR. For service, Cuddie! Why have you left Lady Mar*garet Bellenden?*

MAUSE. An' it like your honour, we have been distinguished by a visitation——

CUD. De'il's in the wife, and nae gude! An' ye come out wi' your nonsense, they'll no open a door to us through the hail country. My mither's auld, sir; and she has forgotten hersel', rather, in speaking to my Lady—that canna weel bide to be contradicted, especially by her ain people; and Mr Gudyill, the butler, he's no very fond o' us; and it's ill sitting at Rome and striving wi' the Pope; sae I thought it were best to flit, before ill came to waur; —and here's a wee bit line to your honour frae a friend that will maybe say some mair about it.

MOR. (*Takes the billet and reads.*) "If you can serve these poor helpless people, you will oblige Edith Bellenden." What is your object, Cuddie, and how can I be of use to you?

CUD. Wark, sir, wark, and a service, is my object. A bit bield for my mither and mysel', and milk, and meal, and greens enow, for I'm gay gleg at meal-time, and sae is my mither—lang may it be sae! And for the penny fee, and a' that, I'll just leave it to the laird and you; for I ken weel, ye'll no see a poor lad wranged, if ye can help it.

MOR. For the meat and lodging I think I can answer, Cuddie; but I doubt the penny fee will be a hard chapter. However, go into the kitchen with your mother, and I'll do what I can for you immediately. [*Exit* MORTON.

CUD. And now, mither, we're settled ance mair; and though no so comfortable as we were up yonder, yet life's life ony gate.

MAUSE. Oh, Cuddie! Cuddie! Had ye but profited by what ye ha'e heard frae that sweet youth, Richard Rumbleberry——

CUD. Heard ever ony body the like o' this! We'll be driven out o' house and ha' again, afore we ken whare to turn ourselves. Weel, mither, I ha'e just one word on that topic: An' I hear ony mair o' your din, afore folk, that is—for I dinna mind your clavers mysel'; they aye set me sleeping—but if I hear ony mair din afore folk, as I was saying, about Poundtexts and Rumbleberrys, I'll e'en turn a single sodger mysel', or maybe a sergeant, or a captain, to plague you the mair, and let you and Rumbleberry gang to the de'il thegither.

[*Exeunt* CUDDIE *and* MAUSE.

SCENE III.—*A Room in the House of Milnwood.*

Old MILNWOOD *seated eating a mess of porridge*—MRS WILSON *standing by him on one side, and* HENRY MORTON *at the other.*

MILN. (*Burning his mouth.*) The de'il take them that made the parritch!

MRS W. They are good parritch enough, if ye wad but take

time to them. I made them, mysel'; but if folks wunna have patience, they should get their thrapples causewayed.

MILN. Haud your peace, Alison! I was speaking to my nephew. How is this, sir? Sir, ye have been out all night. Why cam' ye not awa' when the ither folk left the ground?

MOR. I had the fortune to be the best marksman of the day. I remained, as is usual, to give some little entertainment to the other young men.

MILN. The deevil ye did, sir! And ye come to tell me that to my face? You pretend to gi'e entertainments, that canna come by a dinner, except by sorning on a carefu' man like me? But if ye put me to charges, I'll work it out o' ye. I see na why ye shouldn't hold the plough, now that the ploughman has left us.

MRS W. Eh! Gude safe us! Our young Mr Harry hold the plough!

MOR. Sir, I am willing to exert myself in any honourable calling; but I have never been taught to drive the plough; and have provided you a lad who will serve without wages, for food and lodging.

MILN. The mair shame for ye, sir, that canna do an honest man's labour; but, since the ground maun be ploughed, let us see wha ye ha'e brought.

(MORTON *goes out, and returns with* CUDDIE *and* MAUSE.)

CUD. A braw gude morn till your honour.

MILN. Wages, quotha! Thou wilt eat in a week the value of more than thou canst work for in a month. But tak' your place wi' the rest o' the serving folk. Wages indeed!

(*A loud knocking at the gate.*)

MRS W. Eh! Gude guide us! Wha can that be, that mak' sic a noise sae early in the morn?

[*Exit.*

BOTH. (*Without.*) Hilloa! House! Open in the king's name.

MILN. Lord ha'e mercy on us!

Re-enter MRS WILSON.

MRS W. The sodgers! The sodgers!

MILN. Eh! How! What! Here, Robin, Ploughman! Nephew, Harry, open the door. (*Putting the silver spoons in his pocket.*) Speak 'em fair, sirs—Lord love ye! Speak 'em fair—they winna bide thrawing—We're a' harried! we're a' harried.

[*Exit* MRS WILSON.

CUD. (*To his mother.*) Now ye daft auld carline, mak' your*sel' deaf—ye* ha'e made us a' deaf ere now—and let me speak for *ye. I would* like ill to ha'e my neck raxed for an auld wife's *clashes, though* ye be our mither.

MAUSE. Oh! hinny, ay! Ise be silent or thou shalt come to ill.

Re-enter MRS WILSON, *showing in* BOTHWELL, HALLIDAY, *and two other* TROOPERS.

MILN. What is your pleasure here, gentlemen?

BOTH. We come in behalf of the king. Why the devil did you keep us so long standing at the door?

MILN. We were at breakfast, and the door was locked. But would ye please to drink some ale, or some brandy, or a cup of canary, sack, or claret wine?

BOTH. Claret for me.

HAL. I'll have ale, if it's good.

MILN. Better never was malted. I can hardly say sae muckle for the claret—it's thin and cauld, gentlemen.

HAL. Brandy will cure that.

BOTH. Brandy, ale, wine, sack and claret—we'll try them all. There's good sense in that, damme!

[*Exit* MRS WILSON.

(BOTHWELL *seats himself at the table.*)

BOTH. What's this? Meat! I think I could eat a bit. It's as tough as if the devil's dam had hatched it.

MILN. If there's any thing better in the house, sir,——

BOTH. No, no! It is not worth while. I must proceed to business—but here comes the liquor.

(*Enter* MRS WILSON.)

Put it down, my old girl. Help yourselves, my lads. You did your wine injustice, my old friend—it's better than your brandy. Come—will you pledge me to the king's health?

MILN. With pleasure, sir, in ale. I never drink claret; and keep only a very little for some honoured friends.

BOTH. Like me, I suppose. Here, young man, I pledge you in the king's health.

(MORTON *drinks wine—his* UNCLE *endeavours to give him ale.*)

BOTH. Well, have you all drank the toast? What's that old wife about—give her a glass of brandy. She shall drink the king's health, by ——

CUD. (*Assuming an appearance of stupidity.*) If your honour pleases, she is my mother, sir; and she's as deaf as Corra-linn. We canna mak' her hear day or night; but, if your honour pleases, I am ready to drink the health for her in as many glasses of brandy as ye think necessary.

BOTH. I dare say you are: you look like a fellow that would stick to brandy. Help thyself, man—all's free wherever I come. *Fill round once more—Here's* to our noble commander, Colonel

Grahame of Claverhouse. (MAUSE *groans heavily.*) Why, what the devil is the old woman groaning for?

CUD. Whisht, mither, whisht! She's ta'en wi' the colic, sir.

BOTH. Then cure her with brandy, my lad. But now to business. You have all, I suppose, heard of the barbarous murder of the Archbishop of St Andrew's.

MILN. We have heard of such a misfortune; but hoped it was not true.

BOTH. Ay, ay, it's true enough; there's the relation published by government. What do you think of it, old gentleman?

MILN. I think it a bloody and execrable murder, and a scandal to the land.

BOTH. Well said, my old buck—here's to thee. I wish you joy of your good principles. Now comes your turn, young man. What think you of the matter in hand?

MOR. I should have little objection to answer if I knew the right you had to put the question.

MRS W. The Lord preserve us! To ask the like o' that at a trooper; when a' folk ken they do whatever they like through the hail country.

MILN. Haud your peace, sir, or answer the gentleman discreetly. Do you mean to affront the king's authority, in the person of a sergeant of the Life-Guards?

BOTH. (*Striking the table.*) Silence, every one of you, and hear me! I ask you, sir, once more, your opinion of the death of Archbishop Sharpe? Yet stay—aha! my friend, Captain Popinjay! I have seen you before, and in very suspicious company.

MOR. I saw you, last night, at the public-house at——

BOTH. And with whom did you leave that public-house, youngster? Was it not with John Balfour of Burley, one of the murderers of the Archbishop?

MOR. It was—I scorn to deny it. But, so far from knowing him to be a murderer of the primate, I was even ignorant, at the time, that such a crime had been committed.

MILN. Lord ha'e mercy on us! I am ruined! utterly ruined and undone! (*Wringing his hands.*)

BOTH. But you know Burley to be an intercommuned traitor —yet you broke the law which prohibits your dealings with such persons. Where did you part from him?

MOR. As you charge it to me as a crime, you will excuse me saying any thing that will criminate myself.

MILN. Oh, the lands of Milnwood! The bonny lands of Milnwood! that ha'e been in the name of Morton two hundred years! *They are barking* and fleecing, outfield and infield, haugh and *holm!*

MOR. No, sir! You shall not suffer on my account. I own I

did give this man shelter, as to an old military comrade of my father; but not only without my uncle's knowledge, but contrary to his express orders.

BOTH. Come, young man, you are a smart spark enough, and I am sorry for you. Your uncle, here, is a fine old Trojan; so tell me all you know about this Burley, and I'll wink as hard on your share of the business as my duty will permit. Come, what said he, when you parted with him? Where did he go? And where is he likely now to be found?

MOR. You will excuse my answering, sir. The same cogent reasons which induced me to assist him, at considerable risk to myself and my friends, would command me to respect his secret, if he had intrusted me with any.

BOTH. So you refuse positively to give me an answer?

MOR. I have none to give.

BOTH. Perhaps I could teach you to find one, by tying a piece of lighted match between your fingers.

MRS W. (*To* MILNWOOD.) Oh! for pity's sake, sir, gi'e 'em siller! It's siller they're seeking—they'll murder Mr Henry, and yoursel' next.

MILN. (*Very unwillingly.*) If—twenty—pounds would mak' up this unhappy matter—

MRS W. My master would gi'e twenty pounds sterling!—

MILN. Pounds Scots! you old hag!

MRS W. Pounds sterling! If ye wad ha'e the goodness to look over the lad's misconduct—he's that dour ye might tear him to pieces, and ye wad ne'er get a word out o' him; and it wad do ye little good to burn his bonny finger-ends.

BOTH. Why, I don't know, my old lass—many would take the money and the prisoner too: but I bear a conscience; so, if your master will stand to the offer, I don't know but——

MRS W. Ay, ay, sir; I warrant he will, and gladly. Haste ye awa', sir, and fetch the siller, or they'll burn the house about our lugs. [*Exit old* MILNWOOD.

CUD. (*Who has been struggling to keep his mother quiet.*) Whisht, mither, whisht! They'll agree weel enow.

MAUSE. I will not whisht, Cuddie! I will uplift my voice, and confound the scarlet man! Through my testimony shall Mr Henry be set free.

CUD. She has her legs o'er the harrows now, stop her wha can. I can see her cockit up ahint a dragoon, on her way to the tolbooth, and my ain legs below a horse's belly. Ay, she has just mustered up her sermon, and wi' that grane—out it comes; and we're a' ruined, horse and foot.

MAUSE. And do ye think to come here, wi' your snares, and your traps, *and your gins*? Philistines are ye; and I'll talk up *my testimony against ye*, once and again!

BOTH. Eh! What, Why! How the devil! The old lady has found her ears and tongue both; and we are like to be driven deaf in our turn.

HAL. Curse the old hag! Gag her, and take her to head-quarters.

BOTH. For shame, Tom! Remember the good lady belongs to the fair sex, and only uses the privilege of her tongue. But, in the meantime, I must make a prisoner of this young man; for I couldn't answer to my commanding officer to leave him here, after what I have heard.

CUD. See ye now, mither, what ye ha'e done. There's the Philistines, as ye ca' them, are gaun to whirry awa' Mr Harry, and a' wi' your nashgab, de'il be on't.

MAUSE. Haud your tongue, ye cowardly loon, and lay na the wyte on me; if you, and thae thowless gluttons that are sitting staring like cows bursting on clover, wad testify wi' your hands as I have testified wi' my tongue, they should never harle the precious lad away to captivity.

(*During this, old* MILNWOOD *enters with a bag of money, and stands aghast on hearing her.*)

BOTH. There's fine doctrine for you, old gentleman. Nay, you shall hear her give her testimony, as she calls it, herself. You fellow, stand back, and let your mother speak her mind; I see she's primed and loaded again, since her last discharge.

CUD. Lord! Noble sir! An auld wife's tongue is but a feckless matter to mak' such a fash about. Neither my father nor me ever minded muckle what our mither said.

BOTH. Hold your peace, my lad, while you are well. I promise you, I think you are slyer than you would like to be supposed. Come, my old girl, give us another slice of your doctrine.

MILN. Good sergeant! Worthy captain! Let me intreat—(*Offering the purse*—BOTHWELL *takes it.*)

BOTH. Why, there's many a merry night in that nest of yellow boys; but damn me if I dare venture. That old woman has spoke too loud, and before the men too. Hark ye, my old boy, I must take your nephew to head-quarters; so I can't in conscience keep more than is my due as civility money.—(*Gives one guinea to each of the* SOLDIERS, *and takes three himself.*) Now, you have the comfort to know that your nephew, young Captain Popinjay, will be carefully looked after, and the rest of the money I return to you.

MRS W. Are ye mad? Tell them to keep it. He will do it, either by fair means or foul, and it's our only chance to make them *quiet.*

MILN. I canna do it, Ailie! I canna do it! I canna part wi' *the siller I* ha'e counted sae aften ower, to thae blackguards.

MRS W. Then I maun do't mysel', Milnwood, or see a' gang wrang thegither. My master, sir, canna think o' taking ony thing back at the hand of an honourable gentleman, like you. He implores you to put up the siller, and be as kind to his nephew as you can, and let us tak' nae wrang for the daft speeches of an auld jaud—a daft auld randie, that ne'er was in the house (foul fa' her,) till this morning, and that shall ne'er cross the door-stane again, an ance I had her out of it.

CUD. Ay, ay, e'en sae. I kenn'd we wad be put to our travels again, whenever you should get three words spoken till an end.

HAL. Shan't we take the old hag away with us?

BOTH. You be hanged! Can't you see she's better where she is, as long as there's a respectable gentleman like Mr Morton to atone for her trespasses? Come along, my lad—(*To* MORTON)—Don't be cast down, you'll get off easy, I dare say. Good-bye, old one! Success to our next merry meeting, which I think won't be far off, if you continue to keep such a well-regulated family.

[*Exeunt* BOTHWELL, HALLIDAY, *and* DRAGOONS *with* MORTON.

MILN. Ruined on a' sides! Ruined on a' sides! Body and gudes! Body and gudes!

[*Exit, wringing his hands.*

MRS W. (*To* MAUSE.) Ill luck be in the groaning corse of thee! The prettiest lad in Clydesdale maun this day be a sufferer, and all through you.

MAUSE. Gae awa'. I promise you I ha'e dune as muckle for Mr Harry as I wad for my ain. For if Cuddie was found worthy to bear testimony in the Grassmarket——

MRS W. And there's good hope on't, unless you and he change your courses.

CUD. Hout, tout, mither, dinna deave the gentlewoman wi' your testimony. Ye ha'e preached enough for six days—ye ha'e preached us out o' our canny free-house, and gude kail-yard, and out of this new place of refuge, afore our hinder-end was weel hafted in it. Ye ha'e preached Mr Harry awa' to the prison; and ye ha'e preached twenty punds out o' the laird's pocket, that he likes as ill to quit wi'; and so ye may haud sae for a wee while, without preaching me up a ladder and doun a tow! Sae cum awa' —cum awa'—the family ha'e had aneugh o' your testimony to mind it for a while.

[*Exit, dragging off* MAUSE.

END OF ACT I.

Act Second.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the Tower of Tillietudlem.*

Enter EDITH BELLENDEN *and* JENNY DENNISON.

EDITH. I wish we knew, Jenny, who that poor prisoner is they have just brought in.

JENNY. I was just thinking so, mysel', Miss Edith. But it canna be Cuddie Headrigg; because he's taller, and not so stout.

EDITH. Yet it may be some poor neighbour, for whom we might have cause to interest ourselves.

JENNY. I can sune learn wha he is, for I ken ane o' the sodgers very weel—the best looking and youngest o' them, Tam Halliday—Trooper Tam, as they call him, that lay here while he was wounded. He'll refuse me naething, I'll be caution for him.

EDITH. Ask him, then, the name of his prisoner, and return and tell me what he says.

JENNY. I warrant you, Miss, I'll get it a' out o' him.

[*Exit* JENNY.

EDITH. The situation of this poor prisoner excites my warmest sympathy. Perhaps he is innocent of any crime; but in these dreadful times of civil discord, even innocence itself is often no protection.

Enter JENNY.

JENNY. Oh, Madam! Oh, Miss Edith!

EDITH. What is the matter? Does it prove to be Cuddie, after all, poor fellow?

JENNY. Cuddie, Miss Edith! No, no! It's no Cuddie, but young Milnwood himsel'.

EDITH. Young Milnwood! It is impossible, totally impossible!

JENNY. Oh, madam, it's too true! And Tam Halliday says it will touch his life, for he has been resetting one of the Fife gentlemen that killed that auld carle of an Archbishop.

EDITH. His life! They cannot, they shall not. I will speak with him immediately. They shall not hurt him.

JENNY. Oh, my dear young lady, think on the danger and difficulty, for he's kept under close confinement till Claverhouse comes; and if he doesn't give him full satisfaction, Tam Halliday *says* there'll be brief wark wi' him;—kneel down—make ready—*present*—*fire*.—Just as they did with auld deaf John Macbriar, *that never heard* a word they put to him, and lost his life for lack *o' hearing.*

EDITH. Jenny, if he should die, I will die with him. There is no time to talk of danger or difficulty. I will put on a plaid, and slip down with you to the place where they have left him. I will throw myself at the feet of the sentinel, and entreat him, as he has a soul to be saved——

JENNY. Eh, guide us! Our young lady at the feet of Trooper Tam, and speaking to him about his soul, when the poor chield hardly kens whether he has ane or no, unless that he whiles swears by it; that will never do; but what maun be, maun be; and, come what may, I'll never desert a true love cause. If you must see young Milnwood—though I ken no good it will do, unless to mak' both your hearts the sairer—I'll e'en tak' the risk on't and try to manage Tam Halliday; but you maun let me have my ain gate, and no speak a word. He's keeping guard over Milnwood, in the eastern round o' the tower.

EDITH. Fetch me a plaid, Jenny, without a moment's delay. Let me but see him, and I will soon find some remedy for his danger. Haste, haste, as ever you hope to have good at my hands.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Gallery.*

HALLIDAY *walking backwards and forwards at one side, on his post. A Table with a large flagon of Ale.*

HAL. (*Humming a tune.*)

Between St Johnstone and bonny Dundee
I'll gar you be fain to follow me.

JENNY *and* EDITH, *muffled in a plaid, appear at the door.*

JENNY. Let me tak' my ain way, madam, and dinna say a single word.

(JENNY, *still at the door, sings*—)

If I were to follow a poor sodger lad,
My friends would be angry, my minnie be mad;
A laird or a lord, they were fitter for me;
Sae I'll ne'er be fain to follow thee.

HAL. (*Turning round.*) A fair challenge, by Jove; and from two at once. But it is not easy to bang the soldier with his bandeliers. (*Sings*—)

To follow me ye weel may be glad,
A share of my supper, a share of my bed;
To the sound of the drum, to range fearless and free;
I'll gar ye be fain to follow me.

Come, my pretty lass, and kiss me for my song.

JENNY. I shouldn't have thought of such a thing, Mr Halliday; and I'll assure you, ye'll ha'e but little o' my company, unless ye show gentler havings. It wasna' to hear that sort o' nonsense that I came here with my friend; and ye suld think shame o' yersel'—that suld ye.

HAL. Humph! And what sort of nonsense did bring you here, Mrs Jenny?

JENNY. My kinswoman here has some particular business with your prisoner, Mr Harry Morton; and I am come with her to speak to him.

HAL. The devil you are! And pray, Mrs Jenny, how do you and your kinswoman propose to get in? You are rather too plump to whisk through a key-hole; and opening the door is a thing not to be spoken of.

JENNY. It's not a thing to be spoken of, but a thing to be done.

HAL. Indeed, we'll see about that, my bonny Jenny.

(*Resumes his walk, singing*—)

Keek into the draw-well,
Janet, Janet;
There ye'll see your bonny sel',
My joe, Janet.

JENNY. So you're no thinking to let us in, Mr Halliday? Weel, weel, gude e'en to you. You ha'e seen the last o' me, and this bonny-dye too.

(*Holding up a dollar.*)

EDITH. Give him gold! Give him gold!

JENNY. Silver's e'en owre gude for the like o' him, that disna care for the blink o' a bonnie lassie's ee.

(*Going.*)

HAL. Halt a bit—halt a bit—rein up and parley, Jenny. If I let your kinswoman in to speak to my prisoner, you must stay here, and keep me company till she comes out again; and then we'll be all well pleased, you know.

JENNY. The fiend be in my feet, then! But, hech, sirs! to see the difference between folk's promises and their performance. Ye were aye willing to slight puir Cuddie; but if I had asked him to oblige me in any thing, though it had been to cost his hanging, he wadna have stude twice about it.

HAL. Damn Cuddie! He'll be hanged in good earnest, I hope. If I thought I was to have had him cast in my dish, I would have brought him up at my horse's tail. We had law enough to bear us out.

JENNY. Very weel, very weel. See if Cuddie winna ha'e a *long shot at* you, some of these days. He can hit a mark bravely; *and he's* as true of promise as of e'e and hand, though he disna

mak' sic a phrase about it as some people. But it's a' ane to me. Come, cousin—we'll awa'.

HAL. Stay, stay, Jenny! Damn me, if I hang fire more than another man, when I have said a thing! Where's the sergeant?

JENNY. Getting fou wi' John Gudyill, the butler.

HAL. So, so! he's safe enough. Well then, my pretty Jenny, if you will promise to come alone next time——

JENNY. Maybe I will, and maybe I winna; but if ye get the dollar, ye'll like that just as weel.

HAL. I'll be hanged if I do, though; but it's always something for my risk. If I were trusting to you, you little devil, I should lose both pains and powder; whereas this fellow will be good as far as he goes. So come—come along—I'll open the door for you—softly! Be ready to start when I call, as if they were sounding horse and away! Softly!

[*Exeunt cautiously.*

SCENE III.—*A vaulted Apartment in the Tower.*

MORTON *discovered reclining on a Table in an attitude of deep melancholy.—The door is cautiously opened by* HALLIDAY, *and* EDITH *and* JENNY *enter.—He fastens the door and retires.*

JENNY. We are in now, Madam, and must mak' the best of our time. Mr Morton, Miss Edith is very sorry for your present situation; and——

MOR. (*Rises—rushes to* EDITH—*throws himself at her feet, and takes her hand.*) Miss Edith! am I then so blessed? How have I deserved that you should thus interest yourself for the unfortunate?

EDITH. I have taken a strange step, Mr Morton—a step that may expose me to censure in your eyes; but I have long permitted you to use the language of—of friendship—too long, to leave you when the world seems to have deserted you. But why is this imprisonment—and what is likely to be the event?

MOR. Be it what it will—it is to me, from this moment, the most welcome incident of a dreary life. To you, dearest Edith, I have owed the few moments of happiness which have gilded a gloomy existence; and if I am now to lay it down, that recollection will console me in the last hour of suffering.

EDITH. By whom will you be examined?

MOR. By Colonel Grahame of Claverhouse.

EDITH. Claverhouse! Merciful Heaven! You are lost ere you are tried.

MOR. Be not alarmed, my dearest Edith. Claverhouse, though stern and relentless, is, by all accounts, fair and honourable. *I am a soldier's* son, and will plead my cause like a soldier.

EDITH. You are lost! you are lost! There is neither ruth nor favour to be found with him!

JENNY. With your Ladyship's pardon, and young Mr Morton's, we maunna waste time. Let him tak' my plaid and gown, I'll slip them off in the dark corner, if he'll promise not to look about; and he may walk past Tam Halliday, wha is half blind with his ale; and I can tell him a canny way to get out o' the Tower; and your Ladyship will gang quietly to your ain room. I'll wrap mysel' in his grey cloak, and put on his hat; and when the coast's clear, I'll cry in Tam Halliday, and mak' him let me out.

MOR. Let you out! They'll make your life answer it.

(*During this*, HALLIDAY *appears at the door listening.*)

JENNY. Ne'er a bit! Tam darena' tell he let ony body in, for his ain sake; and I'll gar him find some other gate to account for the escape.

HAL. Will you, by Heaven! If I am half blind, I am not deaf; and you should not plan an escape quite so loud, if you expect to go through with it. Come, come, Mrs Janet—march—troop—quick time—trot, damme. And you, Madam kinswoman, make a clear garrison—beat a retreat, or I'll turn out the guard.

MOR. I hope, my good friend, you'll not mention this circumstance. You must have observed we did not enter into the hasty proposal made by this good-natured girl.

HAL. Oh, devilish good natured, to be sure. As for the rest—ah! I guess how it is, and I scorn to tell tales as much as another; but no thanks to that little jilting devil, Jenny Dennison; who deserves a tight skelping, for trying to lead an honest lad into a scrape, just because he was fool enough to like her good for-nothing face——

(JENNY *cries, and puts her handkerchief to her eyes.*)

Come, come, none of that nonsense—you go through the motions cleverly enough; but it won't do, d'ye see. Let me see your backs turned; for if Bothwell was to take it into his drunken head to make the rounds half an hour too soon, it will be a black business for us all.

MOR. Farewell, dearest Edith! Do not remain here till you are discovered—leave me to my fate—it cannot be beyond endurance, since you are interested in it. Farewell!—farewell!

(JENNY *leads out* EDITH.—MORTON *returns to the table, and sits down in a melancholy posture.*)

HAL. (*As he's locking the door.*) Every one has his taste to be sure; but damme, if I would have vexed so sweet a girl as *that, to* have saved a whole regiment from the halberts.

[Exit.—The scene closes on MORTON.

SCENE IV.—*Another apartment in the Tower.*

Enter LADY MARGARET BELLENDEN *and* GUDYILL.

LADY M. Did I not tell you, John Gudyill, that it was my especial pleasure, on this occasion, to have every thing in the precise order wherein it was upon that famous morning when his most sacred Majesty partook of his *disjune* at Tillietudlem?

GUD. Doubtless, such were your Ladyship's commands—and to the best of my remembrance——

LADY M. Then, wherefore was the venison pasty placed on the left side of the throne, and the stoup of claret on the right?—when, ye may well remember, John Gudyill, that his most sacred Majesty, with his own hand, shifted the pasty to the same side with the flagon, and said, they were too good friends to be parted.

GUD. Well, madam, it's easy mending the error; but, if every thing is to be just as his Majesty left it, there should be an unco hole in the venison pasty. [*Exit.*

Enter MAJOR BELLENDEN.

LADY M. My dear brother! This is a right early visit.

MAJOR B. Not more early than welcome, I hope, sister; but I heard you were to have Claver'se here this morning; so I thought, like an old firelock as I am, I should like to have a chat with this rising soldier. I made Pike saddle Kilsythe, and here we both are.

LADY M. And most kindly welcome you are. You see I am busy in preparation—all is to be in the same order as when his most sacred Majesty——

MAJOR B. Breakfasted at Tillietudlem—I remember it well; you know I was in waiting.

LADY M. You were, brother; and perhaps you can help me to recollect the order of the entertainment.

MAJOR B. Nay, good sooth! That damnable dinner that old Noll gave us at Worcester, a few days afterwards, drove all your good cheer out of my memory. But I see, in the hall there, you have even got the great Turkey leather elbow chair, with the tapestry cushions placed in state——

LADY M. (*Very gravely.*) The throne, brother, if you please.

MAJOR B. Well, the throne be it then. Is that to be Claver'se's post in the attack on the pasty?

LADY M. No, brother. As these cushions have once been honoured by accommodating the person of our august monarch, they shall never, during my lifetime, at least, be pressed by any *less dignified weight.*

MAJOR B. Ah! here comes my fair niece.

Enter EDITH.

Why, what's the matter, you silly girl? You look like an officer's wife, when she opens the news-letter after an action, and expects to find her husband among the killed and wounded. But hark! I hear the kettledrums.

(*Drums and trumpets without.*)

Enter GUDYILL.

GUD. The regiment is arrived, my Lady. Colonel Grahame and the officers are dismounting in the court.

LADY M. I hasten to receive him, Gudyill—summon all the domestics, and let them stand precisely in the same order as when his most sacred Majesty——

MAJOR B.
EDITH. } Breakfasted at Tillietudlem!
GUD.

GUD. Yes, my Lady—they are all drawn up in the yard, rank and file.

LADY M. Follow me, then, John Gudyill.

[*Exit*; GUDYILL *follows.*

MAJOR B. Come, Edith, we had better attend her Ladyship too.

EDITH. Stay, sir, one moment—I have tidings which will distress you. Your friend, Mr Henry Morton——

MAJOR B. Ah! what of him? No disaster, I hope—and yet——

EDITH. He is a prisoner in the Tower—accused of sheltering one of the murderers of the Primate.

MAJOR B. What! Harry Morton! I cannot believe it—or he must have had powerful reasons.

EDITH. Oh! my dear uncle! no time is to be lost. Think of the danger he is in!—and yet, perhaps, it is improper in me—to——

MAJOR B. Well—well—I know all you would say—but take courage—I'll intercede with Claverhouse, and doubt not to obtain his liberty. Let us follow to the hall.

[*Exeunt* MAJOR B. *and* EDITH.

SCENE V.—*The Great Hall in the Tower of Tillietudlem.—A collation spread out.—Servants ranged on each side.—A flourish of trumpets and kettledrums.*

Enter CLAVERHOUSE, *handing* LADY MARGARET, *and followed by several* OFFICERS, *through folding doors in centre.*

CLAV. The urgency of my commission, Lady Margaret, precludes a long stay; but I could not pass the Tower of

Tillietudlem, without paying my respects to its distinguished inmates.

Enter MAJOR BELLENDEN *and* EDITH.

LADY M. Allow me to present my grand-daughter, Edith—(CLAVERHOUSE *salutes* EDITH.)—And my brother, Major Bellenden.

CLAV. Major Bellenden, I am proud to have this opportunity of expressing my esteem for one of the most distinguished members of this loyal family.

LADY M. And now, Colonel Grahame, if you please, we will to breakfast. I remember his most sacred Majesty, when he honoured this poor Tower of Tillietudlem, by taking his *dis-june*——

CLAV. We willingly obey your commands, madam. Miss Bellenden, will you honour me with your hand?

(CLAVERHOUSE *leads* EDITH *to the table, and sits beside her.—All sit.*—BOTHWELL *appears at the door.*)

CLAV. Well, Bothwell, what have you to report?

BOTH. My Lord Evandale and his party have halted on the high road with some prisoners.

LADY M. My Lord Evandale! Surely, Colonel Grahame, you will permit him to honour me with his society, and to take his poor *disjune* here—considering that even his most sacred Majesty——

CLAV. We are already too numerous a party—but as I know what Lord Evandale will suffer—(*Looking at* EDITH,)—if deprived of the pleasure which we enjoy, I will run the risk of overburdening your Ladyship's hospitality. Bothwell! let Lord Evandale know Lady Margaret requests the honour of his company.

[*Exit* BOTHWELL.

(CLAVERHOUSE *retires with* MAJOR BELLENDEN, *and appears to enter into earnest conversation with him;*—EDITH *anxiously observing them.—The rest of the officers remain at the table.*)

LADY M. Gentlemen, you partake but scantily of my poor repast. I fear it has not met your approbation, though all is precisely in the same order as when his most sacred Majesty——

CLAV. (*Coming forward with* MAJOR B.) I regret, Major Bellenden, that in this I cannot oblige you. But here comes Evandale with news. Well, my Lord, what tidings do you bring us?

Enter LORD EVANDALE.

LORD E. Unpleasant news, sir; a large body are in arms among the hills, and have broke out into actual rebellion.

CLAV. Unpleasant news, do you call them? They are the best *I have heard these six months.* Where are these knaves?

LORD E. About ten miles off, among the mountains, at a place called Loudon-hill.

CLAV. What may be their strength?

LORD E. Probably a thousand men. But accounts differ widely.

CLAV. Then we have no time to lose. Bid them sound to horse. [*Exit an* OFFICER.

LADY M. Must you then leave us so soon?

CLAV. It is impossible for me to delay. Their numbers will rapidly increase if not checked at once.

LORD E. Many are flocking to them already, and they give out that they expect a strong body, headed by young Milnwood, son of the famous Colonel Silas Morton!

CLAV. (*To* MAJOR B.) You see the principles of the young man you are pleading for.

MAJOR B. It's a lie! It's a damned lie of these rascally fanatics!—I'll answer for Henry Morton, as I would for my own son. He is a lad of as good principles as any gentleman in the Life-Guards—I mean no offence to any one. Call him up—let him be heard for himself.

CLAV. There can be no harm in that whether he be innocent or guilty. Major Allan, lead the regiment forward to Loudon-hill, by the shortest road. Move steadily and do not blow the horses. Lord Evandale and I will overtake you in a quarter of an hour. Leave Bothwell with a party to bring up the prisoners.

[*Exeunt all the* OFFICERS.

(CLAVERHOUSE *retires with* LADY M. *and the* MAJOR.—LORD EVANDALE *comes forward with* EDITH.)

LORD E. We are to leave you, Miss Bellenden, for a scene that is not without its dangers; and we part in circumstances so singular, as may excuse some solemnity in bidding farewell to one I have known so long—and whom I respect so highly.

EDITH. I hope—I sincerely trust there is no danger; and that Lord Evandale will speedily return, to be what he must ever be, the dear and valued friend of all in this castle.

LORD E. Of all? But be it as it may—there are few who have less reason to shun danger than I have.

CLAV. I will but dispose of this young fellow; and then, Lord Evandale—but I beg pardon—I am sorry to interrupt agreeable conversation—then, we must mount. Bothwell, bring up the prisoner,—and, hark ye, let two files load their carbines.

[*Exit* BOTHWELL.

EDITH. Gracious Heaven! Lord Evandale! this young gentleman is a particular friend of my uncle's. Your interest must be great with your Colonel—let me intreat your intercession.

LORD E. You overrate my influence; but will you not allow me to think I am obliging you in this matter?

EDITH. Oh yes, you will oblige me infinitely, on my uncle's account—I—but lose no time, for the love of Heaven!

LORD E. By Heaven, then, he shall not die, though I should perish in his place. But will you not—(*Taking her hand*)—accord to me one suit, in return for my zeal in your service?

EDITH. Anything you can ask, my Lord, that sisterly affection can give.

LORD E. And is this all you can grant to my affection living, or my memory when dead?

EDITH. Do not speak thus. You distress me—and do injustice to yourself. There is no friend to whom I—provided—but——

(*During this* MORTON *has entered, heavily ironed, and guarded by* TROOPERS—*he overhears* EDITH'S *speech, and their eyes meet.*—LORD EVANDALE *observes them both, then resigns the hand of* EDITH.)

LORD E. This is, I believe, the young gentleman who gained the prize at the shooting match.

EDITH. I am not sure—yet I rather think——

LORD E. It is he!—I know him well. A victor ought to have interested a fair spectator more deeply.

(LORD EVANDALE *turns from* EDITH, *and stands leaning on his sword, near the table at which* CLAVERHOUSE *is seated.* LADY MARGARET, EDITH, *and* MAJOR BELLENDEN *behind.*)

CLAV. Bring forward the prisoner!

(MORTON *steps from between the* SOLDIERS.)

MOR. By what right is it, sir, that these soldiers have dragged me from my family, and put fetters on the limbs of a freeman?

CLAV. By my commands!—and I now lay my commands upon you to be silent and hear my questions.

MOR. I will not be silent. I will know whether I am in lawful custody, and before a civil magistrate, ere the charter of my country shall be violated in my person.

CLAV. A pretty springald this, upon my honour!

MAJOR B. Are you mad, Henry Morton? For Heaven's sake, remember you are speaking to one of his Majesty's officers, high in the service.

CLAV. Your friend here, Major Bellenden, is one of those scrupulous gentlemen who will not tie his cravat, without the warrant of Mr Justice Overdo. But, waiving this idle discussion, you will be pleased, young man, to tell me, directly, when you saw *Balfour of Burley?*

MOR. As I know no right you have to ask such a question, I decline replying to it.

CLAV. You confessed to my sergeant that you saw and entertained him; why are you not so frank with me?

MOR. Because, I presume, you are, from education, taught to understand the rights on which you seem disposed to trample; and I am willing you should learn from me, that there are yet Scotsmen who will defend the liberties of their country.

CLAV. And these *liberties*, I suppose, you would vindicate with your sword?

MOR. Were I armed as you are, and we were alone on the side of a hill, you should not ask me the question twice.

CLAV. It is quite enough! Your language corresponds with all I have heard of you. But you are the son of a soldier, and shall not die the death of a dog. I will save you from that indignity.

MOR. Die in what manner I may, I will die like the son of a brave man; and the ignominy you mention shall remain with those who shed innocent blood.

CLAV. Make your peace then with Heaven in five minutes' space——

LADY M. Oh, Colonel Grahame! spare his young life! Do not repay my hospitality by shedding blood on the threshold of my doors.

MAJOR B. Colonel Grahame, you must answer this violence. Don't think, though I am old and feckless, that my friend's son shall be murdered before my eyes with impunity.

CLAV. This is stark madness! *I must do my duty!* Here are a thousand knaves hard by, in open rebellion, and you ask me to pardon a young fanatic, who is enough of himself to set a whole kingdom in a blaze! It cannot be!—Bothwell, lead him down to the court-yard, and draw up your party.

(EDITH *springs forward and attempts to speak, but faints in the arms of her Attendants.*)

JENNY. Help, help, for Heaven's sake! My young lady is dying!

(LADY M. *and* MAJOR BELLENDEN *go to her assistance.* EDITH *is carried out.* LORD EVANDALE *comes forward.*)

LORD E. Colonel, before proceeding in this matter, will you speak a word with me in private?

CLAV. Willingly, my dear Evandale.

(CLAVERHOUSE *rises and comes forward, motioning to the* GUARD *to retire with* MORTON.)

LORD E. I think I need not remind you, Colonel, that you *have considered* yourself as under some obligations to our family.

CLAV. Certainly, my dear Evandale; I am not a man who forgets such debts. You will delight me by showing how I can evince my gratitude.

LORD E. I hold the debt cancelled, if you will spare this young gentleman's life.

CLAV. Evandale, you are mad, absolutely mad! But I never evade a promise, or refuse to return an obligation. If you ask his life you shall have it.

LORD E. Keep him close prisoner, but I persist in requesting you shall not put him to death.

CLAV. Be it so, then. But, young man, should you wish to rise to eminence in the service of your country, let it be your first task to sacrifice to the public interest and the discharge of duty, your private passions, feelings, and affections.

(*Turns to* MORTON, *whom he steadfastly surveys, then addresses* LORD EVANDALE.)

You see him, Evandale: He is tottering on the verge between time and eternity—a situation more appalling than the most hideous certainty—yet his is the only cheek unblanched, the only eye that is calm, the only heart that keeps its usual time, the only nerves that are not quivering. Look at him well, Evandale; if that man heads an army of rebels, you will have much to answer for, on account of this morning's work. Bring forward the prisoner.

(*They bring* MORTON *forward.*)

Young man, your life is for the present spared, through the intercession of your friends!

MOR. If my life be granted at Lord Evandale's request——

CLAV. Take the prisoner away, Bothwell; I have neither time to make nor hear sentimental speeches.

(*Retires with* LADY M. *and the* MAJOR.)

BOTH. Have you three lives in your pocket, my lad, besides the one in your body, that you can afford to let your tongue run away with them at this rate? Come, I'll take care to keep you out of the Colonel's way; for, egad, you'll not be five minutes with him, before the next tree or ditch will be the word. So, come along quietly to your companions in bondage.

[*Exeunt* BOTHWELL *and* GUARDS *with* MORTON.

(CLAVERHOUSE, LORD EVANDALE, LADY MARGARET *and* MAJOR BELLENDEN *come forward.*)

CLAV. Come, my good lady, let me hear you say you have forgiven me; and when I return to-night, I'll bring a drove of two hundred rebels, and pardon fifty head of them for your sake.

MAJOR B. I shall rejoice to hear of your success, Colonel, but take an old soldier's advice—"Spare blood when battle's over." And, once *more, let me* request to enter bail for young Morton.

CLAV. We will settle that affair when I return. Come Evandale, we must now take leave of this hospitable mansion, and its respected inmates. Fear nothing for your friend, Major Bellenden —I have pledged my word—his life shall be safe.

[*Exeunt* CLAVERHOUSE *and* LORD EVANDALE *on one side*— LADY MARGARET *and* MAJOR BELLENDEN *on the other.*

END OF ACT II.

Act Third.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the Tower of Tillietudlem.*

Enter LADY MARGARET *and* MAJOR BELLENDEN.

LADY M. Indeed, brother, I fear poor Edith is seriously indisposed.

MAJOR B. Pooh, pooh, sister! She is only sick of the soldiers. She is not accustomed to see one acquaintance led out to be shot, and another marching off to actual service, with some chance of not finding his way back again. But I must be your guest here to-day; for I want to hear the result of this gathering on Loudon-hill.

LADY M. We are well pleased you will stay, brother; and I shall take my old privilege of looking after my household, whom this collation has thrown into as much disorder as when his most sacred Majesty took his *disjune.*

MAJOR B. Ay, ay; I hate ceremony as I do a stumbling horse. In the meantime I'll take a hit at tric-trac with old Gudyill.

LADY M. He has ridden out to try if he can hear any tidings of the battle.

MAJOR B. Damn the battle! It puts this family as much out of order as if there had never been such a thing of the kind in the world before. Well, well, go and look after your affairs, sister, and I'll content myself with my own company as well as I can.

[*Exit* LADY MARGARET.

Enter GUDYILL.

MAJOR B. How now, Gudyill? you look as much astonished *as you did* when they made that cursed sortie at the siege of *Dundee.*

GUD. Heaven send, Major, we don't see a siege of Tillietudlem, before we are many days older.

MAJOR B. How is that, John? What the devil do you mean?

GUD. Troth, sir, Claver'se is clean broken—some say, killed. The soldiers are all dispersed, and the rebels hastening hither, led by that incarnate devil, Balfour of Burley.

MAJOR B. I'll never believe that the Life-Guards, commanded by Claverhouse, would retreat; and yet I have seen such sights myself! Eh, what? Another Philiphaugh job?

GUD. Ay, sir, a total scattering. I thought, this morning, little gude would come o' their new-fangled gate o' slinging their carbines.

MAJOR B. Whom did you see? Who gave you the news?

GUD. More than half a dozen fellows, that are all on the spur which to get first to Hamilton.

[*Exit.*

Enter LADY MARGARET.

MAJOR B. My dear sister, have you heard the dismal tidings?

LADY M. I have, brother. Woe is me! What will become of us?

MAJOR B. Come, sister, don't be cast down. The tower is strong—the rebels ignorant and ill provided. My brother's house shall never be made a den of thieves, while old Miles Bellenden can defend it. But you and Edith had better retire to Charnwood.

LADY M. No, brother, since the old house is to be held out, I'll take my chance in it. And I hereby deliver to you the keeping of the Tower of Tillietudlem, with full power to kill, slay, and damage, those who shall assail the same, as freely as I might do myself. And I trust you will defend it as becomes a house where his most sacred Majesty has not disdained—

MAJOR B. Pshaw, sister! We have no time to talk about the king and his breakfast, just now.

Enter GUDYILL.

GUD. A body of the Life-Guards have halted under the Tower, and Claver'se himself is riding up to the gate.

MAJOR B. Huzza! I am glad he has escaped. Have they brought off the king's colours?

GUD. Troth have they, sir.

MAJOR B. Huzza, again! Come, sister, let us hasten to receive him.

Enter CLAVERHOUSE *and* TWO OFFICERS.

LADY M. *I am grieved*, Colonel Grahame, deeply grieved—

CLAV. *And I am grieved*, my dear Lady Margaret, that the

misfortune which has happened to *us* may render your remaining here dangerous. I am come chiefly to request you and Miss Bellenden will accept my escort to Glasgow.

LADY M. My brother, Colonel Grahame, has undertaken to maintain this place, and they shall never drive Margaret Bellenden from a house where his most sacred Majesty has not disdained to take his *disjune.*

CLAV. But have you the means, Major?

MAJOR B. All but men and provisions, with which we are ill supplied.

CLAV. As for men, I will leave you a dozen or twenty fellows, who will make a good breach against the devil. If you can defend the place a week, by that time I can assure you of relief.

MAJOR B. I will hold out for that space, Colonel, though we should gnaw the soles of our shoes for hunger.

LADY M. And Colonel Grahame, if I might presume a request, it would be, that Sergeant Francis Bothwell might command the auxiliaries.

CLAV. The sergeant's wars are ended, Madam. The king has lost a good subject, and (*Turning to the* MAJOR) the devil has gained one.

MAJOR B. I am astonished at your calmness, under all the unpleasant circumstances of this affair.

CLAV. Yes, my enemies in the council will lay this misfortune to my charge. I despise their accusations. They will calumniate me to my sovereign. I can repel the calumny. The public enemy will exult in my flight—I shall find a time to show them they exult too early. My nephew, who has fallen, stood between a grasping kinsman and my inheritance; yet, peace be with him, the country can better spare him than your friend, Lord Evandale, who after behaving very gallantly, has I fear, also fallen.

MAJOR B. What a fatal day! It was reported that the poor young nobleman's impetuosity occasioned the loss of this unhappy field.

CLAV. Not so, Major. Let the living officers bear the blame, if there be any; and let the laurels flourish untarnished on the grave of the fallen! But I can delay no longer. Farewell, Lady Margaret! My earliest means shall be turned to the redemption of my character, as a good and honourable knight. Adieu! my stout-hearted friend—Good luck be with you, and better times to us both.

[*Exit with the* OFFICERS—LADY MARGARET *and the* MAJOR *on the opposite side.*

SCENE II.—*Another Room in the Tower.—The Hall.*

Enter EDITH *and* JENNY.

JENNY. Oh, Madam! Madam! What do you think's come to pass now? Wha would ha'e thought that young Milnwood and Cuddie would ha'e ta'en on wi' thae rebel blackguards!

EDITH. What do you mean by such improbable nonsense, Jenny?

JENNY. I ken it's no pleasing for you to hear, and it's as little pleasant for me to tell, but the haill castle is ringing wi't.

EDITH. Ringing with what, Jenny? Have you a mind to drive me mad?

JENNY. Just that Henry Morton is out wi' the rebels, and one o' their chief leaders.

EDITH. It is a base calumny! Henry Morton is incapable of such treachery.

JENNY. Dear, dear Miss Edith! They maun be better acquainted wi' young men than I am, or wish to be, that can tell precisely what they are capable or no capable of. But there's been Trooper Tam and another chield out to recon—recon—reconnoitre—I think they ca' it, and they saw young Milnwood mounted on a dragoon horse, wi' sword and pistol, and Cuddie at the heels o' him, in one of Sergeant Bothwell's laced waistcoats, and a cockit hat, wi' a bob o' blue ribands in it, and a ruffled sark like ony lord i' the land! It sets the like o' him indeed.

EDITH. Jenny, it's impossible this can be true. It's a trick of Halliday to tease you.

JENNY. Na, Madam, it canna be that; for the other dragoon told John Gudyill, word for word, the same story. And Mr Gudyill was in sic a rage that he told it over again to us; and says, the haill rebellion is owing to the nonsense o' my Lady, and the Major, and Lord Evandale, that begged off young Milnwood and Cuddie yesterday morning, for that if they had been hanged, all would have been quiet, and troth I am muckle of that opinion mysel'.

EDITH. Gracious Heaven! I cannot support this unlook'd-for misery! (*Sinks down in a chair, fainting.*)

JENNY. Eh, forgi'e me! what ha'e I done! I wish my tongue had been cuttit out—a'body tells me it will do me a mischief some day. But wha wad ha'e thought of her taking on that way, and all for a young lad! Eh, preserve us! and she's sitting on the throne too, as my Lady calls it, that naebody has sat in since that weary morning the king was here!

EDITH. (*Recovering.*) If he had been unfortunate, I never *would have deserted him.* If he had been unfaithful, I would have *forgiven him.* If he had died, I would have mourned him. But

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a traitor to his king and country, the associate and colleague of common cut-throats, the persecutor of all that is noble, the enemy of all that is sacred,—I will tear him from my heart, though my life-blood should ebb in the effort.

JENNY. Take my arm, Madam, better just take my arm,—sorrow maun ha'e its vent,—and, doubtless——

EDITH. No, Jenny; you have seen my weakness and you shall now see my strength.

JENNY. But ye leaned on me the other morning, when ye were sore grieved.

EDITH. Misplaced affection may require support. Duty can support itself. Yet I will do nothing rashly. I will learn the reason of his conduct—and then—cast him off for ever.

[*Exit* EDITH.

JENNY. Odd, when the first flight's ower, Miss Edith takes it muckle easier than I do—and, I'm sure, I never car'd half sae muckle about Cuddie as she did about young Milnwood. However, I'll ne'er waste my e'en wi' greeting about the matter. There wad be aye enow o' young men left, if they were to hang the tae half o' them.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*A room in a poor Cottage.—Henry Morton at a table, writing.*

Enter CUDDIE, *in* SERGEANT BOTHWELL'S *coat and helmet, with a portmanteau under his arm.*

CUD. I ha'e just been putting your honour's things in readiness, as is my duty, seeing ye ha'e been sae gude as to tak' me into your service.

MOR. I take you into my service! You must be dreaming, Cuddie.

CUD. Na, na, sir—didna I say, when I was tied on the horse yonder, that if ever I gat loose, I would be your servant—and ye didna say no! If that is na hiring, I kenna what is!

MOR. Well, Cuddie, if you insist on taking the chance of my unprosperous fortunes——

CUD. Unprosperous! Nae sic thing! I ha'e begun the campaigning-trade at an end it's easy enough to learn.

MOR. Pillaging, I suppose;—for how else could you come by these strange accoutrements?

CUD. I wotna if it's pillaging, or how ye ca't—but it comes natural to a body, and it's a gey profitable trade.

MOR. But explain.

CUD. Weel, then, ye maun ken, our folk had tirled the dragoons as bare as bawbees afore we were loose—so when I saw them weel yokit by the lugs to Kettledrummle, and the other

chield, aff I set, the long trot, on my ain errands. Sure enough, I came to a place where there had been some clean leathering, and a hale posse o' carcages that naebody had found out. And wha' suld be in the midst thereof, (as my mither says,) but our auld acquaintance, Sergeant Bothwell.

MOR. Has that man fallen?

CUD. Troth has he. And his e'en were open, and his teeth clenged thegither, like the jaws of a trap for foumarts, when the spring's down. I was a-maist fear'd;—however, I thought to ha'e turn about wi' him—and sae I e'en riped his pouches, as he had done many an honester man's:—And here your ain siller again, that he got at Milnwood that unlucky night that made us a' sodgers thegither.

MOR. There can be no harm, Cuddie, in using the money, as we know how he came by it. Upon my word, you have made a very successful foray for a young beginner!

CUD. Havena I, now! I told ye I was na that dooms stupid, if it came to lifting things. Weel—ilka dog has his day. Ye ken what the auld sang says, "Tak' turn about, mither, quoth Tam o' the Linn." And, speaking o' that, if your honour hasna ony immediate use for me, I maun gang and see about my mither, puir auld body.

MOR. What, is your mother here too, Cuddie?

CUD. Troth, sir, they garr'd the puir auld soul mount on a rough trotting horse, wha scamper'd over the dykes and hedges wi' her, like auld Beelzebub himsel'; and she crackit awa' all the time, till she fairly beat Poundtext and Kettledrummle intil the bargain. However, I maun see after her, I warrant a' will gang brawly an ance we get auld Mause weel putten up.

[*Exit.*

MOR. Fate, then, has driven me on a desperate course! There is no medium. The struggle is for life or death. If I fall, the purity of my motives is unknown, save to that Heaven, whose name is so often profaned. But the sword is in my hand, and be the result as it may, posterity shall allow, that, in courage at least, the rebel Morton was equal to his father.

Enter BURLEY.

BUR. The council, Henry Morton, have nominated you to a command of trust and danger. You, with the main body, will march against Glasgow, while I remain with a chosen band to reduce this Tower of Tillietudlem.

MOR. Why not permit me to command the smaller party, and march yourself to Glasgow? It is the more honourable charge.

BUR. *And, therefore,* have I laboured that it should be committed to thee.

MOR. Think not I shrink from danger—but I have urgent reasons.

BUR. I know what thou wouldst say. There are those within yon dark Tower, over whom thou wouldst rather watch, like a mother over her little ones, than bear the banners of thy country over the necks of her enemies.

MOR. You mistake my motives, sir; but while there is a hope of recovering our rights by fair and peaceful mediation, I would sacrifice my own life a thousand times, rather than shed the blood of my countrymen in a civil war.

BUR. Henry Morton, hear me. I have sworn to raze that Tower to the ground—that not one stone shall stand upon another. The hazard of one life may effect my purpose—and it shall not be spared.

MOR. What mean you?

BUR. Lord Evandale is my prisoner!

MOR. I understand you! And you will avail yourself of that advantage, to dishonour our cause in the eyes of all the world, by basely putting a prisoner to death.

BUR. If the house of Tillietudlem be not surrendered by day-break, may Heaven do as much, and more to me, if he shall not die the death to which his leader and pattern, John Grahame of Claverhouse, hath put so many of our persecuted brethren.

MOR. We are in arms to put down such cruelties, not to imitate them. By your former friendship for my father—by the gratitude you owe me. for sheltering you when pursued to the death—by the sense of justice you boast—by that fear of Heaven you profess—I intreat—I adjure—I command you, to spare the life of Lord Evandale!

BUR. Boy! I am fixed!—Thou can'st not alter me!

MOR. I too am fixed! He shall not die, by Heaven! Surrender him up to my disposal, or here, for ever, I abandon a cause your mean, unmanly vengeance will disgrace. I have sworn to draw this sword in support of justice and invaded rights, but never shall it abet cruelty or sanction murder.

BUR. Murder!—Go to—thou art an idle, inconsiderate boy, who, for the black eyebrows of a silly girl, would barter thy own faith and honour, and the cause of Heaven and thy country.

MOR. This language, sir, requires satisfaction!

BUR. And thou shouldst have it now, but that dissension would undo us. Be patient, and the time shall come. Concerning the prisoner—deal with him as ye think fit. Dingwall!

Enter DINGWALL.

BUR. Let the guard posted on Lord Evandale give up their *post to those* whom Captain Morton shall appoint to relieve them. *He is my* captive, made by my sword and spear—nevertheless, he

is at your disposal; and the consequences be on your head. But remember—for this there will yet come a day of heavy accounting. [*Exit.*

MOR. (*To* DINGWALL.) Where is the prisoner confined?

DING. In a hut hard by, ironed, and closely guarded.

MOR. Strike off his fetters, and conduct him hither. (DINGWALL *bows and exits.*) Now then we shall meet on equal terms.

Enter CUDDIE *in great alarm—his coat and head-piece streaming with hot porridge.*

CUD. Eh! Lord save us, your honour! I'm maist a dead man; and all through that deevil, Jenny Dennison. Wha wad ha'e thought o' her doing me sic an ill turn.

MOR. How now, Cuddie, what has reduced you to this dismal pickle?

CUD. Troth, your honour, I had weel nigh ta'en the auld Tower mysel', and saved ye all mony a day's hard leathering.

MOR. You, Cuddie! You perform such an exploit!—Ha! ha! ha!

CUD. Eh, sir! ye may laugh; but an ye had as muckle scalding kail-brose dashed about your lugs, as I ha'e had, ye wad be in nae plight for laughing.

MOR. Well, Cuddie; but recount the enterprise which has ended so fatally.

CUD. Your honour maun ken, then, there's a window just at the tap of the rock, ahint the auld Tower, where mony a time I ha'e helped Jenny Dennison out, forby creeping in whiles mysel', to get some daffin at e'en, after the pleugh was loosed.

MOR. Well, Cuddie.

CUD. And so, your honour, having naething to do, I just clambered up, and keekit in, to see what was gaun on; and wha suld I see but Jenny hersel' in the kitchen, wi' a pat o' kail-brose on the fire. So I just ca'd to her; and the little deevil, instead o' greeting an auld acquaintance kindly, set up a screaming "Murder! we're a' harried!—Tak' it amang ye!" And wi' that flang the haill cog o' parritch, wi' a dismal yell, right intil my face.

MOR. Ha! ha! ha!—Poor Cuddie! 'Tis fortunate you escaped with life.

CUD. Troth, sir, but for Sergeant Bothwell's steel cap and buff coat, I had been cured o' sodgering for ever. But they are garments of excellent endurance, and as I turned round on the first alarm, I got it a' on the back o' my head and shouthers, as ye see; so I e'en scampered down, and de'il a bit looked ahint till I cam' here.

MOR. And now, Cuddie, I should recommend your getting rid

of that embroidery, which by no means adds to the splendour of your military accoutrements.

CUD. I'll e'en do that, your honour; and I'll ha'e reason to recollect het kail-brose for as lang as I shall ha'e to live.

[*Exit.*

Enter DINGWALL *and* LORD EVANDALE.

MOR. My Lord, I am sorry to see you here, and a prisoner.

LORD E. Captivity, Mr Morton, is always hard to bear! but were it less endurable, I am given to expect to-morrow a total enfranchisement.

MOR. By death?

LORD E. I have no other prospect. Burley has already dipped his hands in the blood of men whose mean rank and obscure extraction might have saved them. I have no such shield, and am prepared to meet his vengeance.

MOR. But Major Bellenden may surrender to preserve your life.

LORD E. Never! with my consent, while there is one man to defend the battlements, and that man has a crust to eat.

MOR. Hear me, my Lord. The inmates of that castle are my earliest, my dearest friends. I would save them from the horrors of an assault, which the vindictive fury of Burley will not long delay, and their weak means cannot withstand. You are placed at my disposal—and you are free! I give you life for life;—return to the garrison, with a safe conduct for the ladies, the Major and all who leave it—on condition of its instant surrender.

LORD E. I feel your generosity; and now we are more than equal. But——

CUD. (*Without.*) Dinna hang back, woman, but just come awa' to the Captain.

(*Enters with* JENNY *muffled in a plaid.*)

MOR. Why this interruption?—Is there any alarm?

CUD. Na, sir; but I ha'e brought one to speak with you.

MOR. Who is that, Cuddie?

CUD. Ane o' your auld acquaintance, sir. Come, come, ye need na be sae bashful before auld friends, Jenny. (*Pulling away the cloak.*) There's a braw lassie—tell his honour now what ye were wanting to say to Lord Evandale.

LORD E. To me!

MOR. What is the matter, Jenny! You know how much I respect the family in Tillietudlem; and can hardly make a request I will not grant, if in my power.

JENNY. (*Bursting into tears.*) Bless your kind heart for saying sae. They never needed kindness or friendship mair; for they are like to be famished for lack of food.

MOR. Gracious Heaven! Can it be possible! Have the ladies and the Major——

JENNY. They are suffering like the lave o' us; for they shared every bit and sup wi' the whole folk in the castle; and we had nae time to get ony supplies in frae the country.

MOR. Sit down, my good girl, and compose yourself. I knew not of this—I could not know it. Cuddie, fetch refreshments—food—wine, if possible—any thing you can find.

CUD. Whisky is gude enough for her. Ane wadna ha'e thought gude meal was scant among them, when the quean threw sae muckle kail-brose, scalding het, about my lugs.

[*Exit.*

(JENNY *endeavours to laugh.*)

MOR. You come, I suppose, from—from your mistress, to Lord Evandale——Deliver your message.

JENNY. Your honour is an auld friend, to be sure, but——

MOR. Do not hesitate—her wishes shall be my law.

JENNY. Weel, then, ye maun ken, we're starving; and the auld Major has sworn that he'll not gi'e ower the house to the enemy, till we ha'e eaten up his auld boots,—and they are unco thick in the soles, forbye being teuch in the upper leather.

MOR. Well!

JENNY. But the worst is to come; there's nae guiding thae dragoons that Claverhouse left in the Castle: for when the auld Major wanted them to make a sally as he ca'd it—(my mother's name was Sally—I wonder how they gi'e Christian folks' names to such unchristian doings!)——

LORD E. Did the scoundrels refuse to obey him?

JENNY. Troth did they, and swore they'd gi'e up the garrison to the enemy, and the Major and the leddies into the bargain, provided they got leave to gang free themselves.

MOR. And you were sent to carry this unpleasant news to Lord Evandale.

JENNY. Just e'en sae.

MOR. But how can he help you? He is a prisoner.

JENNY. Weel-a-day, ay! But maybe he could mak' fair terms for us—or maybe he could gi'e us some gude advice,—or maybe he might send his orders to the dragoons to be civil,—or——

MOR. Or, maybe, you were to try and set him at liberty, if possible.

JENNY. Well, an' it were even sae, it wadna be the first time I ha'e done my best to serve ane in captivity.

MOR. True, Jenny, and I were most ungrateful to forget it. You see, my Lord, the situation of your friends. With a mutiny in the garrison, and without provisions, it will be *impossible to defend* the place four-and-twenty hours longer.

There is no time to hesitate. Close with my offer, and all are safe.

(CUDDIE *enters with refreshments.* JENNY *retires.*)

LORD E. There is indeed no alternative. I pledge my word the garrison shall be withdrawn.

MOR. Prepare then to mount. A chosen band, whom I can trust, shall be your escort to Glasgow. And now, my Lord, in return for life and liberty, let me request you to bear to the Duke of Monmouth this humble petition and remonstrance. If the grievances therein contained are redressed, I will answer with my head, that this unhappy quarrel terminates without the shedding of one drop of blood.

LORD E. Most willingly will I undertake the commission; and if I fail, it will not be for want of inclination.

MOR. It is all we can expect or wish. Come, my Lord, I will conduct you safely through our lines. Yet, one word more: My friends—those whom on earth I must revere, are in that Castle—I would they knew the motives I am guided by. Men judge by outward actions; Heaven alone can read the heart. To you, my Lord, I commit the charge of undeceiving them. Tell them that Henry Morton became a rebel to restore the blessings of peace to his distracted country, and he who is most active in accomplishing this end, will best deserve esteem while living, and honourable fame when dead.

[*Exeunt* MORTON *and* LORD EVANDALE.

CUD. Come, Jenny, we ha'e nae time to lose. Weel,—ye'll think o' puir Cuddie sometimes—an honest lad that loves ye, Jenny. Ye'll think o' him now and then.

JENNY. Whiles——at brose-time!

(CUDDIE *kisses her.*)

JENNY. De'il's in the fallow! He has twice the spirit o' Tam Halliday, after a'.

[*Exeunt.*

END OF ACT III.

Act Fourth.

SCENE I.—*The Royal Camp in the neighbourhood of Bothwell Bridge. Claverhouse's Tent conspicuous on one side. A party of Life-Guards drawn up. Martial music as the curtain rises.*

CLAVERHOUSE *and* OFFICERS *enter from the Tent. A flourish of Trumpets and Kettledrums as the Guards present arms.*

CLAV. Gentlemen, you have received your full instructions. The honour of leading the attack is committed to us. We have some character to retrieve, and shall, I hope, by our decisive victory of to-day, efface the memory of Loudon-Hill.

(*Trumpets without.*)

Enter an OFFICER.

OFFICER. A flag of truce from the insurgent army.

CLAV. Conduct him here at once. His errand will be soon dispatched. Time is too precious to be lost in idle conference.

Enter MORTON, *accompanied by a* TRUMPETER, *and another* OFFICER, *bearing a flag of truce.*

CLAV. Now, sir, you come from those misguided men. The object of your mission here?

MOR. It is contained in a written remonstrance, transmitted by Lord Evandale to the Duke of Monmouth.

CLAV. Then, sir, from me receive your answer, for to me his Grace has delegated his full powers. Some of your demands are not unreasonable, but we treat with suppliants only, not with rebels. Lay down your arms, disperse your followers, and trust our mercy.

MOR. Such conduct would prove we thought ourselves the rebels which our enemies are pleased to term us. Our swords are drawn for the recovery of our just rights. We cannot sheath them but on a safe and honourable prospect of redress.

CLAV. Then here our conference closes. For a few minutes I suspend the attack till you communicate my answer to your leaders.

MOR. I shall report your offered clemency, sir, and since we cannot obtain an honourable peace, we must prepare to bid war welcome, as we may.

(*Going*—CLAVERHOUSE *detains him.*)

CLAV. Stay, sir, one moment if you please. Gentlemen, with *your permission*——

(*To the* OFFICERS, *who all retire.*)

I think this is not the first time I have seen Mr Morton of Milnwood.

MOR. Nor is it General Grahame's fault that he, or any one else, should now be incommoded by my presence.

CLAV. And yet your present situation proves that my proceedings at our last meeting only squared to my duty.

MOR. To reconcile your actions to your duty, and your duty to your conscience, is your affair, sir, and not mine.

CLAV. Lord Evandale insists that I have done you wrong. I trust I shall always distinguish between a high-minded though misguided gentleman, and the blood-thirsty assassins who lead your crazy clowns. Be assured, they will not stand our assault for half an hour. Consult your own safety—surrender yourself to me :—I can and will protect you, and have pledged myself to Evandale to do so.

MOR. I should owe Lord Evandale my thanks, did not his scheme imply an opinion that I might be prevailed on to betray my trust, and sacrifice my honour to my safety. If you, sir, feel that you have done me wrong, and will grant me a different species of satisfaction—meet me in a few minutes at the west-end of Bothwell Bridge, and let our swords decide between us.

[*Exit with his attendants.*

CLAV. I shall be happy to meet you there. A brave lad, but he's a lost man, his blood be upon his own head.

(*Turns to his* OFFICERS.)

Come, gentlemen, to our posts. Should these mistaken men reject the offer I have made them, sound the attack in the king's name, and, as our old Scottish blazon has it—HEAVEN DEFEND THE RIGHT!

[*Exeunt with military music.*

SCENE II.—*Bothwell Bridge, and the River Clyde—The insurgent army discovered.*

MACBRIAR, PATON, MAXWELL, DINGWALL, *and other leaders.* BURLEY *stands near the front, sullenly leaning on his sword. As the scene changes, a general murmur among the insurgents breaks into tumult. The leaders come forward.*

MAC. I tell you, you are deceived. Morton is treacherous—he is gone to make terms for himself, and will desert us in the hour of danger.

PAT. I will not believe it. The youth is valiant, and we have ever found him worthy of trust.

BUR. Short-sighted madman! Did he not send that silk-worm—that gilded trifle of a Lord, to offer terms of peace, and of submission!

PAT. He did so; and what then?

BUR. What then? But thou art blinded by an idle partiality. I have fought—I have watched—I have plotted—Where is the reward? In the hour of honour this beardless youth is placed above me. He assumes command, and will betray us.

(*A general exclamation from the Insurgents*—)

No, no, no! Down with Morton. Burley shall lead us!

MAC. Ay, Burley shall lead us—we will follow only him.

(*All join in the different shouts of the parties, and the tumult is at its height, when*)

MORTON *enters.*

MOR. Hold, hold! I command you. What means this ruinous disorder, and at such a moment?

BUR. It means that there is treachery among us, and we are betrayed into the hands of our enemies.

MOR. Not so! not so!—Hear me, I intreat you, for a moment. I bring from the enemy an offer to treat, if you incline to lay down your arms. I can assure you the means of making an honourable defence, if you are of more manly tempers. The time flies on—resolve for peace or war, but let it not be said of us in future days, that six thousand Scottish men in arms had neither the prudence to negotiate—the coward's wisdom to retreat in time, nor the courage to stand their ground, and fight the battle through.

(*Loud shouts from* MORTON'S *party, opposed by the others. At this time, distant trumpets, and reports of cannon and musketry. An* OFFICER *on the bridge calls out*—The enemy! the enemy!)

MOR. Silence your senseless clamours. Yonder the enemy advances on us. On maintaining that bridge against him depend our lives and the hope of reclaiming our laws and liberties. There, at least, shall one free Scotsman die in their defence. Let all who love their country follow Morton.

(*Rushes off to the bridge, followed by the* INSURGENTS *with loud shouts.*)

SCENE III.—*An open country close to Bothwell Bridge.*

The noise and tumult of battle continues. Several of the INSURGENTS *cross the stage, flying from the battle.*

Enter CUDDIE.

CUD. *The Lord save us! See how the broadswords are flashing. Our party is scattered! The head's ta'en aff them as clean*

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as I wad bite aff a sybo! Eh, sirs! but war's a fearsome thing! They'll be cunning that catch me at this wark again.

Enter MACBRIAR, DINGWALL, MAXWELL, PATON, *and other Insurgents, in full retreat from the battle*—MORTON *following, and endeavouring to rally them.*

MOR. Turn, turn, my friends—by one bold effort the bridge may yet be regained.

MAC. Heed him not! He flies like a coward, and has left Burley to perish in the slaughter.

MOR. I do not fly—I come to lead you to his support. Advance boldly, and we shall yet do well.

MAC. Follow him not, he has sold us to the enemy,—disperse, and seek for safety.

[*Exeunt the* INSURGENTS.

CUD. (*Looking after them.*) By my faith, lads, ye'll win the race, win the battle wha like.

MOR. Cowardly hinds! their cause is ruined for ever.

Enter BURLEY.—*A shot fired, and he drops his sword as wounded.*

BUR. May the hand be withered that shot the shot! I can fight no longer.

MOR. Fly, my friend, and save yourself, resistance now would be madly throwing away our lives.

BUR. Henry Morton, thy courage on this fatal day has atoned thy former wavering, but with thee I fly not. Thy heart is with the dark-haired Edith; but turn from that folly—for in exile, in flight, and even in death itself, shall my hand be heavy against that bloody and malignant house.

MOR. What mean these threats? They never injured you—nor have you the power to retaliate if they had.

BUR. Short-sighted youth! Providence has placed a record in my hand, which deprives them of their rich inheritance. I will mete back to them their own measure of ruin and confiscation. The resistance of Tillietudlem was the main cause of our present scattering, and I have bound it on my soul to visit it upon them.

MOR. Stay, sir, these ambiguous words compel me to demand—

BUR. Fare-thee-well! Time presses, I must fly to my cave of refuge, where man in vain would strive to assail me. Morton, for thy father's sake, I will trust thee with my secret. Should *fortune* again favour our cause, seek me, and thou shalt find me *by inquiring* at the *Houff* for QUINTIN MACKELL *of Irongray. Keep the* sword ready in thy grasp, ponder my warnings, and so *farewell!* [Exit.

CUD. (*Who has been anxiously looking out.*) Eh, Lord safe us! Maister Harry, the dragoons are coming doun upon us!—Fly! fly! for Heaven's sake, sir! Mak' for some strength, or our sodgering's a' at an end, and for ever! [*Exit, hurrying off* MORTON.

SCENE IV.—*The inside of an old-fashioned Farm House.—A door at one side, and a large practicable window at the back of the scene.*

MACBRIAR, PATON, DINGWALL, MAXWELL, *and eight other Insurgents discovered sitting in desponding attitudes round a large table.*

MAC. Friends, we are mad to linger here, so near the scene of our defeat. We had better at once disperse, and seek refuge in the mountains.

PATON. Our horses will carry us no farther without rest and food. We must refresh them here, if possible.

MAC. Had Burley been supported at the Bridge, this fatal disaster had never happened.

MAX. That traitor Morton is the cause of all. He fled and abandoned his post.

MAC. 'Tis true! And we are bound, should he fall into our hands, to revenge on *him* the evil he has brought on *us*.

CUD. (*Without.*) Holloa! (*Knocks at the door—All start up.*) How's a' wi' ye, friends. Undo the door, will ye, and ye'll get a braw addition to your company!

MOR. (*Without.*) Open, and admit two weary travellers.—(*A short pause.*)

MAC. Pass on, whoever you are!—We seek not your presence—here you will find neither safety nor assistance.

(MORTON *and* CUDDIE *force open the window.*)

CUD. (*Trying to hold him back.*) Eh! Gude save us, sir! they're nae friends o' ours—Dinna gang in—dinna gang in;—fiend ha'e me, an I like to venture in amang sic an ill-faured congregation.

MOR. Silence, Cuddie! and follow me.

MAC. By Heaven! 'tis Morton himself!

(MORTON *enters through the window—goes to the table, and seats himself.—The* INSURGENTS *range themselves on the other side, and gaze sternly on him, but without speaking.—Two are placed afterwards as sentinels at the window.*)

CUD. (*As he enters through the window.*) I were weel paid for this intrusion now, an there suld be a pat o' scalding brose on the fire.

DING. (*Crosses round behind, and speaks to* CUDDIE *aside.*) Son of Mause Headrigg!——

CUD. That's me, sure aneugh.

DING. Stay no longer with the traitor Morton—his hour is come! Neglect not this caution—the way is open to thee—pass on, and tarry not.

CUD. Troth will I, sir—and muckle obliged to ye for the hint.

(DINGWALL *points to the window and retires.*)

Eh! Lord help us! what did the chield say? They'll kill him, the murdering loons—they'll kill Maister Harry, and think they're doing a gude turn. But I'se e'en take the road back for Hamilton, and see an I canna get some o' our ain folk to bring help in time of needcessity.

(*Retires, and, during what follows, makes his escape through the window.*)

MOR. You bend strange countenances on me, gentlemen! Why do you deny a comrade common hospitality? What mean this silence, and your threatening attitudes?

MAC. Traitor! dost thou ask? Thou hast betrayed us—thou art the cause of our defeat. Behold, my friends, Providence has delivered him into our hands! His blood shall expiate his treason.

MOR. Condemn me not so hastily. Of what am I accused?

MAC. Hast thou not even urged peace and vile submission?

ALL. He has! he has!

MAC. Wouldst thou not have surrendered the army into the hands of Monmouth? And wert thou not the first to desert the valiant Burley while he yet resisted at the bridge?

ALL. Ay, ay! He was! he was!

MAC. I saw him fly!—I saw him on the moor—his horse bloody with spurring, long ere the fighting had ceased on the bridge.

ALL. Ay, ay!—'Tis true! 'tis true!

MOR. If you mean to bear me down with clamour, and take my life without hearing me, it is in your power to do so; but you will sin before Heaven and man by the commission of such a murder. Had those who here accuse me of flight, and revile me with treason, stood by my side in the battle, we should now, instead of being a defeated and discordant remnant, have sheathed our weapons in an honourable peace, or brandished them triumphantly after a decisive victory.

MAC. How, traitor! darest thou retort the reproach on us?—*Let him die!* (*Drawing his sword.*)

MAX. Hold, hold! Slay him not till he has confessed his *offences.* Was it not through thee that Lord Evandale escaped?

and didst thou not protect Miles Bellenden and his garrison of cut-throats from our just vengeance?

MOR. I am proud to say you have spoken the truth in both instances.

MAX. And thou hast betrayed our cause for the sake of Edith Bellenden?

MOR. You are incapable of appreciating my feelings towards that young lady; but all that you accuse me of I should have done had she never existed.

MAC. It is enough! Seize on and disarm him!

(MORTON *is suddenly surrounded and disarmed before he is able to make any resistance.*)

MAC. Now, traitor, prepare to meet the death thou hast deserved.

MOR. Strike, then, if ye dare! I scorn to beg my life or supplicate a moment's pause—strike, I say!—satiate your mean unmanly vengeance; and the weight of my innocent blood shall lie heavy upon you.

(*As they are preparing to stab* MORTON, *a noise as of the galloping of a horse is heard.—All make a momentary pause and listen.*)

DING. (*From the window.*) Hark! I hear the distant tramp of cavalry—they come this way.

MAC. 'Tis but the rushing of the brook over the pebbles.

MAX. It is the sough of the wind among the bracken.

MOR. By Heaven, it is the galloping of horse! Should they come as my deliverers!

MAC. Pause not, my friends, but dispatch the traitor.

DING. The enemy!—The enemy are upon us!

(*Loud flourish of trumpets and kettle-drums.*—HALLIDAY *and a party of the* LIFE GUARDS *rush in, and attack the* INSURGENTS, *who are speedily overpowered and driven off.* MORTON *struggles with the men who hold him, and releases himself from them.*—CUDDIE *jumps through the window and runs to* MORTON, *embracing him in a transport of joy.*)

CUD. Where is he? Where is he? Where is Maister Harry? Safe and sound!

MOR. Cuddie, my faithful fellow, am I indebted to you for this timely rescue?

CUD. Troth are ye, sir. Aha! ye'll maybe wonder where I could find sae muckle thought. It's whiles gude to *seem stupid*; but Cuddie has nae lack o' wit when time cares for it.

MOR. Nor courage neither, my honest fellow. But where did you *encounter the dragoons*?

CUD. *I fell in* wi' Claverhouse's party when I was seeking

some o' our ain folk to help ye out o' the clutches o' thae grim-looking chiels, and there was nae time to lose; and so, atween the de'il and the deep sea, I e'en thought it best to bring him in wi' me, for he'll be wearied wi' felling folk the night, and the morn's a new day; and Monmouth gi'es quarter for asking; sae haud your head abune, and I'se warrant we'll a' do weel aneugh yet.

Enter CLAVERHOUSE.

CLAV. Is Morton safe?

CUD. Troth is he, your honour. Nae sae muckle as a hair o' his head singit.

CLAV. Remove that honest lad, and treat him civilly.

CUD. A braw gude e'en to your honour, and mony thanks to ye. I should like to see thae gentlemen gang first—and now they may e'en tak' Cuddie where they like, now that Maister Harry is in ceevil custody.

CLAV. Secure your prisoners, Halliday; make a memorandum of the business, and be ready to mount in five minutes. See that the men look well to their horses; and let my groom wash Wildblood's back with some vinegar—the saddle has touched him a little.

[*Exeunt* HALLIDAY *and* DRAGOONS, *with* CUDDIE.

CLAV. I rejoice, Mr Morton, that, through the blundering gallantry of your servant, we arrived in time to save you. You are now my prisoner, but your captivity shall neither be long nor rigorous. A short banishment from Scotland will expiate the sum total of your offences. Are you content with this?

MOR. It were madness in me to reject terms so favourable, when my honour is no longer implicated, and worse than ingratitude not to thank you, sir, for this timely interference. But what right have I to General Grahame's protection now, more than when I first met him?

CLAV. And narrowly escaped the consequences, you will say? I will answer you frankly. At first I mistook your character—now I know you better; and there is that about you which I respect in an enemy as much as I esteem in a friend. Lord Evandale, too, owes you his life, and has bound me to aid him in proving his gratitude.

MOR. His Lordship owes me nothing. On the score of mutual service we at least are equal; but I should be proud to thank him for the interest he has taken in my fate.

CLAV. You will see him in Edinburgh. He rode off immediately after the battle, to convey the first news of our victory to *his intended* bride.

MOR. Is he on the point of marriage then?

CLAV. Yes; with the fair Edith Bellenden.

MOR. Edith Bellenden! Can it be possible? Has she consented?

CLAV. Unquestionably—the day is fixed. Since the loss of their estate, Lady Margaret and her grandaughter have suffered much distress, from which the delicate kindness of Evandale has in some measure relieved them.

MOR. The loss of their estate?

CLAV. Yes; in the sacking of Tillietudlem, by your friend Burley, the will of the late Earl of Torwood was lost, the estate seized by the next heir at law, Basil Olifant, I think, the rascal calls himself, and, from wealth and splendour, I grieve to say, that truly loyal family have been reduced to poverty.

MOR. Now, then, I understand the ambiguous threats of Burley; he has the deed in his possession. At what time, sir, must I appear before the council?

CLAV. At noon, to-morrow.

MOR. General, I am now a suitor to you, and my request is a strange one.

CLAV. Name it, sir, without reserve.

MOR. The document you mention is not lost; I know who holds possession of it. I can recover it, and thus restore their just inheritance to those whom most on earth I value. The recollection of this one act will cheer my future days, wherever I am doomed to pass them. Give me my liberty for four-and-twenty hours—I will accomplish this, or lose my life.

CLAV. At once I grant it, sir. You shall have arms—the swiftest charger in my troop, and a party to back you, if you require it.

MOR. No, I must go alone; numbers would impede, not aid my purpose. A horse and arms are all I ask for. Within the time I mentioned, I will surrender myself up at your quarters in Edinburgh; but how shall I thank you for this generous confidence? What pledge can I propose?

CLAV. The honour of a gentleman and a soldier, I ask no other, nor could you offer any of a higher value. Come, sir, let us not lose a moment. I will myself see your horse prepared, and may success attend you. [*Exit* CLAVERHOUSE.

MOR. I was not prepared for this. Yet Evandale is worthy of her, and if she is happy, why should I repine? Yes, Edith, though the rebel Morton be effaced from your remembrance, one last important service he will render you—pronounce a fervent blessing on your union—and then, with one bitter sigh to the memory of his extinguished hopes—banish himself from his native land for ever. [*Exit* MORTON.

END OF ACT IV.

Act Fifth.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in Lady Margaret's Mansion in Edinburgh.*

Enter MAJOR BELLENDEN *and* LADY MARGARET.

MAJOR B. Well, sister, as this marriage contract you say is to be signed to-morrow, and my presence is necessary, I shall certainly stay in Edinburgh till it is settled, though I am rather anxious to get back to my old house at Charnwood. I daresay the scoundrels have played the very devil there in my absence.

LADY M. Brother, your presence, as the male representative of the family is indispensable; but I cannot account for Edith's increased dejection as the time approaches.

MAJOR B. I think I could—(*aside*)—but it's no matter. I once, to be sure, thought differently for Edith, but Evandale's a worthy lad, and—

LADY M. And his alliance most desirable. Consider, brother, we are no longer what we were, when his most sacred Majesty partook of his *disjune*.

MAJOR B. Ah! Well, sister, times are changed to be sure, so we must e'en be content as we may; the young couple shall have my blessing with all my heart. Poor Henry! I am sorry for him; but, eh! here comes Evandale, so I shall leave you together. He comes, I suppose, to talk to you about the ceremony, and all that, so you shall have a *tete-a-tete*. An old bachelor cuts but a silly figure on these occasions.

[*Exit.*

Enter LORD EVANDALE.

LADY M. My Lord, I rejoice to see you.

LORD E. I hope my coming has not driven the worthy Major away.

LADY M. Not so, my Lord. My brother, as well as the whole family, is fully sensible of your claims to our respect and gratitude.

LORD E. For any trifling service I may have rendered you, Lady Margaret, am I not repaid too richly by the prospect of your alliance? But where is Edith? I hoped to find her with your Ladyship.

LADY M. I'll send her to you immediately, and then return to superintend the preparations for to-morrow. I wish the entertainment for the evening to be as nearly as possible in the same

order as when his most sacred Majesty honoured my poor Tower of Tillietudlem, by partaking of his *disjune* therein.

[*Exit* LADY MARGARET.

LORD E. The crisis of my fate is now arrived, and on this interview with Edith, all my future plans depend. I have the warmest sanction of her friends—her own consent too—yet still, doubts which I cannot conquer, spite of my desire to do so, impress on me the conviction that she gives her hand a sacrifice to duty, but that the heart accompanies not the gift. I will speak plainly, and learn her real sentiments, without disguise. Should what I suspect prove true, never will I be a bar to her happiness, but I will subdue my own passion, though I should sacrifice my peace of mind for ever.

(*Enter* EDITH.)

Miss Bellenden, I fear you will consider my present visit an unnecessary intrusion.

(LORD EVANDALE *hands chairs, and they both sit down.*)

It may, it must appear strange to you, that when every thing appears favourable to my wishes, I should still express a doubt that your approaching union with one so little worthy of you, may not secure your happiness as effectually as it will mine.

EDITH. My Lord, I—I scarcely understand you.

LORD E. Edith, I will speak plainly, and entreat you to reply with equal candour. It may spare us both much future misery. If you have yielded to a sense of duty, and——

EDITH. Do not think me capable of dealing with you unjustly. Lord Evandale merits such usage from no one, and least of all from her whom he has honoured with his regard. Give me but time —I will endeavour to be all you wish, nothing shall excite your complaints, no idle recollections intervene to prevent the affectionate discharge of my duty, no vain illusions recal the memory of other days.

LORD E. Edith, you treat me like a child. If you repent your engagement, say so, and you are free; but deal with me as a man, and forbear this cruel trifling.

EDITH. Press me, then, no farther——It cannot be——Take all that I can give, my warmest regard, my devoted friendship; I will love you as a sister; I will serve you as a bondswoman, but never, never speak to me more of marriage.

LORD E. The die then is cast! My fondest hopes are vanished, and on the very eve of their completion.

EDITH. Forgive me, my Lord!—forgive me!—I have dealt untruly by you——I have deceived myself and you, and I almost merit your contempt. I must break a solemn engagement, but I felt not the misery it would cause me. I knew not the state *of my own feelings. I* am not insensible to your merit, my Lord,

but, before I knew you, I had no longer a heart to bestow. You have my friendship, my highest regard, my most sincere gratitude, you have more, you have my solemn word and faith, but—oh! forgive me! You have not my love, and I cannot marry you without a sin.

LORD E. Compose yourself, dearest Edith, and listen to me. The object of my love was to promote your happiness—I have sworn to do it, and no selfish feeling shall prevent me. Never more will I importune you on the subject. Trust all to me. I will immediately seek an interview with Lady Margaret; though to have called you mine, was the fondest, almost the earliest wish of my heart, I shall know how to derive consolation from my disappointment, and though I cannot win your love, I will at least prove myself worthy of your esteem.

[*Exit* LORD EVANDALE.

EDITH. Noble, generous man! Why did an evil destiny lead him to fix his thoughts on one who had it not in her power to requite such true, disinterested love. My heart is relieved from a painful burthen that almost overwhelmed it! Now, Henry! though fate has placed a bar between us, and we may never meet again, I may at least think of you without a crime, and indulge the memory of our attachment without a pang of conscience for neglected duties.

SCENE II.—*The Linn of Linklater.—On each side rude and precipitous rocks.—A mountain cataract descends into a glen in the centre.—A natural Bridge, formed of a felled tree, crosses the fall, very high.—On one side a Cavern, with a fire.*

BURLEY *discovered asleep. His sword drawn, laying beside him.* MORTON *appears on the opposite side, led by a* BOY, *who, beckoning him to follow, crosses the Bridge.* MORTON *does so, dismisses his guide, and descends to the front.*

MOR. This then, is his retreat, and truly did he say, it were difficult for man to assail him here. But I must arouse him—Soft, he stirs!

BUR. (*Asleep.*) Ay! Strike again—heed not his groans, nor his grey hairs!—how?—do ye shrink back, cowards! Ha! who seizes me?—who binds my hands? Bear me where ye will, I will avouch the deed. (*Rushes from the cavern.*) Ha! Who art thou?

MOR. Henry Morton. Do you not know me?

BUR. Thy features are engraved on my heart, and few but *the son* of Silas Morton durst have followed me hither. Seest *thou that* drawbridge of nature's own construction? One spurn of *my foot*, and it is overwhelmed in the abyss below, bidding for-

men on the farther side stand at defiance, and leaving enemies on this, at the mercy of one who never met his equal in single fight!

MOR. Of such defences I should have thought you would now have little need.

BUR. Little need!—when incarnate fiends are leagued against me on earth, and—but it matters not—enough that I like my place of refuge, and would not exchange its rude ribs of limestone rocks for the fair chambers of the Earls of Torwood, with their broad bounds and barony.

MOR. It was of those possessions I came to speak. You have a document, the loss of which deprives Lady Margaret Bellenden, and her granddaughter, of their lawful property, and in favour of that base oppressive apostate, Basil Olifant.

BUR. Sayst thou so?

MOR. I do say so!—and, face to face, you will not now deny what you have before vouched.

BUR. And suppose I deny it not?—Dost thou still hope to possess the dark-haired girl, with her wide and rich inheritance?

MOR. I have no such hope.

BUR. And for whose sake, then, hast thou undertaken this?

MOR. For the sake of Lord Evandale, and that of his intended bride.

BUR. Then, as my soul liveth, thou art—to wear a beard, to back a horse, and draw a sword—the tamest and most gall-less puppet that ever sustained injury unavenged. What! Thou wouldst help that accursed Evandale to the arms of the woman thou lovest!—Thou wouldst endow them with wealth, and scatter roses in their path!

MOR. Even so, sir—and, for my own feelings, I am answerable to none but Heaven!

BUR. Hear me, son of mine ancient comrade—If thou wert suitor for thyself to this Edith Bellenden, and wert willing to go hand in hand with me, with zeal equal to thy courage, thou shouldst have the means this document affords to put in her possession the lands of her fathers!—The maiden loved thee, and thou her.

MOR. I will not dissemble with you, even to gain a good end. I came to persuade you to do an act of justice to others—not to obtain any selfish object of my own.

BUR. You refuse my proffer, then?

MOR. I do.——Would you prove yourself, as you are desirous to be thought, a man of honour and conscience, at once restore that parchment to Lord Evandale, to be used for the advantage of the lawful heir.

BUR. Sooner shall it thus perish for ever!

MOR. Nay, then, you drive me to extremity, and thus I force you to be just.

(BURLEY *is about to throw the Parchment into the fire.—*MORTON *springs upon him, grapples with him, and obtains it.*)

BUR. Thou hast my secret—thou must be mine, or die!

MOR. I contemn your threats. I pity you, and leave you.

(BURLEY *rushes past* MORTON—*ascends the rocks—pushes down the bridge, which falls into the cataract below—and drawing his sword, stands in an attitude of defiance.*)

BUR. Thou hast no option; now thou art at bay—fight! yield! or die!

MOR. I will not fight with the man who saved my father's life—I have never yet learned to say the words *I yield*—and my life I will rescue as I best can.

(MORTON *leaps across the chasm, and disappears on the other side.*—BURLEY *gazes after him in all the frenzy of disappointed rage.—The scene closes immediately.*)

SCENE III.—*A Hall.*

Enter HALLIDAY *and two* DRAGOONS *with* CUDDIE.

HAL. There, my lad—you must remain here for the present, till your turn comes.—The council are very busy to-day with the other prisoners, but they'll soon dispatch them.

CUD. Lord forgi'e, us, Sir! maun I gang afore the council. A puir body like me, in presence o' sae mony braw lords and gentles! And there's my mither, puir auld saul, come on the tramp a' the way frae Glasgow, to see to gar me testify, as she ca's it—that is to say, confess, and be hanged. But de'il tak' me, an they mak' sic a guse o' Cuddie, if I can do better.

HAL. Don't be down-hearted, my lad—you'll get off cheap enough if you can keep your tongue quiet.

[*Exit* HALLIDAY.

CUD. De'il a fear o' me, an auld Mause disna pit her finger in the pie.

Enter JENNY DENNISON.

JENNY. Whare is he!—Eh! Cuddie, Cuddie! my bonny man! I ran like wild, when I saw them dragging ye through the streets, awa' up to be justifeed.

CUD. Hout, woman! dinna talk that way. I'se no inclination to be made a martyr o', at that gate. But how's a' wi' ye *the now, Jenny*—ye're gay and gleg aneugh now—and how's my *Lady and Miss* Edith?

JENNY. No so weel as they ha'e been, or suld be. But my

young Leddie's to be married the morn; and to my mind she has unco little wull till't. But whare is your Maister, Cuddie—Mr Henry Morton?

CUD. Troth, he's just a prisoner like mysel'. Eh, sirs! but he's a braw soldier, Maister Harry! O an ye had but seen him doun at the brig there; fleeing about like a fleeing dragon, to gar folk fecht that had unco little wull till't. There was he, and that dour chiel they ca' Burley. My certes! if twa men could ha'e won a field, we wadna ha'e gotten our skins paid that day.

Enter MAUSE.

MAUSE. O! hinny, hinny! glad, and sorry, and proud and humbled am I, a' in ane and the same instant, to see my bairn gaun to testify gloriously with his mouth in council, as he did with his weapon in the field.

CUD. Whisht, whisht, mither! Odd, ye daft auld wife, is this a time to speak o' thae things? I tell ye, I'll testify neither ae gate or anither. I ha'e spoken to Mr Poundtext, and I'll tak' the declaration, or whatever they ca't; and we're a' to win free aff if we do that. He's gotten life for himsel' and a' his folk; and that's a minister for my siller. I like nane o' your sermons that end in a psalm at the Grassmarket.

MAUSE. O Cuddie, man! laith wad I be they suld hurt ye; but mind, my bonny bairn, ye ha'e battled bravely for the gude cause, and dinna let the fear o' hanging withdraw ye frae it now.

CUD. Hout, tout, mither! I ha'e fought e'en owre muckle already; and, to speak plain, I'm wearied o' the trade. I ha'e swaggered wi' a thae arms, and muskets, and pistols, and buff-coats, and bandaliers, lang aneugh, and I like the pleugh-paidle a hantle better. I ken naething suld gar a man fecht, (that's to say when he's no angry,) by and out-taken the dread o' being hanged or killed if he turns back.

MAUSE. But, Cuddie, dear——

CUD. Awa', awa', mither; dinna ye see the folk waiting for me? Never fash yersel' about me; I ken how to turn this far better than ye do. Jenny, tak' her awa' wi' ye, like a gude lassie.

JENNY. Troth will I, Cuddie; and I'll gi'e her some gude het brose; and I'll keep some for yersel', gin your examination's ower —ye ken ye aye liket your brose het.

CUD. Eh, woman, it's no time for daffing now!

Enter HALLIDAY.

HAL. Come along, my lad. Tom, take away those women.

JENNY. Indeed, Mr Halliday, but ye're a great man now; *but Cuddie will be* even wi' ye yet, an he ance wins safe out o' your

clutches. Good-bye, Cuddie; say ony thing they like to help ye aff free; and I'll take care o' auld Mause—and ye'll come down to our house—and ye'll mind your promise to marry me—and——

CUD. The deevil's in the lass—to be bleezing awa' there about marriage, an the job is first how we are to win by hanging.

[*Exeunt*, JENNY *and* MAUSE *on one side*—CUDDIE *on the other.*

SCENE IV.—*The Council.*

CLAVERHOUSE *as President.*

CLAV. Is the record concerning Mr Henry Morton enrolled in the proceedings of the day?

CLERK. It is, sir.

CLAV. 'Tis well, sir. Call in the other prisoner.

(*An* OFFICER *goes to the door and brings in* CUDDIE, *guarded by two* HALBERDIERS.)

CLAV. Stand forward, and answer faithfully whatever questions you are asked. Mr Clerk, proceed with his examination.

CLERK. Were you at the Battle of Bothwell Bridge?

CUD. An it like yer honour—I wad say—that is, no—if ye wad please—I crave a little time to think; for I promise ye I'm in an unco kippage.

CLERK. Were you at the Battle of Bothwell Bridge?

CUD. I'll no just say—but that it may be possible—that I might ha'e been there.

CLERK. Answer directly, sir—yes or no? You know you were there.

CUD. It's no for me to contradict your Lordship's Grace's honour.

CLERK. Once more, sir, were you there—yes or no?

CUD Dear sir, how can ane mind precisely whare they ha'e been a' the days o' their life?

CLAV. Speak to the point at once, you knave, if you would keep in a whole skin. Do you think we can stand here all day, to be turning and dodging with you, like greyhounds after a hare?

CUD. Aweeel, then, since naething else will please ye, write down that I canna deny but I was there.

CLAV. Well, sir, and do you think the rising on that occasion was rebellion or not?

CUD. I'm no just free to gi'e my opinion, sir, on what might *cost* my neck; but I doubt it will be found very little better.

CLAV. Better than what?

CUD. Just than rebellion, as your Grace's honour ca's it.

CLAV. Well, sir, that's speaking to the purpose. And are you

content to accept of the King's pardon, and to pray for his Majesty?

CUD. Blythely, sir, and drink his health, too, when the ale's gude.

CLAV. What brought you into such a scrape, my honest friend?

CUD. Just ill example, sir, and a daft auld jaud of a mither, wi' reverence ta your Lordship's honour.

CLAV. Why, truly, friend, I think you are not likely to commit treason on your own score. Make out his free pardon, and set him at liberty.

CUD. Heaven bless your honour! Hands aff!—(*To the* DRAGOONS.)—I'm a free man! Ye ha'e naething mair to say to me, gentlemen. Mony thanks to yer honours. But, if your Grace pleases, I'll just tak' the pardon awa' wi' me I ha'e *testified* to some tune the day, or the deevil's in't. They'll be wiser than I tak' them for that get's Cuddie into sic a mess o' deevildom again.

[*Exit.*

CLAV. Gentlemen, our business for the day is ended. We meet to-morrow at the usual hour.

As they all go off, enter LORD EVANDALE.

LORD E. Morton has returned.

CLAV. Has he succeeded?

LORD E. He has. The deed which restores lady Margaret to her estate is in his possession. He tendered it to me, but I prevailed on him, though with evident reluctance, to deliver it up in person.

CLAV. Then he knows not of your mediation in his favour, and his probably approaching happiness?

LORD E. I gave no hint of it, but our presence will be necessary.

CLAV. I attend you. Evandale, the singular generosity of your present conduct is beyond all praise.

LORD E. Judge not so harshly of mankind, as to think such actions singular. I claim no merit for a trifling sacrifice of selfish feelings, and envy not those who purchase their own happiness at the price of others' misery.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE THE LAST.—*An Apartment in Lady Margaret's House.*

LADY MARGARET *and* EDITH.

LADY M. My dearest child, do not give way to melancholy. I *own it would have made* my old age happy to have seen you married

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to Lord Evandale, but he has explained all to me. cannot be, regrets are useless.

EDITH. Madam, I do not deserve your tender in have acted inconsistently to Lord Evandale—most u to you. I have given up my heart to a feeling I ou subdued. I am doomed to misery, but I deserve i will repine.

Enter MAJOR BELLENDEN.

MAJOR B. Sister, here is a gentleman without— times I might have called him a friend—who entrea utes' conversation with you, on a subject of the las Shall I introduce him?

LADY M. Certainly, brother. Edith, my love, yo retire to your apartment.

MAJOR B. No, no; her presence is necessary to (*Goes to the centre door, and returns a*

LADY M. Mr Morton here?

EDITH. Henry!

MOR. I feel, Lady Margaret, that my present ost unwelcome one, and a few moments shall relie fore the late unhappy circumstances which have tal influence on my future fortunes, I was honou tice and the friendship of your family. Fortune oled me in some degree to prove my gratitude. T the important document which restores to you yo I place it in your hands with an exulting ha'e been plate this as the proudest moment of m

CLERK. My child! my dearest Edith! for you were there.

CUD. It's no for me From you, sir, I have r honour. not think I hav

CLERK. Once more, sir, were you ed be cheer

CUD Dear sir, how can ane mind been a' the days o' their life? ll, Henry

CLAV. Speak to the point at once, you —ps keep in a whole skin. Do you think we use day, to be turning and dodging with you, like a hare?

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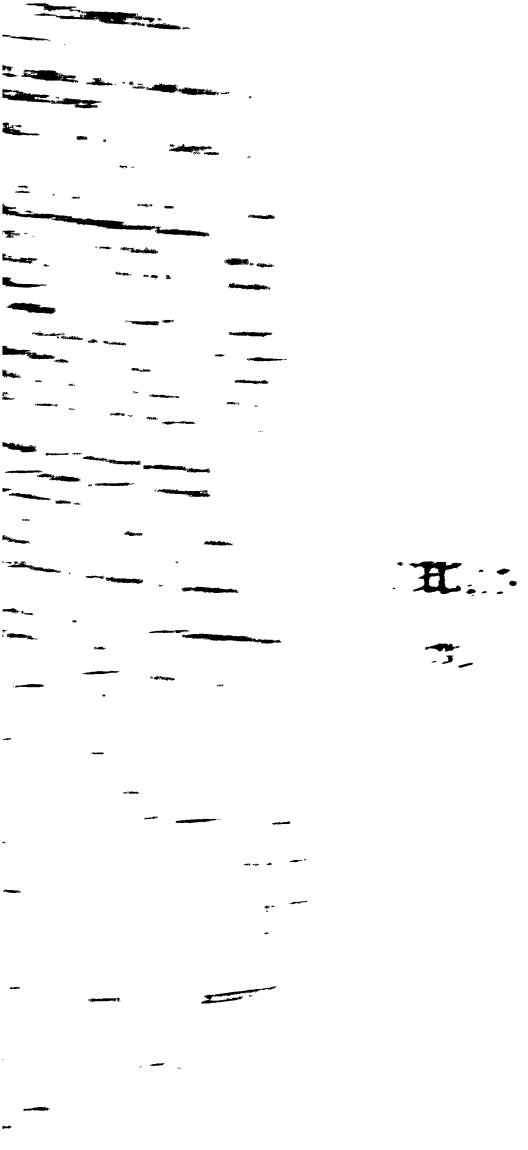

LADY M. Jenny, come forward! Do you wish to marry Cuthbert Headrigg?

JENNY. Yes—if it please your Ladyship.

LADY M. I shall not withhold my consent,—and you, Cuddie, shall be reinstated in the farm you held on the mains of Tillietudlem.

CUD. Heaven bless your Leddyship. Didna I tell ye, Jenny, I ken'd how to manage it?

JENNY. Ay, Cuddie, but ye maun always tak' my advice in future. Naebody has better sense when ye crack wi' ane a bit ower yer affairs, but ye suld never do ony thing aff hand out o' yer ain head.

CUD. Ane wad think it's true; for I had aye some carline or anither to gar me gang their gate instead o' my ain. There was first my mither, puir auld body, that didna let me ca' my saul my ain—then there was my Leddy there, and she quarrelled, and pulled me twa ways at ance, as if ilk ane had an end o' me, like Punch and the Deevil rugging about the baker at the fair—and now, I ha'e gotten a wife, and she's like to tak' the guiding o' me a' thegither.

LADY M. And now, General Grahame, we will, if you please, partake of a small collation, such as this poor house has been able to provide. Deeply do I regret that circumstances have not permitted me to arrange it in the same order as when his most sacred Majesty honoured my Tower of Tillietudlem by partaking of his *disjune* therein.

CLAV. I shall attend you to the festive board, Lady Margaret, with unfeigned satisfaction. The happiness of your family circle now appears perfect. I trust it may never again be blighted by the demon of civil discord; and that the swords of our gallant countrymen may sleep peacefully in their scabbards, till called upon to repel invasion, or chastise the insolence of FOREIGN ENEMIES.

END OF OLD MORTALITY.

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THE

HEART OF MID-LOTHIAN;

A MELO-DRAMA IN FIVE ACTS.

Dramatis Personæ.

As Originally Performed at the Surrey Theatre, London, January 13th, 1819, and in Edinburgh in 1820 and 1823. It was acted in London over 170 nights in 9 months.

	Surrey Theatre, 1819.	Edinburgh, 1820.	Edinburgh, 1823.
JOHN, DUKE OF ARGYLE AND GREENWICH,	Mr T. P. Cooke.	Mr Jones.	Mr Jones.
GEORGE STAUNTON,	Mr Watkins.	Mr Calcraft.	Mr Pritchard.
JOHN DUMBIE, LAIRD OF DUMBIEDIKES,	Mr Fitzwilliam.	Mr Mackay.	Mr Mackay.
DAVID DEANS,	Mr Clifford.	Mr Loveday.	Mr Faulkner.
REUBEN BUTLER,	Mr Gomery.	Mr J. Farren.	Mr Denham.
MR BART. SADDLETREE,	Mr Wyatt.	Mr Duff.	Mr Boddie.
MR SHARPITLAW,	Mr Adcock.	Mr Welsh.	Mr Mason.
MR ARCHIBALD,	Mr Fawcett.	Mr Anderson.	Mr Lee.
RASPER,	Mr Jonas.	Mr Martin.	Mr Miller.
DONALD,		Mr M'Gregor.	Mr Power.
JAMES,		Mr Nimrat.	Mr Hillyard.
JAMES RATCLIFFE,	Mr Ridgway.	Mr Alexander.	Mr Duff.
BLACK FRANK,	Mr Gibbon.	Mr W. Murray.	Mr Murray.
TYBURN TAM,	Mr Leonard.	Mr Gray.	Mr Bland.

The Town Guard, Police Officers, Porteous Conspirators, &c., &c.

CAROLINE, QUEEN OF ENGLAND,	Mrs Dibdin.	Mrs Renaud.	Mrs Renaud.
THE LADY SUFFOLK,	Mrs Bryan.	Mrs Mackay.	Mrs Mackay.
JEANIE DEANS,	Miss Taylor.	Mrs H. Siddons,	Mrs H. Siddons.
EFFIE DEANS,	Mrs Horn.	Mrs W. Murray.	Miss Eyre.
MRS GLASS,	Mrs Brooks.	Mrs Nicol.	Mrs Nicol.
MRS BALCHRISTIE,	Mrs Gomersal.	Miss Stanfield.	Miss J. Nicol.
SALLY, or BETTY,	Miss Bence.	Miss Nicol.	Miss M. Nicoll.
MARGERY MURDOCHSON,	Mrs Brooks.	Miss Penman.	Mrs Eyre.
MADGE WILDFIRE,	Mrs Egerton.	Miss Rock.	Miss Nicol.

THE

HEART OF MID-LOTHIAN.

Act First.

SCENE I.—*View of Edinburgh from the King's Park.**

As the Curtain rises, a distant drum is heard. GEORGE STAUNTON *and the* PORTEOUS CONSPIRATORS *discovered listening.*

STAUN. Away, away! Our enterprise is accomplished—Porteous is no more, and the spirit of Wilson is revenged! But, hark! authority is once more uppermost, and most powerful. Disperse! (*Drum heard again. Exeunt* CONSPIRATORS.) I am weary of this wretched life, and would not fly, nor seek to save myself, but for the sake of my poor—dear girl! To what misery hast thou linked thyself; yet must I save her; but how? Her lodgings are deserted; neither Margery nor Madge are to be seen! Effie has returned to her father's house; and as yet she knows not of her deadly peril. She has engaged her sister to meet me in secret this evening, but, beset as I am, I dare not venture so near to human habitation! Could I but find means to despatch a messenger; yet how that can be done, when all will be vigilance and pursuit, I can scarce determine.

Enter REUBEN BUTLER.

REUB. Good morning, sir. You are on the hill early.
STAUN. I have business here.

* This Scene does not appear in the original Drama by Dibden. In the present edition it has received a few emendations, so as to bring it *into harmony with what follows.*

REUB. I do not doubt it, sir; I trust you will forgive my hoping it is of a proper kind.

STAUN. Sir, I never forgive impertinence; nor can I conceive what title you have to hope anything about what in no way concerns you.

REUB. Conscious as I am of a pure motive, it were better I should incur your contempt for speaking, than the conviction of my own conscience for remaining silent.

STAUN. In the name of mischief, what have you to say?—though whom you take me for, or what earthly concern you can have with me, a stranger to you, I cannot guess.

REUB. From the agitation in your manner, which I observed before our meeting, you are about to violate a law, to commit a crime that——

STAUN. What think you is my purpose here?

REUB. Self-destruction!

STAUN. Your meaning, sir, I dare say, is excellent; but I am not in this place with violent intentions against any one. I may be bad enough, but I am here to save life, not to take it away. If you wish to spend your time rather in *doing* a good action, than in talking about you know not what, I'll give you an opportunity.

(*Goes up, and points off.*)

Do you see yonder craig to the right, over which appears the chimney of a lone house? Go thither—enquire for one Jeanie Deans, daughter of the good-man;—let her know he she wots of cannot meet her as proposed, but tell her she must meet me, at the Hunter's Bog to-night, as the moon rises behind St Anthony's Chapel, or she will make a desperate man of me.

REUB. Who are you, sir, that dare charge me with such a message?

STAUN. I am the *devil*, sir; ay, call me whatever name you choose, you shall not find an appellation more odious to him that bears it, than is mine own. I have told you who and what I am,—what is *your* name?

REUB. Reuben Butler.

STAUN. The assistant of the schoolmaster at Liberton?

REUB. The same.

STAUN. Ah! the very man we stopp'd last night;—should he recognise me—no matter! Go your way, and do mine errand; do not look after me: I will neither descend through the bowels of the rocks, nor vanish in a flash of fire; and yet the eye that seeks to trace my motions, shall have reason to curse it was ever shrouded by eye-lid or eye-lash. Begone, and look not behind you;—tell Jeanie Deans, that when the moon rises, I shall expect to meet her at Nicol Muschat's Cairn, beneath St Anthony's Well. [Exit.

REUB. Can it be possible! can a profligate, such as the tone and manner of this stranger too surely speak he is, have the power to command my plighted true love—my future wife, at an hour so unreasonable, and a place so improper—a spot rendered frightful and unhallowed by suicide and murder! Yet I will do his bidding, nor, without further proof, doubt the affections of my dear Jeanie. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Exterior of David Deans' Cottage and Byre.*

Enter JEANIE DEANS *from the Cottage.*

JEAN. The evening advances. Where can my sister stay? Oh, Effie, dear Effie! I fear to think of what your dreams disclose; she never stay'd sae late. What will our father say? I hope he'll no come in before her. Hark! sure 'tis her song.

EFFIE. (*Sings without.*)

The elfin knight sat on the brae,
The broom grows bonny, the broom grows fair,
And by there came lilting a lady so gay,
And we daurna gang down to the broom nae mair.

Enter EFFIE DEANS.

JEAN. Effie, where ha'e you been sae late?

EFFIE. (*Sighing.*) Been? No-where.

JEAN. No-where! I wish a' may be right.

EFFIE. Weel, I'm sure I never ask you what brings the Laird of Dumbiedikes here, glowering like a wull-cat!

JEAN. He comes to see our father.

EFFIE. And Dominie Butler, does *he* come to see our father? Ah, Jeanie, Jeanie! (*Sings.*)

Through the kirk-yard
I met wi' the laird,
The silly puir body he said me nae harm;
But just ere 'twas dark,
I met wi' the clerk———

Why, Jeanie, Jeanie, girl, in tears!

JEAN. Effie, Effie! if you learn foolish songs, you might at least make kinder use of them.

EFFIE. And so I might, dear girl; and I wish, alas, I had never learned them; and I wish I had never come here, and that my tongue had been blistered or ever I had vexed you.

JEAN. Never mind that; I canna be much vexed at anything *you* say to me; but oh! do not—do not vex our father.

This is no the first time we have spoken thus; consider your lang absence, and your illness, since your return hame frae staying wi' our cousin Saddletree, at Edinburgh. Our father thought what you seemed to have suffered had made you less wild, and—I cannot talk on't.

(*Weeps, and retires a few paces.*)

EFFIE. 'Tis cruel to remind me of that! I but assume this cheerfulness to drown sad recollection. (*Apart.*) Oh! why did I not formerly, why can I not yet make a friend of so good a sister. Good—yes, she would hold me no better than the ground beneath her feet, did I confess. (*Sighs.*)

JEAN. Sister! Effie!

EFFIE. Forgive me! I will try to deserve it. I will *not* vex our father, I will not; and were there as many dances as there are stars in a frosty night, I'd go to them no more.

JEAN. Dances, sister!

Enter DAVID DEANS.

DEANS. Dances! Dances, said ye, ye limmers? I daur ye again to name sic a word. 'Tis a dissolute and profane pastime, and, as that singular, worthy body, Peter Walker, the packman at Bristo Port, wad say, better to be born a cripple, like Bessie Bowie, begging bawbees, than daur to fike and fling at pipers' wind or fiddlers' squeaking. Awa' wi't, awa' wi't, I say.

(*They are going out in tears—he seems to relent, and after kindly embracing them, they exeunt into Cottage.*)

The loss o' my puir wife is a sair hindrance to the weelfare o' thae lasses. Would they were baith weel sped. Effie, my darling, nae ane comes to seek her hand; but Jeanie—a good girl, Jeanie—let me see, there's Dominie Butler, his Latin may be gude, the lad's no bad, but then he has nae gear—waes me, he has nae gear!—There's Dumbiedikes, a laird too, if he could but find in his heart to speak, she might find out his meaning. Let them but wed gude men, and——Eh! here is Dumbiedikes.

Enter the LAIRD OF DUMBIEDIKES, *dressed something between a Lowlander and a Highlander, with a laced cocked hat over a characteristic wig, and an empty pipe in his hand.* JEANIE DEANS *re-enters, and* DAVID DEANS *retires, as* DUMBIEDIKES *advances.*

DUMB. Jeanie; I say, Jeanie, woman, it's a braw day out-bye, and the roads are no that ill for boot-hose.

JEAN. That's much for him; more than he ever said to me *before.*

DUMB. Jeanie!

JEAN. (*Aside.*) What will he say next, I wonder? Weel, Laird?

DUMB. Jeanie, woman, I'm thinking—I'm just thinking—there's your faither.

DEANS. (*Coming forward.*) Jeanie, ye'll do weel to listen to this gude lad, the Laird o' Dumbiedikes. He's no like his faither.

DUMB. No a bit.

DEANS. Nae profane company keeper.

DUMB. I keep nae company. Oh, Jeanie.

DEANS. Nae drinker!

DUMB. (*Holding up his empty pocket flask.*) Nane!

DEANS. Nae swearer.

DUMB. If I am, I'll be——

DEANS. Laird!

DUMB. Eh? David, that was a mistake.

DEANS. Nae frequenter o' music-houses or play-houses.

DUMB. I hate a play-house, for I never see'd ane in a' my days.

DEANS. And though he cleaves to the warld and the warld's gear owre muckle, yet——

Enter MR BARTHOLINE SADDLETREE.

SADD. Jeanie, lassie, there's somebody wantin' ye out-bye. [*Exit* JEANIE.

Gude mornin' Laird. Yer servant, Mr Deans.

DEANS. Gude mornin', Mr Saddletree.

SADD. Awfu' times these, Mr Deans; awfu' times! awfu' times! As for me, ony wit that ever I had, may be said to have abandoned me, sae that I may sometimes think myself as ignorant as if I were *inter rusticos*. Here, when I arise in the morning, the mob maun get up and string Jock Porteous to a dyester's pole.

DUMB. Hang a man without leave o' the magistrates? Oh, Jeanie, wom——

SADD. Ay, Laird, its a kittle piece o' wark. I'm o' opinion, and so I believe will my learned friend, Mr Cross-my-loof, and the privy council, that this rising in *effeir* o' war, to tak' awa' the life o' a reprived man, will prove little better than *per duellum*.

DEANS. I'll dispute that point wi' you, Mr Saddletree.

SADD. Dispute! dispute, Mr Deans! How can you dispute what's plain law?

DUMB. Plain law! Eh, Jeanie, woman.

Re-enter JEANIE DEANS.

DEANS. *What now?* What—what's the matter?

JEAN. *Oh, faither!* dear faither!—such a misfortune!

DUMB. Can siller help it, lassie?

DEANS. Speak!

JEAN. Oh, Effie! My poor sister!

DEANS. Say! Quick!

JEAN. She is accused of—oh, my faither—of concealing the birth of her ain child!

DEANS. Who? Effie? Not my daughter? Of her ain child; what child? My daughter a——say, speak, she had none, never. Oh! would I had never never been a faither.

JEAN. Sir!

DEANS. Where is she? she that hath no place amang us, but is come like the evil one amid the children of peace! Where is she? Bring her, that I may kill her with a look.

SADD. Weel, but neebour, neebour, but——

DEANS. Leave me, sirs, leave me; I must wrestle wi' this trial by mysel'. [*Rushes off.*

JEAN. Follow, help, comfort him; I would go, but the sight of a daughter to him now were death.

[*Exit* SADDLETREE.

DUMB. Jeanie, woman, if siller, if—weel, weel, I'll gang and tell him sae. Oh, Jeanie, woman.

[*Exit.*

JEAN. This, this accounts for the mysterious notice I received, and promised Effie I'd attend in secret. Where is Reuben now? he might speak a word worth listening to, but I can never have him now. He's here!

Enter REUBEN BUTLER.

REUB. Jeanie! why turn ye from me, lassie?

JEAN. I'm glad ye're come, Reuben, because I wish'd to tell you that—that all must be ended between you and me, for—for baith our sakes.

REUB. Ended! Why so? For what?

JEAN. Ye've heard—my puir sister!

REUB. Yes, I've heard, and do not fear she may be cleared; but what has that to do with *our* engagement?

JEAN. Can you ask me? Na, I'll bring disgrace to nae man's hearth; my ain distresses I can bear alone.

REUB. Does this arise from your sister's misfortune only, or does Jeanie really wish to change?

JEAN. Me wish it? Never—why?

REUB. Because I'm charged with a strange message to you.

JEAN. From whom?

REUB. A young man I met on my way hither in the Park. *He desired me* to tell you he cannot see you at the hour *proposed, and wills you* to meet him to-night at Muschat's Cairn, when the *moon rises.*

JEAN. Then I must gang.

REUB. Alone?

JEAN. Alone.

REUB. May I ask who this man is, you are so willing to meet at this hour?

JEAN. We must do much in this world we have little will for.

REUB. What I saw of him was not much in his favour. Who, or what is he?

JEAN. I do not know.

REUB. What am I to think?

JEAN. Think only I speak truth. I do not know that I have ever seen him, yet must I meet this man; there's life and death upon it.

REUB. Then tell your father, or take him with you.

JEAN. I cannot.

REUB. Take me with you. I'll wait at any distance.

JEAN. Impossible. My life and safety are in Heaven's hands, and I fear not to risk either on this errand.

REUB. Then, Jeanie, we indeed must say farewell; where there's no confidence, there can be no regard.

JEAN. I hoped I had brought myself to bear this parting—for I knew not we should part unkindly.—But I am a woman, your mind is stronger; and if it is made easier by thinking hardly of me, I would not ask you to think otherwise.

REUB. You are, (what you have ever been), wiser, better, and less selfish than myself.—But hark! what noise——?

DEANS. (*Within.*) Never, no, never! I'll take no part in't, I tell you.

Re-enter MR SADDLETREE, *and* DUMBIEDIKES.

SADD. He'll listen to naething; he'll tak' nae steps; and in spite o' a' my knowledge o' the law, the puir girl maun die.

REUB *and* JEAN. Die?

DUMB. Will siller do naething, Mr Saddletree?

SADD. Much.

DUMB. I'll be my twenty pounds.

JEAN. May Heaven bless you, Laird!

(*Crossing to him, and taking his hand.*)

DUMB. Eh! Jeanie, woman! why then I dinna care if I mak' it thretty.

SADD. If we a' join to help, that will do bravely; you shall find money—and I as counsellor—I'll gi'e you——

DUMB. What?

SADD. A' my knowledge of the law.

REUB. Alas! can I do nothing?

SADD. You can collect evidence, only get ony ane to swear

the poor girl disclosed her situation before she was a mither, and she's safe—I've heard Counsellor Cross-my-loof say sae a thousand times.

REUB. "Get anybody to swear"—nothing so easy if the thing be true. But the fact, sir, the fact that this poor girl has born a child; surely the Crown lawyers must prove that?

SADD. I dinna ken that; for, as Lawyer Leatherlips justly observes, she has confessed her guilt.

JEAN. Confessed her guilt?

SADD. That is, the birth o' the infant; which a strange woman took away, she kens na whare.

REUB. I'll make enquiry, and fly to find her out.—Jeanie, take no rash step—remember!

[*Exit.*

DUMB. I wish I could flee; but I'll pay onybody else that will flee for me.

JEAN. Nay, hear me, Reuben!

[*Exit after* REUBEN.

DUMB. Neebour, I'd gang mysel', but my Rory Bean kens but twa ways, that's frae my ain house to this, and frae this to my ain house back again; that's a'.

SADD. Then awa' hame and fetch the thretty pounds.

DUMB. Twenty; I only said twenty!

SADD. At first; but that was under protestation to add and eik. Ye see, ye craved leave to amend the libel, and mak' it thretty.

DUMB. Did I? That maun ha'e been when Jeanie gied me a look. Oh dear! how sorry I am; because if I said sae, I maun do it.—Oh, Jeanie, Jeanie! Didna ye think the tears in Jeanie's ee'n looked like twa beautifu' laumer beads?

SADD. Yes; and he who cannot be melted (as Counsellor Brazen-nose says) by the tears o' a pretty woman, has a little owre muckle o' the *fortiter in re* about him; the *fortiter in re*——

DUMB. Forty? I didna sae forty! I dinna ken what siller ye may ha'e about ye, Mr Saddletree, but if I had the thretty pounds about me, and as muckle mair, I'd gi'e it o'er and o'er again, to kiss awa' ae tear frae——Oh, Jeanie, woman!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Interior of David Deans' Cottage.*

Enter DAVID DEANS, *in deep distress,* MR BARTHOLINE SADDLETREE, *and* JEANIE DEANS.

SADD. Ha'e patience, Mr Deans; patience wins the plea, as *Mr Cross-my-loof says.*

DEANS. I am patient, Mr Saddletree; it becomes me to be

patient! But I—to be made in my auld days, and under my own roof, a reproach and a shame by my ain and dearest child!—Yes! she was my dearest once; but I will never—never see her mair!

Enter MR SHARPITLAW, OFFICERS, *and the* LAIRD OF DUMBIEDIKES.

DEANS. (*Turning sternly round to them.*) Whom or what is it ye seek, gentlemen? Is it not hard, that misery cannot have its privacy, but men will rush to it as to a banquet?

SHARP. Mr Deans, I am a magistrate, and come by authority. You have two daughters.

DEANS. (*With suppressed emotion, but firmly.*) *One*, sir, only *one* daughter! There she stands. Come forward, Jeanie. Have you anything to say against *her?* Her name is Jeanie Deans! It was her mither's; who is now, blessed be Heaven, at rest and removed frae earthly shame and sorrow.

SHARP. My business is with another daughter, Mr Deans—with a young woman named Effie or Euphemia. I——

DEANS. I own no such for my daughter! When she became a trafficker in worldly pleasure and in sin, she ceased to be a child of mine.

SHARP. I come to arrest her, for the alleged murder of her infant child.

DEANS. How?—What? Murther!—murther!

JEAN. Father! sister! Gracious Heaven! It is not, cannot be so! Oh, sir, sir!

DEANS. To be the father of a cast-away—a profligate wanton—a murtheress! I have endured much, but this—this is sair to bide—sair to bide.

JEAN. Father, father! dear father!

SHARP. I wish any one else had this business in hand, with all my soul! but business must be done. Mr Deans, I must have my prisoner.

DEANS. (*Collecting himself with austere gravity.*) You are right, sir, you shall have your prisoner. In yonder room she sits.

(*Pointing to the door of an apartment.*—SHARPITLAW *signs to two* OFFICERS, *who go off.*)

Take her to you. She is fitter for ony society than ours; fitter for the place to which you will convey her, than for the house o' her father, to which she has brought shame and misery.

JEAN. Oh, my sister—my puir sister! She is innocent, and this will break her heart!

DUMB. Dinna tak' on sae, Jeanie;—dinna be cast down, David;—If siller will mend it——

DEANS. *Siller! Speak not to me of siller;—if numbering down my hail substance wad ha'e saved a child o' mine frae this*

black snare, I wad ha'e walked forth to beg for my bread, with no property save my bonnet and my staff, and called mysel' a happy man! but if a penny or a plack, or the nineteenth part of a Scotch farthing wad save open guilt and open shame frae open punishment, that purchase wad Davie Deans never make. My eyes shall be closed—my ears shall be shut—my heart shall be steeled against her.

(EFFIE, *struggling, is brought out by the two* OFFICERS.)

EFFIE. Murder my infant! no, no—I am innocent! indeed I am. Save, oh, save me!

(*She breaks from the* OFFICERS, *and rushes into* JEANIE'S *arms.*)

JEAN. Effie! Effie! dear Effie!—Sister! sister! Oh, father, look on her!

DEANS. Never again! she is no longer a child of mine—never gain! never again!

(*Turns his back to them*—EFFIE *clasps her hands, falls back fainting, and is caught by* SADDLETREE.—JEANIE *sinks on her knee, taking one of* EFFIE'S *hands.*)

END OF ACT I.

Act Second.

SCENE I.—*Anthony's Chapel.—A distant view of Edinburgh by moonlight.—Slow music.*

Enter DUMBIEDIKES.

DUMB. Weel, here I am close to Nicol Muschat's Cairn, at midnight—a place o' murder and deevildom; and to speak my mind, I wish I were at hame in my ain matted parlour. I ha'e heard o' learned men who fancied rocks at midnight; but in my *humble opinion*, a weel covered table, wi' twa candles, o' four to *the pund, is* a much finer night-piece. But if I dinna gi'e Saddletree *the* twenty or thretty pounds—I didna say forty—without

loss o' time, puir Effie may lose her life, and then—Eh! wha's this coming? Hegh, sirs, I'm no lang for this world! what will become o' me? Oh, Jeanie, woman!

(*Runs off and conceals himself.*)

Enter SHARPITLAW, RATCLIFFE, *and several of the* TOWN GUARDS, *as on the look-out for some one.*

SHARP. Ratcliffe! that's your name isn't it?

RAT. Ay, always wi' yer honour's leave.

SHARP. That is to say you could find me another name if I did not like that one.

RAT. Twenty, to pick and choose from,—always wi' yer honour's leave.

SHARP. Well, Ratcliffe, you ken the ground we're on.

RAT. Weel, right weel, Mr Sharpitlaw; and I ken we're looking for a man it's no easy catching.

SHARP. He was overheard to make an appointment to meet a lass this night at Muschat's Cairn.

RAT. An odd place to meet a bonnie lass, at the grave of a murderer!

SHARP. He's little better himself: a fellow who escaped from punishment, and who, for all his disguise in the mantle of Madge Wildfire, is known to have headed the band that hung up the Captain of the City Guard; you know him, and I do not mean to lose sight of you till we have him safe.

RAT. Wi' a' my heart; yet he's a desperate man; and though I ken this place by day, yet at night these craigs and stanes are so much like each other, you might as well seek to catch moonshine on water.

SHARP. Have you forgot you are under sentence yourself?

RAT. That's no easy to forget.

SHARP. And that your pardon, on condition of turning gaoler to the Tolbooth, depends on your good behaviour?

RAT. Ay, ay, gude behaviour, there's the deevil; I——

(MADGE WILDFIRE *sings without.*)

SHARP. Who's that?

RAT. One who may prove mair useful than mysel'—Madge Wildfire, the poor mad lass who lent some of her finery to the ringleader of the riot we are seeking. She often passes the night among these hills, and if you leave the management of her to me, she'll guide us, were she blindfold.

SHARP. Her mad singing will betray us.

RAT. 'Twill rather outnoise our footsteps; and if he hear her sing, he'll not suspect there's ony body wi' her.

SHARP. That's true.—Egad! Perhaps he'll come the sooner *for hearing her.*—She comes.

Enter MADGE, *fantastically dressed.*

MADGE, (*Wildly singing or speaking.*)

I glance like the wild fire through country and town,
I'm seen on the causeway, I'm seen on the down,—
The lightning that flashes so bright and so free
Is scarcely so bright or so bonny as me.

RAT. Madge, how's a' wi' you, lass?

MADGE. Hegh, sirs! daddy Rattie, they tell'd me ye were hang'd!

RAT. Hanged? (*Scratching his neck.*) You're causing me an unpleasant sensation, Madge!

MADGE. Blythe am I, that the gallows has miss'd it's due:—and here's anither gentleman, (*Curtseys to* SHARP.) that looks amaist as honest as yersel'.

RAT. Madge, Madge! cannot you guide us to Muschat's Cairn?

MADGE. (*Wildly.*) Ay, to the murderer's grave! the wife he slew and he who slew her are at peace thegither. I spoke to them mysel', and tauld them byganes should be byganes. She wears her corpse-sheet high to hide her throat; but that canna hinder bluid frae sieping thro.' I wuss'd her to wash it at St. Antony's Well, as I shall do the band I ha'e at hame, steeped in an infant's bluid—we'll bleach it in the beams o' the bonnie leddy moon, that's better nor the sun—the sun's ower het; and ken ye, cummers, my brains are het eneugh already, while the moon shines on purpose to pleasure me when naebody sees her but mysel'.

(*Sings*)—Good even, fair moon, good even to thee,
I pray thee, dear moon, now shew to me,
The form and the features, the speech and degree,
Of the man that true lover of mine shall be.

True love tho' he wasna'! but naebody shall sae I ever tauld a word about the matter. *I wished the bairn had lived* tho'! Well, there's a heaven aboon—(*sighs*)—and a bonny moon and stars in it forbye. Ha, ha, ha!

SHARP. Come, we lose time; if she won't come, drag her forward!

RAT. Ay, sir, if we kenn'd whilk way.

MADGE. *This* way! (*Beckons them—they surround her—she kneels and points downwards.*) That's the way ye'll gang!

RAT. The deevil it is!

MADGE. Nickel will be glad to see you, for you are a pair o' *the deevil's* peats;—like to like, ye ken—and 'tis hard to ken whilk *deserves the hettest* corner o' his ingle side.

RAT. I never shed bluid,

MADGE. But ye ha'e *sauld* it, and wad sell it noo; folks kill wi' the tongue as weel as wi' the hand.

(*Sings.*)—It is the bonny butcher lad,
That wears the sleeves of blue;
He sells the flesh on Saturday,
On Friday that he slew.

Lead, sirs, lead; I'll follow wi' this man, and I'll take care o' him;—he's mad! he's mad! he's mad!—There, to the right.

RAT. Ay, I'll bring her onward.

SHARP. I would not trust ye, but I see some one yonder—keep close.

[*Goes off with the* GUARD.

RAT. We follow. Selling blood! I am so, and 'tis murder if I permit my comrade to be taken. Madge, is there not a song that used to be a signal when gentle Geordie Robertson——

MADGE. Dinna name Geordie Robertson—name him not, he was my bane—the faither o' my bairn, and gin I had him noo, I'd hunt him o'er the cliff, but when he was in danger ainee I sung—

O! sleep ye sound, Sir James, she said,
When ye suld rise and ride;
There's twenty men, wi' bow and blade,
Are seeking where ye hide.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Romantic Scene on the Craigs, crowned with St Anthony's Chapel.*

Enter JEANIE DEANS, *fearfully looking round.*

JEAN. Have I done wrong to venture here alone? Am I deceived, or is my sister's fate so linked with mine, that all turns out for evil?

(GEORGE STAUNTON *suddenly rises from behind the Cairn.*)

Heaven guide me! Is't a spirit? (*Sinking with terror.*)

STAUNT. (*After a pause.*) Are you the sister of that ill-fated——

JEAN. Yes, of Effie Deans; my love for her made me, in Heaven's name, rely upon your strangely written promise, which said my presence here would save her life; say, as you hope that Heaven may hear you at your need, what can be done to help her?

STAUNT. (*Agitated.*) I do *not* hope that Heaven will so hear me,—do not deserve, do not expect it will. You behold a wretch predestined to evil here and hereafter.

JEAN. Nay, do not, do not speak so; there is mercy for the *most guilty, the most* miserable.

STAUNT. If to have been the destruction of the mother that bore me, of the woman that trusted me, of the innocent child that was born to me, can make me so, then am I most guilty and most miserable.

JEAN. You, then, are the wicked cause of my sister's fall?

STAUNT. For which—speak, girl, I dare hear all,—for which——

JEAN. I pray Heaven to forgive you.

STAUNT. And will follow my directions to save your sister's life?

JEAN. I must first know the means.

STAUNT. No; you must first swear you will employ them.

JEAN. Surely, 'tis needless to swear; I will do all that is lawful.

STAUNT. No reservation—swear, or you little know whose anger you provoke.

JEAN. (*Alarmed.*) I will think of it, and to-morrow——

STAUNT. To-morrow! ha, ha, ha! where shall I be to-morrow? Where will you? Mark me, this spot is the grave of a murderer; one accursed deed has already been done here, and unless——(*Presents a pistol.*)

JEAN. O! do not dip your hands in the bluid of a defenceless creature, who has trusted to you for her sister's sake.

STAUNT. Then you will promise——

JEAN. Nothing. (*Falls senseless.*)

STAUNT. (*After a pause puts up the pistol.*) So, villain, another deed is added to the list—arise! awake! she hears me not—hear me! (*He assists to recover and raise her.*) Nay, nay, I would not add to the murder of your sister and her child. Mad, frantic as I am, I would not hurt you, were the world offered as a bribe; I meant but to alarm you to consent to save your sister.

JEAN. How? how?

STAUNT. Nothing can be found against her but the concealment of her situation; had she but revealed it!—and that, *you will recollect*, cannot but have taken place. You questioned her as to her lowness of spirits, her want of confidence—and she revealed all; this, as her life's at stake, you *must* remember.

JEAN. (*With agony.*) I cannot remember what she never told me.

STAUNT. Yet this shall you repeat upon your oath, before you blood-thirsty court, to save your sister from death, and your magistrates from becoming murderers. Ha! do you hesitate? *would you* let her whose only fault has been in trusting me—*innocent, fair,* and guiltless as she is,—fall like a felon, rather *than bestow* the breath of your mouth, and the sound of your *voice, to save* her?

JEAN. And why not you, who knew her misery, and promised to protect it—why not *you* stand forward as a man, and with a clear conscience give true evidence in her behalf?

STAUNT. A proper witness, who, even to speak to you, am forced to choose an hour and place like this. To whom talk you of a clear conscience, woman? I have not known one for—no—many a year. I appear in her behalf? When you see owls and bats fly abroad like larks in the sunshine, then expect to see such as I am in the assemblies of men.

MADGE. *(Sings without.)*

"O, sleep ye sound, Sir James?" she said:
"When ye suld rise and ride;
There's twenty men, wi' bow and blade,
Are seeking where ye hide."

STAUNT. Danger's at hand, I dare remain no longer: return home, or stay till they come up, you have nothing to fear; but do not say you saw me. Your sister's trial takes place this very morning,—her fate is in your hands!

(Short hurried Music.—As he leads JEANIE *behind the cairn, she drops her cloak, or mantle, in her alarm; and* STAUNTON *gets upon a rock.)*

Enter MADGE WILDFIRE, MR SHARPITLAW, JAMES RATCLIFFE, *and* OFFICERS.

MADGE. *(Loudly and quickly.)* Yes, gentlemen, yes—just as I tell you, blythe will Nickel Muschat be to see you a' at his murder hoose!

SHARP. Her noise is enough to raise the dead. Silence her if you should throttle her. I see some one yonder! softly, softly, now, lads—two shadows! keep close, boys. Steal round the shadow of the rock, you two dash at the man, let me alone for securing the woman. Ratcliffe, stand you fast with Madge!—Now, softly, lads!

[*Exit cautiously with* OFFICERS.

RAT. Sharpitlaw aye chooses the safest side o' the bargain. Damn it, I am sorry for Robertson. I wish I dar'd gi'e him a hint and help him to throw the dogs at fault, without Sharpitlaw kenning o't. Madge, you limmer, ha'e ye been skirling a' night like a pea hen, and cracking like a pengun, and are ye silent now? But it's aye the way wi' women, if they haud their gabs ava' ye may swear it's for mischief. Do ye no remember yer auld sang—"Fly for it, fly!"

(Hums the song.)

MADGE. That's no the tune—ye maun sing it thus.

(Sings aloud.)

When the glow-worm is glistening,
And your lover is nigh,
There is danger in listening,
Then fly, lady, fly.
Then fly, lady, fly.

(*As she is singing*, SHARPITLAW *and his* ATTENDANTS *steal round the rocks; and as she concludes, they rush on, and dart at* STAUNTON, *who springs down a concealed path, and escapes.* JEANIE *runs towards* SHARPITLAW, *who seizes her.*)

SHARP. Zounds and the devil, the fox has broke cover! Chase, lads, chase; keep the brae; I see him at the edge of the hill! Ratcliffe, knock out that mad jade's brains.

(*Retires.*)

RAT. Run for it, Madge! It's ill dealing wi' an angry man.

MADGE. (*Is going, but catches up the cloak* JEANIE *dropp'd.*) But see—sic a beautiful mantle as my bonnie leddy moon has sent me. I daresay it will be a coat o' darkness, and mak' me invisible!

RAT. Pshaw! quick! be off! he's coming down the rock!

MADGE. Na, na, daddie Rattan—I'll stand by and see the end o' the fun, for they canna see me now!

(*Wraps herself up in the cloak, and stands aside.*)

MR SHARPITLAW *brings* JEANIE DEANS *down to the front.*

SHARP. And who are you, madam? Come! come forward with me, and give an account of yourself. Who is that fellow that was with you?

JEAN. A most unfortunate man, who——

Enter the two OFFICERS, *dragging in the* LAIRD OF DUMBIEDIKES.

1ST OFFICER. We have him fast, sir; he was lurking in the ruins.

RAT. Wha wad ha'e thought Robertson sae saft as to squat before their noses, and be chapped up like a hare in his form. I am sure he had law enough.

SHARP. If not, he shall have plenty of it by-and-bye.

(*As they bring him forward,* JEANIE, *finding herself unobserved, draws back, and makes her escape.* MADGE *advances nearly to the place where* JEANIE *stood, as if to see what is going on.*)

Curse your stupidity, this is not Robertson. Pull off his trot-*cosey.*

(*They pull off the hood of the trot-cosey.*)

RAT. Robertson! Why,—'tis Nicodemus Dumbie——

DUMB. (*Shaking himself loose from the* OFFICERS, *and assuming an air of importance.*) Esquire o' Dumbiedikes.

RAT. Freeholder and Justice o' the Peace, as I can witness.

DUMB. Trustee o' the Roads, and Commissioner o' Supply.

SHARP. Damn it, this may be an awkward scrape. I hope, sir you will excuse a mistake in the way of duty.

DUMB. Ye ha'e torn my cravat, ruffled my temper, and stolen my mistress. (*Aside.*) Never spoke my mind so freely in a' my days afore.

SHARP. We will readily give the girl into your charge, sir. Here she is, wrapped up in her mantle, like a pig in a pock.

(*Passes* MADGE *over to him.*)

This is an infernal baulk, but I won't give the matter up. Disperse, my lads, and search sharp; one keep the stile at the Duke's Walk; one hold the shoulder of the hill. Ratcliffe, come you with me to the Hunter's Bog.

RAT. Ay, to the Hunter's Bog.

[*Exeunt* SHARPITLAW, RATCLIFFE, *and* OFFICERS, *severally.*

DUMB. Come awa', then, Jeanie, come awa'.

(*Takes hold of* MADGE *by the arm.*)

I'll see ye safe hame to yer faither's, and wha kens what I may say to ye by the way. Moonlight and a lone hillside may help a modest man to speak his mind to the woman he lo'es. Come, come alang, Jeanie, and listen to yer Dumbie. Come, come, eh! Jeanie, woman!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Interior of Dumbiedikes' House.*

Enter the LAIRD OF DUMBIEDIKES *and* MRS BALCHRISTIE.

DUMB. Weel, Mrs Balchristie, I ken it's amaist mornin' and that I ha'e been out nearly a' night.

MRS B. And ye ha'e been at Jeanie Deans, I reckon.

DUMB. No, I ha'ena been at Jeanie Deans. I've been wi' Jeanie Deevil, for aught I ken. Oh, Jeanie, woman!

MRS B. Jeanie woman, indeed! I see how it is. (*Aside.*) Ah, laird, it fears me that some o' these days ye'll be gaun awa' to get married.

DUMB. But no to your fat niece, Mrs Balchristie, for a' ye brought her a' the way frae Drumbogie on purpose.

MRS B. And do you really mean to change your condition sune?

DUMB. I dinna ken what I mean to do just yet. Why, yes, Mrs Balchristie, I think I'll change—my shoon; so bring my grandfaither's *robe-de-chambre*, and—Oh, no, I'll fetch it mysel', *because I want to—Oh,* Jeanie, woman, you ought to ha'e found

out before this, how muckle I lang to mak' ye Leddy Dumbiedikes.

[*Exit.*

Mrs B. Leddy Dumbiedikes, indeed! No, no, she shall Dumbie nae Dikes here. Jeanie Deans, indeed! I'll keep her awa' frae the laird, I warrant. My fat niece, too! But he shall ha'e her; the lassie's weel eneugh, if she wadna look sae cross grained. It's nae my fau't. I bang her ilka day to mak' her look pleasant, and if nought else will mak' her look pleasant, I'll knock her head off.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*The Hall of the Tolbooth.*

Enter James Ratcliffe *and* Effie Deans.

Rat. Weel, weel, my bonnie doo, you shall see your sister; but I ha'e a special charge to stay in the ward wi' you, a' the time ye are thegither.

Effie. Must it be so?

Rat. Hout, ay, hinny; and what the waur will ye and yer titty be o' Jem Ratcliffe hearin' what ye ha'e to say to ilk ither. De'il a word ye'll say that'll gar him ken yer kittle sex better than he kens them already; and anither thing is, that if ye dinna speak o' breaking the Tolbooth, de'il a word will I tell ower that shall do ye ony ill, lassie.

Effie. Oh! blessings on you!

Rat. There, there. Wait a minute and you shall see her.

[*Exit.*

Effie. Hark! 'tis her step!

Re-enter James Ratcliffe *with* Jeanie Deans.

(*The two sisters rush into each other's arms. A pause.*)

Jean. Ye are ill, Effie; ye are ill.

Effie. Oh, what would I give to be ten times worse, Jeanie! And our father—but I am his bairn nae langer. I ha'e nae freend left in the world. Oh, that I were lyin' dead by my mither's side!

Rat. Hoot, lassie, dinna be sae dooms down-hearted as a' that; there's mony a toad hunted that's no killed. Advocate Langtail has brought folks thro' waur snappers than a' this; and no a cleverer agent than Nicol Novit e'er drew a bill o' suspension.

Jean. Oh, Effie, had ye but trusted me: if ye had but *spoken a word.* If I were free to swear that ye had but said ae *word, they* couldna ha'e touched yer life this day.

Effie. Could they not? Who told you that? Was it him?

RAT. Hout, what signifies keeping the lassie in a swither. I'se uphaud it's been Robertson that's learned ye that doctrine, when ye saw him at Muschat's Cairn.

EFFIE. And he wanted ye to say something that would save my young life!

JEAN. He wanted me to forswear myself.

EFFIE. And ye tauld him that ye wouldna hear of coming between me and the death I am to die, and me no eighteen years old yet.

RAT. I maun needs say that's hard; that when three words o' yer mouth wad gi'e the lassie the chance to nick the woodie, ye mak' sic scruple o' rapping to them.

EFFIE. Never speak mair o't; it's just as weel as it is. Ye'll come back and see me before——

JEAN. And are we to part thus, and you in sic deadly peril? Oh, Effie, look and say what ye wad ha'e me do.

EFFIE. No, Jeanie, I'm better minded now. At my best I was never half sae good as you were; and what for should you begin to mak' yoursel' waur to save me, now I am no worth the saving. Let life gang, when gude fame is gane before it. Isna my crown, my honour, removed? And what am I but a poor, wasted, wanthriven tree, dug up by the roots, and flung out to waste in the highway, that man and beast may tread it under foot?

Enter OFFICER.

RAT. Come, lassie, we maun awa'.

JEAN. Oh, if it stood with me to save you with the risk of my life! May Heaven direct me!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*The Parliament Close.*

Enter MR BARTHOLINE SADDLETREE *and the* LAIRD OF DUMBIEDIKES.

DUMB. Nay; but gude Maister Saddletree, is the puir lassie to be tried sae early?

SADDLE. 'Deed is she, laird. They've ta'en her frae the Tolbooth to the Parliament House, and I'll follow, and see what's to become o' her.

DUMB. And is her faither there? and puir dear Jeanie woman, is she there too?

SADDLE. Ay, she's there, and Dominie Butler too. I'm thinking he'll be stepping in between you and yer Jeanie woman.

DUMB. Never mind his stepping in, but do you step out and bring us word.

SADDLE. I'll do that, Laird. Jeanie boggit a wee bit at first *about what she might* say; but I ken law enough, I warrant you,

to bring her through. Never ye fear, Laird; rest satisfied I'll mak' a' right. I ken the law, Laird.

DUMB. That's a comfort! I ha'e mair faith in siller, than in a' the law in Edinburgh. But here's news coming.

Enter REUBEN BUTLER.

Weel, Dominie Butler, how goes it?

REUB. I could not bear to remain. Jeanie, poor Jeanie, is in the witness-seat. Her sister cried with piercing shrieks, "Save me, save me!—a word will do it." The poor old man fell upon the floor, and see, they bring him hither.

(DAVID DEANS *is supported on.* REUBEN BUTLER *meets and assists him.*)

Courage, courage, sir! all will go well; Jeanie will do her duty. What that is, I am unacquainted with. But——

DEANS. Yes, I have one daughter who will do her duty.

(*Noise without, as if of the Court breaking up.*)

Hark! what noise?

REUB. There is some agitation among the people. Can the Court be rising?

DEANS. She is condemned! Where is my other child?

JEANIE DEANS *rushes on and falls in her father's arms, followed by* BARTHOLINE SADDLETREE.

JEAN. Oh, father, I have killed her. (*She faints.*)

(*They form a group around her. Solemn music. Procession of the* TOWN GUARD, *with Lochaber axes.* EFFIE DEANS, *pale, and her hair dishevelled, in the midst, followed by* JAMES RATCLIFFE. *She kneels to her father.*)

EFFIE. Father!

(DEANS *hides his face with his hands.* EFFIE *turns to go towards the Tolbooth.* JEANIE, *recovering, runs toward her sister, who repels her.* JEANIE *kneels.* EFFIE *breaks from her, and departs.*)

EFFIE. A word would have saved me, and she would not speak it.

JEAN. Sister! Effie! I will save thee yet!

EFFIE. A word would have saved me, and she would not speak it.

(*Music.* EFFIE *faints in* RATCLIFFE'S *arms.* JEANIE *falls.* REUBEN *kneels beside her, and* DAVID DEANS *is supported by* DUMBIEDIKES *and* SADDLETREE.)

END OF ACT II.

Act Third.

SCENE I.—*Exterior of the Laird of Dumbiedikes' Mansion.*

Enter JEANIE DEANS.

JEAN. 'Twas true she said—a word would have sav'd her, and I wouldna speak it. Yet I did not deserve her reproach; for though I dare not soil my conscience, ev'n for a sister's sake, they little know what else I dare.

(*Knocks at the door.*)

But money will be wanting—poor Reuben Butler has it not; but this is the house of one who wishes me to think he means me well; and though I am about to ask a favour, I must not let him build on ought but gratitude in return for it.

(*Knocks again*—MRS BALCHRISTIE *comes to a window below.*)

MRS B. What the de'il are ye, scooping about a decent body's house at sic an hour i' the morning?

JEAN. I would speak wi' the Laird.

MRS B. And do you think his honour has nae mair to do than speak wi' every idle tramper that gangs the gait? Ha'e ye nae name, woman?

JEAN. Dear Mrs Balchristie, do ye no mind Jeanie Deans?

MRS B. Jeanie Deans? Jeanie Deevil! a pretty spat o' wark ye and yer light limmer o' a sister ha'e made o't;—and the like o' you to come to an honest man's house, and want to be in a decent bachelor gentleman's room, and him in his bed. Gae wa', gae wa'!—bundle up your pipes and tramp. Awa' wi' ye; or I'll cry up the men-folk, and ha'e ye dookit in the burn for yer impudence.

(*The* LAIRD OF DUMBIEDIKES *appears in his night-gown at the window above.*)

DUMB. Hark ye, Mother Balchristie; hark ye, ye auld deevil, wha the de'il gae ye permission to guide an honest man's daughter that gait?

MRS B. I spak' but for the credit o' the house; and may be I mistook ae sister for the ither; and ane o' them is no sic a creditable acquaintance.

DUMB. Haud yer tongue, ye auld jade; the warst hussey *that e'er stood in shoon* may ca' you cousin.

(MRS BALCHRISTIE goes from the window.)

Jeanie, woman, come in. Nae, I'll let ye in mysel'; dinna mind that auld trumpery.

[*Exit from the window.*

MRS B. (*Opening the door.*) There; gang in bye. Lassie, if ye had an appointment wi' the Laird, ye might ha'e tauld me.

JEAN. I ha'e nae appointment wi' the Laird; and I had rather speak to him where I am.

DUMB. (*Entering from the door.*) Mrs Balchristie, get breakfast and a good fire, and let's ha'e nae mair o' your sculduddery.

[*Exit* MRS BALCHRISTIE.

And now, Jeanie, come in lass, and rest after yer walk.

JEAN. I ha'e nae time to rest. I must gae twenty miles ere night, if feet will carry me; the twa words I ha'e to say, I could ha'e told you at the window—but that Mrs Balchristie——

DUMB. The deevil flee awa' wi' Mrs Balchristie, and he'll ha'e a weary load o' iniquity. I'm laird o' the house, and can manage everybody in it, except Rory Bean, my pony—that is, when I'm put in a passion.

JEAN. I am gaun a lang journey, without my father's knowledge.

DUMB. That's no right—that's no right, Jeanie.

JEAN. If I were ance at London, I ha'e letters to the Duke of Argyle, who will speak to the Queen for my sister's life.

DUMB. Whew! the lassie's demented. The Queen, too! when she's sae angry wi' us just now for hanging up Jock Porteous, the captain o' the Town Guard, that she burst her very bobbins, while the King was ready to kick his wig out o' the window. Gang to London, indeed! Why, Jeanie, woman, ye're out o' yer senses.

JEAN. I am gaun to London, if I beg my way, which I'm like to do unless you lend me a sma' sum. Little will do—my father's a man o' substance, and will never let you lose it.

DUMB. Jeanie!

JEAN. I see ye're no for assisting me. Fare-ye-weel—gang an' see my father now an' then. He'll be very lanely.

(*Going.*)

DUMB. Where's the silly lass going? I wad ha'e answered ye before, but the words stuck in my throat; ye s'all ha'e my haill strong box, or I'll mak' ye Leddy Dumbiedikes before sunset, and then ye may ride to London in yer ain coach.

JEAN. That can never be—my sister's situation—the family disgrace.

DUMB. That's my business; and if ye hadna been a fule, ye wadna ha'e mentioned it. But I like ye the better for't—and ae *wise body's* eneugh in ae family. Weel, if your heart's sae fu' at *present*, come and tak' what siller will serve you, and let us wed *when* ye come back again – as gude syne as sune.

JEAN. But, Laird, I maun aye tell ye the truth. Ye're a guid freend, but I like anither lad better—and I canna marry you.

DUMB. What! better than me, when ye've kenn'd me sae lang?

JEAN. I've kenn'd him langer.

DUMB. Is't possible, Jeanie! it canna be! Only come in and look at my gear, ye ne'er saw the hauf o' it: a strong box fu' o' bags o' gold,—nae goldsmith's bills,—and the rental book three hundred a year, Jeanie! and my mither's wardrobe, and my grandmither's silks that stand on ends, lace like cobwebs, and rings like star-light night. They're up in the chaumer; come and see.

JEAN. It canna be, Laird; I wouldna break my word to him, if ye'd gi'e me a barony.

DUMB. *Him*—wha is he?

JEAN. Reuben Butler.

DUMB. What! a dominie's deputy! the son o' a cottar!—he hasna in his pouch the value o' the black coat he wears. Weel, Jeanie, lass—wilfu' woman will ha'e her way; a fair offer is nae cause o' feud; ae man may bring a horse to the water, but twenty winna gar him drink; and as to wasting my siller on ither folk's sweetheart's, why——

JEAN. I do not wish it, sir; guid morning. Ye ha'e been kind to my father, and it's no in my heart to think any otherwise than kindly o' you.

[*Exit.*

DUMB. But, Jeanie! Jeanie, woman! stay till I—there she goes down the hill, and here I'm standing like,—Why, hollo! Mrs Balchristie, it's all along o' her, and I'll bundle her and her muckle fat niece out o' the house directly.

(*Going to the door meets* MRS BALCHRISTIE.)

MRS B. Was ye wanting me, Laird?

DUMB. Gang to the deevil, ye auld limb of Satan.

(*Pushes her in.*)

SCENE II.—*A View on the Road to London.*

Enter JEANIE DEANS.

JEAN. Must I then beg my way to London? Yet, if I return and ask my puir father for money, he'll never let me go; and something tells me that I must succeed. 'Twas hard in the Laird; yet I had no right to look for other success. (*Going.*)

DUMB. (*Without.*) Why, Jeanie! Jeanie, woman! stop, I tell you. (*Enters.*) Stay; they say one shouldna tak' a woman *at her first word.*

JEAN. Ay, but you maun tak' me at mine.

DUMB. Weel, then, ye shouldna tak' a man at his first word. Here, tak' this. (*Giving a purse.*) Tak' it, lassie—ye maunna gang without siller; and I'd gi'e ye my pony, Rory Bean, into the bargain, but he's as wilfu' as yersel', and will never gang ony but his ain road.

JEAN. But, Laird, though I ken that my father will pay every penny o' what may be here, yet I wouldna borrow o' ane wha may expect mair than siller back again.

DUMB. There's just twenty-five guineas in goud, and whether yer faither pays or disna pay, I mak' ye free o't; gang whare ye like, do what you like, marry a' the Butlers i' the country, gin ye like,—and sae gude morning till ye, Jeanie.

JEAN. And Heaven bless you, Laird, wi' mony a gude morning; and peace and happiness be wi' ye till we meet again.

[*Kisses his hand and exit.*

DUMB. Good bye, Jeanie, woman! (*Whimpering.*) I ha'e naebody now but Rory Bean, my pony, to care a bawbee for; and if I ha'e ony mair o' his obstinacy, I'll gi'e him sic a banging. Eh! what dae these mad cattle want?

Enter MARGERY MURDOCHSON *and* MADGE WILDFIRE.

MARG. Eh, bonnie Laird, winna ye pit down a wee puckle o' siller for my puir crazy bairn and mysel', gin ye will?

DUMB. Puckle o' siller, and be hang'd to ye! wha are ye? what d'ye want?

[*Exit* MARGERY.

MADGE. Waes my heart! dinna ye ken me, Laird? didna ye speak yer mind to me by Muschat's cairn, when our bonnie Leddy Moon was rowing aboon in her braw siller coach?

DUMB. This comes o' speaking my mind in the dark.

MADGE. Come awa', my bonnie Laird. The priest waits, a badger and twa wild cats—and the jackass is to gi'e awa' the bride.

DUMB. Is he? The bridegroom will be the bigger jackass o' the twa.

MARG. (*Without.*) Madge!

MADGE. Hush! here comes my mither, Laird! no a word to her o' the wedding, or she might not think it respectfu', ye ken.

Re-enter MARGERY MURDOCHSON.

MARG. Ye ne'er-do-weel, will ye be o'erta'en by the Town Guard—and we're run aff our feet already.

MADGE. Hegh, sirs! the Town Guard is at our heels, for *helping* Jeanie Deans, and gentle Geordie, the outlaw, to get *awa' frae* Jem Ratcliffe, the keeper o' the Tolbooth. Are na we

a hopefu' family, to be twa o' us in a scrape at ance? But there were better days wi' us ance—were there na, mither?

MARG. It's a' yer ain scrape, thou Bess o' Bedlam; thou s'all taste nought but bread and water for the plague ye gi'e me; and owre gude for ye, ye idle tawpie. Come along wi' ye.

MADGE. Our minnie's sair mis-set; she'll ha'e had some quarrel wi' her auld gudeman; that's—ye ken, sir—when the gudeman and her dinna agree, then I maun pay the piper; but my back's braid eneugh to bear it a', sir.

MARG. Madge! ye limmer, if I come to fetch ye——

MADGE. Hear till her. But I'll dance i' the moon-light yet, when her and her gudeman will be whirrying thro' the lift on a broomshank.

MARG. Will ye come, hussey? [*Exit.*

MADGE. Coming, mither—coming. I'm coming—where——

Up i' the air
On my bonny grey mare,
And I see, and I see her yet.

[*Exit.*

DUMB. There's a mad deevil for ye. Oh, Jeanie, woman! I do think that Rory Bean will be sorry when he hears Jeanie is gane. I'm glad she took the siller, tho'; it gars my heart gae up and down as gaily as Rory on a mountain trot. Yes, Rory's a nice animal; and—Eh! why, what do I see? There's the auld witch and her mad daughter half a mile awa', riding Rory aff full gallop. I never could get him to gang that pace in a' my life. Stop 'em! Oh! dear! dear! that ever I should live to see Rory Bean turned into a witch's broomstick! Stop 'em! stop 'em!

[*Runs off.*

SCENE III.—*Landscape, with a Picturesque Bridge and Waterfall.*

GEORGE STAUNTON *passes cautiously over the Bridge.*

STAUNT. I am not mistaken. She comes, and my assistance will not be too late.

Enter JEANIE DEANS.

I have heard your generous purpose, and it already half expiates the cruel caution that withheld your evidence in favour of poor Effie; but you will never be able to pursue your journey on foot. Here is gold.

JEAN. I have enough already.

STAUNT. Conceal it then; or, should any of the numerous predatory bands, who line this road molest you, shew them this.—*(Gives a paper.)*—'Twill be your certain safeguard,—unless, in

deed, that hag, the maniac's mother, meet you. She is a fiend whom no tie,—no fear can bind.

JEAN. Heaven, who inspired my errand, will protect me.

STAUNT. What introduction have you to Argyle?

JEAN. My Reuben's father saved his father's life, and from him I have letters which——

STAUNT. Will be useless! Nothing more treacherous than a great man's memory. I'll furnish you with that which, with the Queen herself, will serve you to command the pardon you would sue for.

JEAN. Command it!

STAUNT. Yes. You are aware of the late insurrection in your city. Rewards of every kind are offered for its leader.—Go and make your terms;—denounce him, and I will bring him to their hands, but, first, above all things, gain your sister's pardon. Be sure of it; be sure of it,—it will be given gladly.

JEAN. I could not turn betrayer, even if I knew him.

STAUNT. Know him in me! I am that leader, and I would with my wretched life—too little sacrifice—in some degree atone for the heavy wrongs I have caused my poor lost Effie.

JEAN. I shall not need, I will not, cannot do it.

STAUNT. I will be at hand, then! and if other means succeed not, I will make my own conditions; for by the love I bear her, she shall not perish! [*Exit.*

JEAN. No; it will be happiness to save a life, but no one shall ever owe its loss to Jeanie.

Enter MARGERY MURDOCHSON *and* MADGE WILDFIRE, *upon the Bridge.*

MADGE. Mither, the horse has drapped wi' fatigue. 'Twas a braw gallop.

MARG. We are near our haunt. See, wha is yon?

MADGE. A braw gude-day to ye, Jeanie Deans!—What mak' ye here, lassie?

JEAN. My name?

MADGE. Why, dost think we know it not? Dost think we know not him with whom you spoke but now; him, the faither o' yer sister's bairn. The faither too o' mine!—*mine.*

JEAN. Thine! But 'tis to be as mad as herself to listen to her.

MADGE. And I ken o' a bird can sing the secret o' that sister's bairn.

MARG. Peace, idle gossip! Peace, I say!

MADGE. Then I repeat, I *do*, yes, do know o' that bairn.—*Nay, threat* not, *thou* canst tell as well as I can, where my babe *is laughing*—laughing to think that innocent blood will rise, tho' *buried ten* worlds deeper than the grave.

MARG. Out on thee, bedlamite! Away, I say.

[*Exit* MADGE *and* MARGERY *after her.*

JEAN. I dare not go the way they take; Even the unknown foe to Effie's virtue warned me against those women. But see, two ruffian-looking men. Nay, then, speed befriend me, there is no other way.

(*Music. She runs off.* BLACK FRANK *and* TYBURN TAM *enter, and see her on the Bridge. She runs off the Bridge.—They follow her. Scene closes.*)

SCENE IV.—*A Barn.*

Enter BLACK FRANK, *and* TYBURN TAM, *dragging in* JEANIE DEANS.

FRANK. Your money, my precious, and quickly too—your money or your life.

JEAN. Gude gentlemen, there's life and death depends upon my journey. Leave me but what will purchase bread and water on my way, and I'll be satisfied, thank and pray for you.

TAM. Don't want prayers—money, come, money.

JEAN. Stay, gentlemen, I had forgot, perhaps you ken this paper. (*Presenting one.*)

FRANK. (*Looking at it.*) Why, if I had ever seen it before, I might perhaps know the paper, but as to the letters on it, why, may be *you* can read it. (*Gives it to* TAM.) Not that it matters, for we take nobody's paper while cash is to be had.

TAM. The girl must pass, Frank, by our law. 'Tis the Captain's passport.

FRANK. Captain! What Captain?—He has left us.

TAM. True: but we may want him yet.

FRANK. But didn't our old governess charge us to stop this very girl, take all her cash, and send her home again. Didn't she say she wished to be revenged on this girl's whole family, because her sister that is in the Tolbooth of Edinburgh, had taken the Captain's love from poor crazy Madge, her daughter.

Enter MARGERY MURDOCHSON *from Barn, cutting a stick with a large knife.*

MARG. How now, milksops! Are ye fear'd o' a weary-footed lass; search her, and turn her adrift on the waste, or——

TAM. No, she has a pass from the Captain.

MARG. From him! Then she shall die!

(*Raises her knife towards* JEANIE, FRANK *arrests her arm*).

FRANK. Some day, but not just now. Die! Hark ye. Mother, *murder love*—we'll do our promise, and no more. We're *bad enough, but not* what *you* would make us.

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MARG. Call me that name again, and I'll dye this knife in the best colour of your heart, you caitiff.

FRANK. She's been mixing her own whisky—Eh! Mother Mur——

(MARGERY *suddenly throws the knife at him, it sticks in the door of the Barn.*)

TAM. Well missed, Frank.

FRANK. (*Taking the knife.*) And now, Beldame, I've a mind to teach you.—But no—I'll punish you by taking care of the poor girl. She shall not go forward on the London road, but you shall not harm a hair of her head, were it only for your insolence.

Enter MADGE WILDFIRE *from an inner apartment.*

MADGE. Eh! What's this? Douce David Deans' daughter at a gipsies' barn, and her sister in the Heart o' Mid-Lothian—the Tolbooth o' Edinburgh. A-weel, a-weel! I'm sorry for her; it's my mither wishes her ill, and no *me*, though maybe I ha'e as muckle cause.

TAM. Hark ye, Madge, you haven't quite such a touch of the devil as the hag your mother. Take this young woman to your corner of the barn.

FRANK. And take good care of her, d'ye mind.

MADGE. That I will, Frank, for it's no for decent Christian young leddies, like her and me, to be keeping the like o' you and Tyburn Tam company at this hour; sae good morning and good day, and good night, and mony o' them; and may ye sleep 'till the hangman wake ye, and then it will be weel for the country.

(*Conducts* JEANIE *into the interior apartment, and draws the door after her.*)

TAM. Well, mother, what have ye done with the laird's horse; did you leave him to perish?

MARG. Nay, I put him to his supper.

FRANK. Where?

MARG. E'en in Gaffer Gabblewood's wheat close.

TAM. The devil you did!—and why?

MARG. Why?—What ill will the young wheat do to Rory Bean? He hasna fed sae weel this twelve months.

FRANK. What ill?—what good will it do us? When he's found in such quarters, we shall have the whole country on the look-out for us. Tom, go fetch him in.

TAM. To be sure, it's Tom's share to do all the work.

[*Exit.*

FRANK. Certainly. Tom, leap, you're long enough; miss the *soft ground*, and don't leave the marks of your feet. And now, *mother, tell us* what's your spite against this poor girl. Without *good reason*, rot me if she shall be touched.

MARG. She's going to London for a pardon for her sister.

FRANK. What's that to thee, dame?

MARG. If she gains it, Geordie marries that sister.

FRANK. And who cares then?

MARG. Who cares, you donnard? Is he not sworn to my Madge?

FRANK. Sworn to a moon-calf! Marry Madge Wildfire! ha, ha, ha!

MARG. Suppose he never does, is that any reason he should marry another,—and that other to hold my daughter's place, because she's crazed and I a beggar—and all by him? But I know that of him will hang him, had he a thousand lives—I know that which will *hang!* HANG! HANG the villain!

FRANK. Then why don't you *hang!* HANG! HANG him? and not wreak your vengeance on two wenches who never did you ill?

MARG. For revenge on him through them. Revenge! I have wrought hard for it; I have suffered for it; I have sinned for it; and I will have it!

FRANK. Then why not hang him?

MARG. He was my foster-child. I nursed him here; and though he has been an adder to me,—the destruction of me and mine, I cannot take his life. I have thought of it. I have tried it—I have tried it,—but I cannot go through with it. He was the first bairn I ever nursed, and man can never tell what woman feels for the bairn that she has first held to her bosom.

FRANK. You have not always been so kind to other bairns.

MARG. Wha wad hurt bairns? Maybe I'll ha'e the villain think his bairn's dead—but 'tis provided for. Poor Madge lost hers,—that crazed her. For the other—why, perhaps Madge, in a crazed fit, threw it into the Nor' loch.

MADGE. (*From the door of interior apartment.*) Indeed, mither, that's a great fib, for I did nae sic thing.

MARG. Sleep, deevil, wilt thou? By my faith I had forgotten, the other wench might have overheard us.

FRANK. That were dangerous.

MARG. Rise Madge; open the door, or I'll gar ye rue it.

(MARGERY *opens the door.* JEANIE *appears to be sleeping.* MARGERY *passes a lamp across her face; then looking at the knife, raises it—when* MADGE *interposes; and* FRANK, *keeping a watchful eye on* MARGERY, *observing her about to strike, catches her arm.*)

FRANK. No, rot me if you do, Mother Murder-love.

(*Turns the old woman from the door and closes it.*)

She's as fast as if she were in Bedfordshire. Why, I don't understand a glim of your story, or what good it will do you to hang

one wench, and torment the other. But rot ye, I'll be true to my friend; and since ye're so determined I'll get her to the beach, and so on board Mat Moonshine's lugger for a week or two. But rot me if any one shall harm her further, unless they mean to chop upon a brace of those pills.

(*Produces a pair of pistols. A whistle is heard.* TYBURN TAM *peeps in.*)

TAM. (*Entering.*) Meg! Frank! this way; you have no time to lose; they have found the horse in the wheat-close, and suspect us to have stolen him. I overheard. We have no time to lose. Haste this way.

FRANK. And the lasses ——

TAM. No one will harm them. Come along.

(*Music. They go cautiously out, and* MADGE *peeps on, looks out, and returns, and leads* JEANIE *from the door.*)

MADGE. Hush! saftly, they're awa'! and we'll e'en awa' too. We'll awa' out and tak' a walk. Ye needna be afraid to walk wi' me. It's no that I wish ye out o' these folks' hands—they're vera gude. But I dinna think it has ever been weel wi' my mither and me, sin' we kept them company.

JEAN. Anything, anywhere, only to escape. I ha'e heard enough to know my sister's bairn yet lives; (*Aside*) and if I can find where, frae this puir lassie.

MADGE. Come! come!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*A Wood.*

Enter MADGE WILDFIRE, *leading* JEANIE DEANS.

JEAN. Shall we not walk on the high road? It's better walking than among these wild bushes?

MADGE. Aha, lass! are ye gaun to guide us that gate? Ye'll be for makin' ye're heels save yer head, I'm judging.

JEAN. Are ye sure ye ken the way ye're taking us?

MADGE. Ken it, and what for no? There are some things, Jeanie, ane can ne'er forget. Here, here, look here! See where lies my bairn, my wee bit bonnie bairn, dead! cold! Oh Lord! Oh, Lord!

(*Throws herself on the grave.* JEANIE *attempts to recover and raise her.*)

Let me alane—let me alane! it does me good to weep. I canna shed tears but ance or twice a year; and I aye come to wet this turf wi' them, that the flowers may grow fair, and the grass may be green.

JEAN. But what's the matter with you?

MADGE. There's matter enough; amaist mair than my mind can bear.

JEAN. Why do ye weep sae bitterly?

MADGE. Why do I weep sae bitterly? Stay a bit, and I'll tell ye a' about it, for I like ye, Jeanie Deans; a' body spoke weel about ye;—and I mind the drink o' milk ye gae me, when I had been on Arthur's Seat for four-and-twenty hours, looking for the ship that gentle Geordie was sailing in.

JEAN. (*Apart.*) I do remember. But ye spoke o' a child; is it your child; or——

MADGE. Ay, mine.

JEAN. I am very sorry for yer misfortune!

MADGE. What wad ye be sorry for? The bairn was a blessing; that is, it wad ha'e been a blessing, if it had na been for my mither; but my mither's a strange woman;—she was deaved wi' its crying,—so she put it awa' in below the turf there. And, oh! I think she buried my best wits wi't; for I ha'e nae been just mysel' since. 'Tis past! 'tis past!—'tis a' past awa'!—but in the grave there's rest for a',—rest for puir Effie,—for my bonnie bairn, and the distracted,—heart-broken,—mad Madge Wildfire!

(MADGE *falls senseless upon the grave.*—JEANIE *bends over her.*)

END OF ACT III.

Act Fourth.

SCENE I.—*The Study of the Duke of Argyle. Donald and Servants arranging the books, &c.*

Enter MR ARCHIBALD.

ARCH. Come, bustle about, lads, bustle about;—my Lord Duke will be here himsel', and we maun be a' ready to attend him to the court, or to the city, or to wherever he may wish to gang.

DON. There's a Scotch young woman below, Mr Archibald, wha has travelled a' the way and walked the maist o't frae Edinburgh, to speak ae word wi' his grace;—d'ye think he'll see her?

ARCH. What sort o' a lassie is she?

DON. Sae fu' o' grief, ane can hardly mak' her out.

ARCH. A female wi' a tear in her e'e, that's the best passport till a MacCallummore's heart that a body wad desire. But, 'od saves us, stand aside, here comes my Lord Duke.

Enter the DUKE OF ARGYLE.

DUKE. Well, Archibald, what's the news, that you knock your mull so hard to-day?

ARCH. It's naething new for the distress'd to seek redress frae the Duke o' Argyle. There's a puir lassie below, a countrywoman o' our ain, wha has walkit a' the way, or maist o't, frae auld Reekie, and wad humbly ask audience o' yer Grace.

DUKE. What can have brought the simpleton to London? Some lover sent on ship-board, or some stock sunk in the hopeful South-Sea speculation, and no one to manage the matter but MacCallummore. Well, show our countrywoman up; it's ill manners to keep her in attendance.

[*Exit* ARCHIBALD.

Even popularity has its inconveniences. My northern friends little imagine the small extent of my present influence here; and I know no greater pain than to be asked a favour, and lack the power to grant it.

(*Enter* MR ARCHIBALD, *introducing* JEANIE DEANS. *She makes a respectful curtsey, and crosses her hands upon her bosom.*)

Would you speak with me or the Duchess, my bonnie lassie?

JEAN. My business is wi' yer honour—my Lord—I mean yer Lordship's Grace.

DUKE. And what is it, my good girl?

(JEANIE *diffidently looks at* ARCHIBALD.)

Leave us, Archibald, and remain in the anti-room.

[*Exit* ARCHIBALD.

Sit down, my good lass; take your breath, take your time. I guess by your dress that you are from poor old Scotland. Did you come thro' the streets in your tartan plaid?

JEAN. No, sir, a friend brought me in ane o' their street coaches; a very decent woman. Yer Lordship's Grace kens her; it's Mrs Glass, at the sign o' the thistle.

DUKE. Oh, my worthy snuff-merchant; I have always a chat with Mrs Glass when I purchase my Scotch high-dried. But now, my bonnie woman, your business; time and tide, you know, waits on no man.

JEAN. Yer honour—I beg yer honour's pardon, I mean to say *yer Grace*——

DUKE. Never mind my Grace, lassie; just speak out a plain tale, and show you have a Scots tongue in your head.

JEAN. Sir, I am muckle obliged to ye. Sir, I am the sister o' that puir unfortunate Effie Deans, wha is under sentence at Edinburgh.

DUKE. Ah! I have heard of that unhappy story. I think Duncan Forbes mentioned it at dinner the other day.*

JEAN. And I cam' up frae the north, sir, to see what could be done for her i' the way of gettin' a reprieve or pardon sir,—or the like o' that.

DUKE. Alas! my poor girl, you have made a long journey to little purpose. Your sister is ordered for execution.

JEAN. But I am gi'en to understand that there's a law for reprieving her, if it be the King's pleasure.

DUKE. Certainly there is,—but that is purely in the King's breast; and then the crime has been so frequent of late, that the most eminent of our lawyers think it right there should be an example. Now what argument have you, my poor girl, except your sisterly affection, to offer against all this. What is your interest? what friends have you at Court?

JEAN. Nane—excepting Heaven and yer Grace.

DUKE. Alas! young woman, it is a cruel part of the situation of men in my circumstances, that the public ascribe to them influence which they do not possess; and that individuals are led to expect from them assistance, which we have no means of rendering; but candour and plain dealing is in the power of every one, and I must not let you imagine you have resources in my influence which do not exist, to make your distress heavier. I have no means of averting your sister's fate—she must die.

JEAN. We maun a' dee, sir,—it is a common doom; but we shouldna hasten ilk ither out o' the warld—that's what yer honour kens better than me.

DUKE. My good young woman, you seem well educated for your station; and must know by your own argument, that the murderer, (who hastens another out of the world) by the law of heaven and man, shall surely die.

JEAN. But, sir, Effie—that is, my puir sister, sir, canna be proved a murderer, sir—'tis the concealment only.

DUKE. I am no lawyer, and I own I think the statute appears a severe one.

JEAN. Yer a law-maker, sir, and, wi' yer leave, maun therefore ha'e power o'er the law.

DUKE. Not in my individual capacity—though as one of a large body, I have a voice in the legislation. But that cannot serve you; nor have I at present—I care not who knows it—so much personal influence with the Sovereign, as would entitle me

* *Duncan Forbes* of Culloden, then (1736) Lord-Advocate, but soon *after Lord President* of the Court of Session.

to solicit from him the most insignificant favour. What could tempt you, young woman, to apply to me?

JEAN. It was yoursel', sir.

DUKE. Myself! you never saw me before.

JEAN. No, sir; but the world ha'e seen that ye are aye yer country's freend. Ye fight for the right;—ye speak for the right;—a' wha are wranged seek refuge under yer shadow. And if ye winna stir to save the life o' an innocent country woman o' yer ain, what should we expect frae strangers? and maybe I had anither reason for troubling your Grace.

DUKE. And what is that?

JEAN. My grandfather and yours laid down their lives thegither for their country; and ane wha takes concern for me, wished me to gang to yer Grace's presence, for his grandsire had done yer gracious goodsire some guid turn, as ye'll see frae these papers.

DUKE. (*Takes the papers.*) What's this: "Muster-roll of the men serving in the company of that godly gentleman, Captain Salathiel Bangtext, Obadiah Muggleton-sin-despise-double-knock-turn-to-the-right-thwackaway." That fellow should understand his wheelings to judge by his name. But what does all this mean, my girl?

JEAN. It was the ither paper, sir.

DUKE. The hand of my unfortunate grandsire sure enough! (*Reads.*)

"To all who have friendship for the house of Argyle. Benjamin Butler, of Monk's regiment of dragoons, saved my life from four troopers who were about to slay me. Having nothing better in my power, I give him this my acknowledgment, in hopes it may be useful to *him* or *his*—and do conjure my friends, tenants, and kinsmen, to respect it."

This is a strong injunction. Was this Benjamin Butler your grandfather?

JEAN. He was nae kin to me, sir; he was grandfather to ane—to a neebour's son—to a sincere well-wisher o' mine, sir.

DUKE. Oh, I understand—a true love affair. He was the grandsire of one you are engaged to?

JEAN. Ane I *was* engaged to; but this unhappy business——

DUKE. What! he has not deserted you on that account—has he?

JEAN. No, sir, he would be the last to leave a freend in difficulties; but I maun think for him, sir, as weel as for mysel'; and it wouldna beseem him to marry the like o' me, wi' this disgrace on my kindred.

DUKE. You are a very singular young woman;—you seem to think of every one before yourself. And have you really come on foot?

JEAN. Not a' the way, my lord. I kent na that the Southerns had stage coaches, as they're ca'd, and sometimes——

DUKE. Well, never mind that. What reason have you for thinking your sister innocent?

JEAN. Because she hasna been proved guilty, as will appear from these papers, which a good and learned friend, Mr Saddletree, ha'e sent after me.

DUKE. Sit down on that chair till I glance over them. (*They sit.*—DUKE, *after looking over the papers.*) Your sister's case must certainly be termed a hard one.

JEAN. Heaven bless you for that word.

DUKE. But, alas! my good girl, what good will my opinion do you, unless I can impress it upon those in whose hands your sister's life is placed by the law.

JEAN. O, but sir, what seems reasonable to yer honour, will certainly be the same to them.

DUKE. I do not know that. You know our old Scots proverb, "Ilka man buckles his belt his ain gait." But you shall not have placed this reliance on me altogether in vain,—leave these papers, and you shall shortly hear from me. Take care to be ready to come to me at a moment's warning; and, by-the-bye, you will be pleased to be dressed just as you are at present.

JEAN. I would ha'e putten on a cap, sir, but yer honour kens it isna the fashion o' our country for single women, and I judged, sae mony hundred miles frae hame, yer Grace's heart might warm to the tartan.

DUKE. And when MacCallummore's heart does not warm to the tartan, it will be cold as death can make it. Archibald!

Enter MR ARCHIBALD.

See this young woman safe.

JEAN. And, my Lord, should what ye ask be refused at the beginning, ye'll no be chappit back, or cast down wi' the *first* rough answer.

DUKE. (*Smiling.*) I am not apt to mind rough answers much;—but say nothing of what has passed to any one;—do not depend upon my success. I will do my best;—but for those who must assist me, you are to remember, that Heaven has the hearts of sovereigns in its own hand.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Parlour behind Mrs Glass' Snuff-Shop, in the Strand.*

Enter RASPER *and* SALLY.

SAL. *Don't tell* me, Mr Rasper; am I to wait on a poor

Scots girl that has walked all the way from Edinburgh to London? Why, I, who am but a poor servant, came in the waggon myself, and had a first cousin who travelled to town on the tip-top of the coach.

RASP. Ah! I don't wonder at your tip-top gentry having their heads turned now and then. But you see our mistress, the great snuff-merchant, pays the Scots girl attention, and has paid for a coach into the bargain to take her to the Duke's.

SAL. A pretty thing indeed, to take a poor young woman to the Duke! there can be no good in it. When did I ever go visiting Dukes? In the village where I was born we kept no such company.

RASP. I dare say not. But, hush! here's Mistress, Sally; and finely dressed out she is.

Enter MRS GLASS *and* JEANIE DEANS.

MRS G. Ay, ay, I dare say, cousin, you were frightened enough—frightened enough I warrant me; but I hope you minded my lessons, and give him plenty of—your Grace.

JEAN. Why, at first, I had almost forgot it; and afterwards he told me there was no occasion.

MRS G. Ay, but he lik'd it for all that. He might as well have ask'd me out of the coach all the while. Well—well, child, go to your room; you must want rest and refreshment, and I'll come up, and you shall tell me all that pass'd.

JEAN. I am bid not, madam.

MRS G. Indeed! Oh, then, his Grace means to tell me himself. Well, if you should have to go again, you will put on my French silk niggledegee, and my best butterfly cap, and——

JEAN. I am bid not, madam.

MRS G. An odd girl this! you can ask her to do nothing but she is bid not. Well, go to your room, child, and I'll follow.

[*Exit* JEANIE.

James Rasper, what do you stand gaping there for? Go and mind the shop, d'ye hear.

[*Exit* RASPER.

Well, Sally, what do you think of my dress, isn't it beautiful?

SAL. Rather too good to sit in a hackney coach with, I do think, ma'am.

[*Exit.*

MRS G. Pert hussey! It was a little provoking to be sure; but did Jeanie say I wasn't to ask what pass'd? There's something odd in that,—very odd, indeed; but here comes the Duke's gentleman, Mr Archibald. Ay, ay—he's to let me into the rights *on't. He* never saw me in this dress before; and as he's a *bachelor,* and I'm a widow, who knows what may be the consequence.

(RASPER *bows on* MR ARCHIBALD.)

Mr Archibald, this is a favour that—Won't you allow me the honour to fill your mull free gratis—for nothing, out of my own cannister? Won't you take a glass of your own country fairntosh; or is there any other thing you will do, which can in any way contribute to your comfort or your satisfaction?

ARCH. Mrs Glass, I winna trouble ye for ony o' thae things at present,—my business is wi' the young person wha——

MRS G. You shall see her directly, Mr Archibald; and how's his Grace? I may ask after him, for he never fills his snuff-box in the shop, but he says—"How do you do, Mrs Glass; how's all your friends i' the north." Then I say—"I hope your Grace and the Duchess, and the young ladies are all well; and that my suuff continues to give you all satisfaction." And then the folks in the shop do so stare, and every Scotchman pulls off his hat, and says, there goes the Prince of Scotland, and then—— But you haven't said what you want wi' Jeanie.

ARCH. Your ailoquence, madam, is sae o'erpowering, I ha'ena yet had an opportunity. I am ordered to bring her till the Duke himsel'. It's rather sudden; but a thought has just struck him, and when he thinks, he always acts directly.

MRS G. Take her to the Duke; then I will ha'e to go wi' her. So I'll just pop on my last new manty but three, wi' the green sleeves, and be wi' ye directly. Jeanie, Jeanie Deans, I say, here's a gentleman of his Grace's chambers—a gentleman frae the Duke, and ye maun come down directly. James Rasper, look to the shop, I'm going to the Duke's wi' my cousin and Mr Archibald. I believe you take his Grace's mixture, sir.

(*Presenting her snuff-box.*)

Why, Jeanie, Jeanie Deans, I say!

Enter JEANIE DEANS.

ARCH. You'll pardon me, madam; but I am to take the young person by hersel', and no gi'e you the trouble.

MRS G. By hersel'! Well, to be sure I've known ye many years, Mr Archibald, and the Duke is a married man, and—— But you wouldn't have her go in that way, with her tartan plaid over her shoulders, as if she had come up with a drove of cattle.

ARCH. The carriage waits, and I wasna to allow ony change. I'll bring her safely back, ye may depend on't.

MRS G. But I may ask which way you're going, I presume?

ARCH. My Lord Duke will inform you that himsel', madam.

[*Exit with* JEANIE.

MRS G. James Rasper, open the door to Mr Archibald, first *gentleman of the chambers* to the Duke, who has sent for my

cousin Jeanie to go to——Well, bless my heart, if it isn't the oddest thing in the world, that the only opportunity I ever had of showing my black paduasay in a Duke's carriage, he should send for my cousin hersel', and leave me out o' the question. Well, I won't give up Mr Archibald for all that. We should make a mighty genteel couple; and if I was to marry him, I'd shut up the snuff-shop,—sell the goodwill of the tobacco-boxes,—buy a gentleman's policy on the North Road, and be as good a lady as the best of them. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*A Close Walk in the Queen's Gardens at Greenwich.*

Enter the DUKE OF ARGYLE.

DUKE. So this is the garden of her Majesty; and if Archibald loses no time in bringing poor Jeanie to the spot I told him, who knows but I may be the happy means of accomplishing her amiable intentions. Mustn't be too sure tho'. Eh! here she is.

Enter JEANIE DEANS.

JEAN. I ha'e been desired by the goodness o' your Grace——

DUKE. We have no time for compliments. I have asked audience of a lady, whose interest with the King is deservedly very high. You will see and speak to her yourself in this garden, and must tell your story simply, as you did to me.

JEAN. Since I had the courage to speak to your Grace, I needna be shame-faced in speakin' to a leddy. But, sir, I would like to hear what to ca' her—whether her grace, her honour, or her leddyship—for I ken leddies are fully mair particular than gentlemen aboot their titles.

DUKE. You need only call her *Madam*. Say what you please. Look at me from time to time, and should I put my hand to my cravat—so—you will stop. I shall only do it when you say anything not likely to please.

JEAN. But if yer Grace would teach me what to say, I could get it a' by heart.

DUKE. No, no, Jeanie; speak plainly and boldly as you have done to me; and if ye gain her consent, I'se wad ye a plack, as we say in the north, she'll get the pardon from the King. But see, she's coming; walk aside; recollect yourself, and I'll bring you forward at the proper time. (JEANIE *retires.*)

Enter QUEEN CAROLINE *and* LADY SUFFOLK.

QUEEN. I hope I see so great a stranger as the Duke of Argyle *in as good* health as his best friends can wish him.

DUKE. Perfectly well, Madam, and deeply gratified by the

honour of this interview, which I had the boldness to ask, on a subject most essential to his Majesty's interest.

QUEEN. You cannot oblige me more, my Lord Duke, than by giving me the advantage of your experience on any point of the King's service. Your Grace is aware that I can only be the medium through which the matter is submitted to his Majesty's superior wisdom; but if it be a suit which personally respects your Grace, it shall lose no support in being preferred through me.

DUKE. The matter, Madam, regards the fate of an unfortunate woman in Scotland, sentenced for a crime of which I believe she is innocent; and my humble petition is for your Majesty's intercession with the King for pardon.

QUEEN. My Lord Duke, I will not ask your motives for a request which circumstances render so extraordinary. Your road to the King's closet as a peer and a privy counsellor, entitled to demand an audience, was open, without giving *me* the pain of this discussion; as your Lordship must be well aware, that had my advice been followed, in a recent case, that sooner than have submitted to such an insult, I would have made Scotland a hunting field.

DUKE. In that case, Madam, I must have left your Majesty, and have visited Scotland, to have got my hounds in readiness.

QUEEN. My Lord, you must allow me some of the privileges of my sex, and not judge uncharitably of me, if I am hurt at recollecting the late outrage in your chief city, against the royal authority, at the very time it was vested in my unworthy person.

DUKE. It is certainly a matter not easily forgotten, Madam, and of which your Majesty already knows my sentiments.

QUEEN. We will not prosecute a topic on which we may probably differ. One word, however, I may say in private. When the Duke of Argyle is disposed to renew his acquaintance with his master and mistress, there are few subjects on which we should disagree.

DUKE. Let me hope, Madam, I have not been so unfortunate, as to have found one on the present occasion.

QUEEN. I must impose upon your Grace the duty of confession, before I grant you absolution. What is your particular interest in that young woman? Perhaps she is some thirtieth cousin.

DUKE. No, Madam; but I should be proud of any relation with half her worth—honesty, and affection.

QUEEN. Her *name* must be Campbell, at least.

DUKE. Her name, Madam, if I may be permitted to say so, is not quite so distinguished.

QUEEN. She comes from Inverary or Argyleshire?

DUKE. She was never farther north than Edinbro', Madam.

QUEEN. Then my conjectures are all ended, and your Grace must yourself take the trouble to explain the affair of your protegée.

DUKE. Her sister is the first victim of a severe law, as she cannot produce the only witness of her not having concealed an unfortunate circumstance——

QUEEN. Of which I have heard; and I have doubts;—you were about to speak.

DUKE. If your Majesty would condescend to hear my poor countrywoman, perhaps she may find an advocate in your own heart, much more able than I am, to second the doubts suggested by your understanding.

QUEEN. Let her approach.

(*The* DUKE *leads* JEANIE *forward;—she kneels.*)

Stand up, young woman.

(LADY SUFFOLK *raises her.*)

How have you travelled hither?

JEAN. Mostly on foot, Madam.

QUEEN. How far can you walk in a day?

JEAN. Twenty-five miles, Madam, and a bittock.

QUEEN. And a what?

DUKE. And about five miles more, Madam.

QUEEN. I thought I was a good walker, but this shames me sadly.

JEAN. May ye never, Madam, ha'e sae weary a heart that ye canna be sensible o' the weariness o' yer limbs. I didna walk the whole way, Madam; I had whiles the help o' a cart, and the cast o' a horse from Ferrybridge,

(*The* DUKE *puts his hand to his cravat.*)

and mony ither helps, Madam.

QUEEN. You still must have had a most fatiguing journey, and I fear to little purpose; for if the King were to pardon your sister, your angry town's-people would not suffer her to enjoy the benefit of it.

JEAN. Baith town and country would rejoice to see his Majesty take compassion on a poor unfriended creature.

QUEEN. It has not been found so. But in the present case, my Lord Duke, how would you advise?

DUKE. Madam, I would advise his Majesty to be guided by his own feelings, and those of his royal consort; and then I am sure punishment will only attach itself to guilt, and even then with caution and reluctance.

QUEEN. Ay, my Lord, but your good countrymen are so proud *of their errors*, and so wedded to the cause of them, that even a *girl, if she had* a friend in the late disturbances, would not even, *to save her sister*, disclose the secret,—say how would you act?

JEAN. (*Rises with warmth.*) Madam, (*The* DUKE *touches his cravat.*) I—I—would pray to be directed in the line of my duty.

QUEEN. And perhaps choose that which suited your own inclination.

JEAN. Madam, those wha ha'e done wrang, maun answer for the act. But my sister, my puir sister Effie, her days and hours are numbered. She still lives—and ae word o' the King's mouth might restore her to a broken-hearted father, wha ne'er forgot to pray for the royal house. O, Madam! ha'e compassion on our misery; save an unhappy girl—a girl no eighteen years o' age—frae an early and a dreadfu' death. Alas! it's no when we sleep saft and wake merrily oursel's, that we think on ither folks' sufferings, but when the hour o' trouble comes—and never may it visit yer leddyship—and when the hour o' death arrives, which fails not high nor low,—lang and late may it be, yer leddyship's,—oh, then! that which we maun think on wi' maist delight, is no what we ha'e done for oursel's, but that which we ha'e done for ithers.

QUEEN. This is eloquence! Young woman, I cannot grant your sister's pardon, but you shall have my warm intercession with the King. Take this,—do not open it now, but at your leisure;—you will find that which will remind you of an interview with your Queen.

(JEANIE *falls on both knees, gratefully clasps her hands, and seems about to speak.* DUKE *touches his cravat.*)

Our business, I trust, my Lord, is ended to your satisfaction. Hereafter, we hope to see your Grace more frequently, both at Richmond and St James's. Suffolk, we must wish his Grace good morning.

(QUEEN *retires, leaning on the arm of* LADY SUFFOLK, *as the* DUKE *bows profoundly.*)

JEAN. And that leddy was the Queen hersel'?

DUKE. It was certainly Queen Caroline. Have you no curiosity to see what's in the little book?

JEAN. Eh! Is the pardon there?

DUKE. Why, no. They seldom carry these things about them, unless they were likely to be wanted. Besides, her Majesty told you it was the King, not she who was to grant it.

JEAN. That's true. But yer honour thinks there's a certainty o' Effie's pardon?

DUKE. Why, people of their rank are kittle cattle to shoe behind. But I have not the least doubt the matter is quite certain.

JEAN. Oh! Heaven be praised!

(JEANIE *drops a note out of the pocket-book.*)

Eh! sir! what's this?

DUKE. A bank-bill for fifty pounds.

JEAN. Dear me, I am sorry for the mistake. The hussey itsel's a vera valuable present, wi' the Queen's name in't, doubtless in her ain hand. Pray you tak' it back; the Queen's leddyship may want the money.

DUKE. No, no, Jeanie, there is no mistake. Her Majesty knows you have been put to great expense, and wishes to make it up to you.

JEAN. I'm sure she's o'er gude; and it glads me muckle I can pay back Dumbiedikes his siller, without distressing my father, honest man.

DUKE. Dumbiedikes! a free-holder of Mid-Lothian, is he not? Has a house not far from Dalkeith. Wears a black wig and laced hat?

JEAN. Yes, sir.

DUKE. Ay, my old friend Dumbie. I have thrice seen him, and only once heard the sound of his voice. But come, Jeanie, I must see this same pardon pass'd thro' the proper forms; and I have a friend in office who, for auld langsyne, will do me so much favour. Come, Jeanie, you must see the Duchess.

JEAN. May you, nor ony o' your family, or the Queen's leddyship, ever want the heart's ease ye ha'e gi'en me at this moment; and may Heaven's blessing fa' upon ye for being a kind freend to a puir Scotch lassie.

[*Exeunt.*

END OF ACT IV.

Act Fifth.

SCENE I.—*Distant View of Carlisle.*

Enter GEORGE STAUNTON.

STAUN. Should Jeanie's efforts fail—as unfriended as she is—alas! she must; one blow alone remains to save my Effie, and that, though self-destruction must ensue, shall be my task. The murderer of Porteous will be a welcome sacrifice, and no price will be *deemed too* great to pay for such a victim. But then, my child. *Poor Effie's* babe! thus cast unknown, unaided on the world. I *dare not think!* 'Tis madness! I have heard poor Madge Wild-

fire has been observed wandering around these walls, could I but meet her, something might yet be gained respecting my lost infant.

(*Shouts without.*)

JAMES, (*a countryman*) *rushes across.*

What noise is that?

JAMES. Oh! they have gotten old Margery Murdochson into custody, and because the Justices can find no fault against the old hag's daughter, the country folk have ta'en justice into their own hands, and are worrying her—poor lass!

STAUN. Poor girl! in such distress! I were no man did I not try my feeble aid for her assistance.

[*Exit.*

JAMES. That's right, young man, and I'll away for the constables; for though she's a witch, yet she's a woman after all, and d——n me if I see her ill used.

[*Exit.*

(*Shouts without.*)

Enter MADGE WILDFIRE, *pale, with her hair dishevelled, and supporting herself against a tree.*

MADGE. There—there—there, it's nearly over. Wad they but save my mither. She's my mither, if she were waur than the de'il; and tho' they tell me she has killed my bairn, she couldna do it; she saved the ither, and they ken she saved it. Oh, Jeanie Deans. And—oh, no, I daurna name him, wha has killed my wits—has slain puir Effie—has left me here to perish. Ay, ay, as the sang gangs—

Cauld is my bed, Lord Archibald,
And sad my sleep o' sorrow,
But thine shall be as sad and cauld,
My fause true love, to-morrow.

(*Shouts without.*)

They come again, puir crazy Madge—nae help—nae freend!—the feeble maun gi'e way, while cruel man pursues the hunted wretch wha never—never harm'd him! (*Shouts.*) See there! 'tis he!—'tis he! (*Falls.*)

(*Shouts.*)

Enter GEORGE STAUNTON, *and* MOB.

STAUN. Dare not—dare not, as you respect your lives, repeat your curst barbarity. I'm known to some of you—have been your friend,—would die defending your just rights; but he who steps a foot beyond this sacred bound to trample on affliction and distress, shall through my heart strings cut his hellish path, or pay the fell intention with his blood.

(*Draws and places himself before her.*)

MOB. Regard not him—forward.

STAUN. Forbear! as ye are men; for though your savage hands tore me in piecemeal, yet it were poor amends for what I've done to this poor faded blossom. Nay, and ye will not.

(JAMES *re-enters with* CONSTABLES, *&c. The* MOB *give back, and are driven out.* STAUNTON *raises* MADGE.)

STAUN. Hast thou life and sense, to see thy murderer,—and yet forgive him?

MADGE. I have seen that which makes me bless my sufferings. I have seen thee foremost in thy poor girl's cause, and ready to lose life in my defence. Should they spare Effie's life, be kind to her; her child is well and safe. For my poor babe, I go to meet her where this aching head will rest at last in peace, and where this heart, torn and distracted as it long hath been, will, by Heaven's pardon, find relief from pain; or if it beat—it still will beat for thee.

(*She dies. Scene closes.*)

SCENE II.—*Interior of Dumbiedikes' House.*

Enter the LAIRD OF DUMBIEDIKES *and* DAVID DEANS.

DUMB. Weel, Mr Deans, ye're welcome. I didna expect the pleasure o' seeing you here. Ha'e you heard frae Jeanie, woman?

DEANS. Troth ha'e I, Laird. I ha'e heard frae Jeanie, that she had been kindly received in Lunnon, and had great hope.

DUMB. Jeanie would be writing something about—— something about—— Eh, gudeman!

DEANS. About the siller? Nae doubt she did, Laird; and I ha'e come to pay that ye sae kindly lent.

(DAVID DEANS *counts down the money to the* LAIRD, *who examines it minutely.*)

DUMB. Weel, David, I'm muckle obliged to ye for this. I kenn'd weel ye were an honest man; but isna that a light ane, David?

DEANS. Na, Laird, it will gang the gait.

DUMB. Troth, David, they'll a' do that, fast enough. And did Jeanie, woman, say nae mair about *me?*

DEANS. Nae mair, but kind and Christian wishes. What s'uld she ha'e said?

DUMB. Eh, Jeanie, woman! Aweel, aweel, she kens her ain *mind best,* gudeman; but I ha'e made a clean house o' Mother *Balchristie,* and her big fat niece frae Drumbogie. Eh, David! *they were* an awfu' pack, and I had a kittle job wi' them. Ye ken,

David, they s'uld ha'e a lang-shankit spune that wad sup kail wi' auld Clootie.

DEANS. It's owre true, Laird; and I wish ye weel through a your distresses.

DUMB. Muckle obliged to ye, David. I'm to be married the morn, and kirkit on Sunday.

DEANS. I wish ye happy, Laird; marriage is an honourable estate.

DUMB. Yes, David, I shall be in an honourable estate; and I am wedding into an honourable house, to Peggy Kittlepoker, the Laird o' Lickpelf's youngest daughter. She sits neist me in the kirk; and that's the way I cam' to think o't. Oh, Jeanie, woman!

DEANS. Weel, Laird, ance mair I wish ye happy.

DUMB. And sae dae I you, David, and Jeanie, woman, and I hope that puir Effie will no be hang'd.

DEANS. Laird, Laird, ye mean kindly, Laird; but she is not of us; she is a wither'd branch, and be it sae,—Let her part; and never, never mair, let her name be spoken between you and me.

DUMB. But, David——

DEANS. No a word, mair, Laird; no a word mair. I wad rather ye thrust a sword into my heart, than speak of her. Oh, that this grey head had been at rest, ere this; but I didna expect it s'uld ha'e been disgraced in this way; yet, worthless as she is, she's my ain, Laird, she's my ain.

[*Exit* DAVID DEANS.

DUMB. And I wish Jeanie had been *my ain*, wi' a' my heart; but it's my ain fau't; I ne'er could speak my mind till her. I ha'e walk'd to auld David Deans' cottage, ance a-day, Sunday's excepted, the self-same gait, for fifteen years and mair. Four thousand, six hundred and ninety-five times, ha'e Rory Bean and I walk'd to David Deans' cottage, and never found heart to speak our minds till her. Some chields wad dae it easy enough; but love has been fermenting within me for fifteen years, and never could find vent. But nae matter, I shall be happy wi' Peggy Kittlepoker, and yet—oh, Jeanie, woman!

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*Interior of the Tolbooth.**

Enter MR SHARPITLAW, *and an* OFFICER *with a letter.*

SHARP. Who gave you this letter?

OFFICER. It comes by the post.

* *Abridged from Scenes* III. and IV., Act V., of Murray's Version; *compared with and emendated from* Dibdin's Original Version.

SHARP. Indeed. (*Reads.*) "To be delivered with speed." Perhaps some news o' puir Effie's pardon. There, there, you may go.

[*Exit* OFFICER.

"Sir, I know you to be a sensible, considerate magistrate." Sir, I am very muckle obliged to you. "The signature acknowledges my share in an action you condemn; you will not on that account reject the evidence I am about to place before you. In Effie Deans you are about to spill the blood of the most beautiful, most innocent, and injured creature that the walls of a prison ever girded in. Her sister knows her innocence, accident may have delayed her return. Therefore, dare not to permit the execution till you hear further. Remember, the death of Wilson was fearfully avenged. I say, remember Porteous, and say you had good counsel from one of his slayers." Here's a pretty rascal! So, so, these fellows are about our gates again! Unless we are expeditious we shall have another riot.

Enter JAMES RATCLIFFE.

RAT. Nae news frae London yet, Mr Sharpitlaw?

SHARP. Nane, nane; I am very sorrow for it; but we couldna expect a pardon. Is your prisoner informed her time is nearly expired?

RAT. Ay, sir, she's comin', puir lassie!

SHARP. Why, you don't pretend to blubber, you who are used to——

RAT. Hand to hand, Mr Sharpitlaw, and man to man, an' you like; but as for dealing wi' women and bairns, I ha'e na the heart for it, Mr Sharpitlaw, and it gangs against my conscience.

SHARP. Your conscience, Rat——

RAT. Ou ay, sir, just my conscience; a' body has a conscience, though it's ill winnin' at some folks'; mine's like the noop o' my elbow, it whiles gets a dirl in the corner.

SHARP. Why, you don't pretend to be so tender-hearted.

RAT. Damn it, Mr Sharpitlaw, gif she had begget, and pray'd to me as she did to you, I couldn't ha'e had the heart to ha'e refused her; no, sir, I couldn't ha'e had the heart. Puir lassie; aft times she tastes naething frae the tae four-an'-twenty hours to the ither, except a drink o' water.

SHARP. Ratcliffe, go and prepare the guard,—we must be ready; I have received a letter which threatens violence. Go——

RAT. Ou ay, a nod's as gude's a wink to a blind horse.

[*Exit.*

Re-enter RATCLIFFE with EFFIE DEANS.

SHARP. I am sorry to have bad news for you,—very bad.

EFFIE. My sister has not, then, succeeded.

(*A muffled drum is heard.*—EFFIE *falls on her knees.*)

Oh, my poor bairn!—bless and protect it, if it be still alive; and I think no one could harm the innocent; for him, may Heaven turn his heart, and may the thoughts of his poor Effie never——

(*Tears choke her utterance, and she rises, pointing to* SHARPITLAW *to lead.—Music.—The Bell tolls at intervals.—The Town Guard appears, and they are preparing to exit, when a confused noise or murmur is heard of people's voices shouting.—A pause.—All turn to the quarter from whence the noise proceeds.*)

SHARP. Why this delay? 'tis cruelty to the poor girl.

EFFIE. Yet an instant; should it be my sister.

SHARP Impossible.

(*The noise approaches louder.*)

As I expected, a rescue! Soldiers, do your duty.

EFFIE. For mercy's sake! one moment—only a moment!

(*The noise comes close, with the tramping of feet.—The gates are thrown open.—A pause of a moment.*)

SHARP. Come, come, my poor girl, if your sister——

EFFIE. Name her not. My father, so unforgiving—yet him I dare not blame,—but for her. A word would have saved me, and——

(JEANIE *rushes forward with the pardon, followed by* DAVID DEANS, REUBEN BUTLER, THE LAIRD OF DUMBIEDIKES, SADDLETREE, GEORGE STAUNTON, *in disguise, &c., &c., &c.*)

JEAN. That word is spoken, and an honest word; 'tis a King's word, it brings my Effie life, and the assurance that Jeanie's love for her sister was second only to her fear of the King of kings.

(EFFIE *faintly screams, and falls in* JEANIE'S *arms. A Tableau is formed, and the Curtain drops.*)

NOTE.—It may not be out of place to state that the novel on which the drama is founded does not terminate in the same manner as the latter—nor with the pardon of "The Lily of St Leonards." On the contrary, as therein narrated, the pardon is transmitted through the usual channels, while Jeanie returns in charge of Archibald, not to Edinburgh, but to Roseneath, where she is joined by her father, who, meanwhile, has been engaged by the Duke of Argyle's agent, to superintend a stock-farm on the banks of the Gareloch. There also she is joined by, and married to Reuben Butler, who receives from the same benevolent and beneficent patron his presentation as minister to "the parish of Knocktarlitie." As for the unfortunate Effie, three days after her release, she elopes with her seducer, who makes her his wife, and brings her to visit her sister clandestinely, ere they depart to spend some years in retirement on the Continent. On their return, as Sir George and Lady Staunton, she becomes the Court

belle of the season, and the centre of an admiring circle, including his Grace the Duke of Argyle, who, as well as the others, fails to discover her antecedents. Some private correspondence takes place between the sisters, in the course of which Jeanie communicates circumstances which accidentally come to her knowledge, calculated to give a clue to the fate of her sister's child, which Providence ordains should be her sole offspring. While Sir George prosecutes the enquiries thus started, Lady Staunton unexpectedly comes to stay with her sister, whose husband is then at Edinburgh. There the latter, without knowing the relationship, meets with Sir George Staunton, who accompanies him on his return, and on his way learns that his son is the companion of an outlaw, then lurking in the neighhourhood of Roseneath. In consequence of an urgent request forwarded by him, means are taken, before his arrival, to secure the outlaw and the young savage, but unfortunately the means employed only scare and induce them to adopt measures for their own safety. These lead to an inopportune encounter on the landing of Sir George Staunton and the Rev. Reuben Butler, which terminates fatally for the former, and, as is presumed, at the hand of his own son, who is captured, but subsequently escapes through the intervention of Jeanie, *i.e.*, Mrs Butler, who, with her husband, "happy in each other, in the prosperity of their family, and the love and honour of all who knew them, lived beloved, and died lamented." On the other hand, the "well-dowered and beautiful Lady Staunton," after some years of gilded misery, spent in the "fashionable world," and "after declining repeated offers of the most respectable kind for a second matrimonial engagement, betrayed the inward wound by retiring to the Continent and taking up her abode in the convent where she had received her education (subsequent to her marriage). She never took the veil, but lived and died in severe seclusion, and in the practice of the Roman Catholic religion." The instructive moral with which this admirable novel closes is as follows:—"READER, this tale will not be told in vain, if it shall be found to illustrate the great truth, that guilt, though it may attain temporal splendour, can never confer real happiness; that the evil consequences of our crimes long survive their commission, and, like the ghosts of the murdered, for ever haunt the steps of the malefactor; and that the paths of virtue, though seldom those of worldly greatness, are always those of pleasantness and peace."

END OF THE HEART OF MID-LOTHIAN

MONTROSE;

A DRAMA IN THREE ACTS.

Dramatis Personæ.

As first performed at the Covent Garden Theatre, London, Thursday, February 14, 1822; and at the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, May 3, 1823.

	Covent Garden.	Edinburgh.
EARL OF MONTROSE,	Mr Connor.	Mr Gordon.
EARL OF MENTIETH,	Mr Duruset.	Mr Horn.
ANGUS M'AULAY,	Mr Comer.	Mr Mason.
ALLAN M'AULAY,	Mr Abbott.	Mr Calcraft.
EVAN DHU,	Mr Hunt.	Mr Aitken.
SIBBALD,	Mr Smithson.	Mr Power.
DONALD,	Mr Taylor.	Mr Duff.
CAPTAIN DALGETTY,	Mr Liston.	Mr Mackay.
MARQUIS OF ARGYLE,	Mr Chapman.	Mr Denham.
SIR DUNCAN CAMPBELL,	Mr Egerton.	Mr Faulkner.
AUCHINBRECK,	Mr Horrebow.	Mr Boddie.
GRANEANGOWL,	Mr Louis.	Mr Hillyard.
RANALD OF THE MIST,	Mr Yates.	Mr Jervis.
IVAN,	Mr Jefferies.	Mr Miller.
KENNETH,	Mr Parsloe.	Miss C. Nicol.
LEWIE,	Master Longhurst.	
CALLUM,	Mr I. Isaacs.	
RONACH,	Mr Norris.	
SANDY,	Mr Isaacs.	
COLIN,	Mr King.	
SENTINEL,	Mr Ryalls.	
ERORCHT,	Mrs Faucit.	Mrs Renaud.
ANNOT LYLE,	Miss Stephens.	Miss Stephens.
ELLEN,	Mrs Bishop.	
MAUSE,	Mrs Sterling.	

Highland Chiefs, Soldiers, Clansmen, and Attendants, Children of the Mist, &c., &c.

The overture by Mr BISHOP. The rest of the music composed, selected, and arranged by Mr BISHOP, Mr WARE, and Mr WATSON. The piece produced under the direction of Mr FARLEY—at Covent Garden.

MONTROSE;

OR,

THE CHILDREN OF THE MIST.

Act First.

SCENE I.—*Night. A Romantic Highland Scene.*

The CHILDREN OF THE MIST *discovered in a Picturesque Group.*

GLEE.

ELLEN, MAUSE, CALLUM, and RANOCH.

List! now list, they must be near,
The signal swells upon the breeze;
No, ah no! we only hear
The cold wind whistle thro' the trees.

The screech-owl, from her dark abode,
Sends forth an omen dire;
The kelpie, glancing o'er the sod,
Emits a lambent fire.

The moon glares red upon the hill,
The deer hath ceased to roam;
The night wind whistles loud and shrill,
But Ranald comes not home.
List! now list, &c.

ERO. My heart misgives me; Ranald returns not; hour after hour have I waited for his well-known signal; hour after hour has my anxious soul devised a thousand causes for his absence; still, still, he comes not.

IVAN. Erorcht, you droop.

ERO. 'Tis false! Droop! My father's spirit burns within me,

and I will not sink. Children of the Mist, should it be our lot to mourn the dearest of our kin; should it be a day of triumph to our foes, of lamentation to our injured race, remember that an hour of vengeance yet may come:—remember, when, fifteen years ago, Sir Duncan Campbell brought us scaith and wrong, how dearly we revenged it in the sack of Ardenvohr:—his house was fired, his children slaughtered! The warden of the forest, too, the high and powerful M'Aulay, paid with his life the lives that he had taken.

IVAN. There lies the deadliest account. Allan M'Aulay, he of the bloody hand, is now our scourge and curse, but neither gun, dirk, nor dourlack can avail against him.

(*The sound of a horn is heard.*)

ERO. Hark!

IVAN. 'Tis Ranald; I hear his horn upon the blast.

ERO. Peace!

IVAN. There again!

ERO. Ay, it falls upon my ear like the wailing of a troubled spirit; 'tis a note of death, Ranald returns no more.

(*A louder note is heard.*)

IVAN. He comes!

ERO. Not Ranald! Husband, children, all are lost!

IVAN. 'Tis Kenneth.

Enter KENNETH.

ERO. Ah! one still is left me—my child, my dear, dear Kenneth.

IVAN. Where is your father, boy?

ERO. Ask him not; too well I know, Diarmid's sons, the Campbells have entrapped, destroyed him; his brothers, too, have perished in this fatal feud, and feed the crows upon the gates of Inverary.

KEN. No, mother, not so; but our attempt has failed; and all that went to seize Sir Duncan Campbell on his way to Darnlinvarach, are fallen into the hands of Gillespie Grumach.

ERO. The false, the merciless Argyle! We have nothing, then, to hope.

KEN. Yes; there may be time to save them.

IVAN. How so? Speak quickly.

KEN. The party who surprised us, wait the dawn of day before they return to Inverary; if we take the pass across the mountains, we may cut them off.

ERO. Enough! Ranald may again be free; this dirk may give him liberty. Prepare! lose not a moment. I will conduct you; and, if we fail, why, we'll cry their coronach beneath the gallows-tree. Now, Spirit of our fathers—Spirit of the Mist! protect and guide us!

CHORUS.

Spirit! Father! hear our cry,
Grant, O! grant us victory!
Let Diarmid's sons resist,
In vain, the Children of the Mist!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Hall of Darnlinvarach.*

A large Peat-fire in a huge Chimney. Various weapons hung upon the wall. An oaken Table in the centre.

Enter the EARL OF MENTEITH, ANDERSON, SIBBALD, &c.

MENT. So, we have reached Darnlinvarach in good time. Now, Anderson, before our host appears to welcome us, tell me what you think of our new acquaintance, this Dalgetty.

AND. A stout fellow, my Lord, and I wish we could find twenty such, to put our levies into some sort of discipline.

MENT. I differ from you. I think he has neither honour nor principle, but his month's pay, and will transfer his allegiance from standard to standard, at the pleasure or fortune of the best bidder.

AND. 'Tis very like, my Lord; but you will forgive me if I recommend to you, in the present circumstances, to conceal your indignation. We cannot, unfortunately, do our work without the assistance of those who act on baser motives than our own.

MENT. I must dissemble, then, as well as I can; but I wish the fellow at the devil, with all my heart.

AND. To cure the bite of a scorpion, we must crush another scorpion on the wound.

MENT. Well, I'll endeavour to secure him. He shall be questioned further.

Enter DONALD, *conducting* DALGETTY.

DON. The gentlemans are this way.

DAL. Well, friend, now I've sorted up my horse, Gustavus, named after that illustrious leader, Gustavus Adolphus, the Lion of the North, and the bulwark of the Protestant faith, I would willingly refresh myself.

DON. I hope gentlemens will take bread and cheese, as we say in the glens, till better meat be ready.

DAL. I have no fault to find with bread and cheese, in the absence of better fare.

DON. When the chief comes back from the hills, there will be kid and venison.

DAL. Kid and venison! I shall make no objection to either; *for, truth to speak, I* have tasted nothing since day-break but an

oat-cake, which I divided with my horse, Gustavus. I have been fain to draw my belt three bores tighter for very extenuation, lest hunger and heavy iron should make the gird slip.

MENT. Your horse seems to have an excellent and social quality, Captain.

DAL. In troth has he, my Lord; for, although he cannot pledge me in my cup, yet we share our loaf together, and it shall go hard if he suffers famine, where cakes and bannocks are to be found.

MENT. Now, Captain Dalgetty, the time is arrived when we must become comrades in service, or part.

DAL. Part! not before supper! not before we eat and drink together! I would fain make an onslaught on that same kid and venison Donald talked of.

MENT. Certainly, but time is precious, and we must know your mind exactly; according to which, you shall either have a safe conduct to depart in peace, or be welcome to remain with us.

DAL. Truly, my Lord Mentcith, I am not as yet resolved to which party I shall adhere.

MENT. I should have thought that, when religion and loyalty are at stake, no cavalier of your honourable mark could be long in choosing his party.

DAL. You speak reasonably, my Lord, very reasonably; but there is a Southern proverb that says, "fine words butter no parsnips." Loyalty is your pass-word:—"Liberty," roars another. "The King," shouts one; "the Parliament," cries the next. "Montrose for ever," says Donald; "Argyle," says Saunders. Now, these are good watch-words—all excellent watch-words.

MENT. And pray, Captain, since the pretensions of either party seem to you so equal, by what circumstance will your preference be determined?

DAL. Simply, where my services would be most valued, and *best* rewarded.

MENT. (*Apart.*) I thought as much.

DAL. What return could I expect for teaching a mob of breechless savages the noble art of war, except, perhaps, it might be a dirk in my wame? And if I were to grant the aid of my experience, acquired under that invincible leader, Gustavus Adolphus, the Lion of the North, where are the funds, the *funds*, my Lord, to which I may look for remuneration?

AND. I think, under your Lordship's favour, I could say something to satisfy Captain Dalgetty. He asks where we are to collect our pay? Now, in my poor mind, were we once in the *Lowlands*, with our broad-swords in our hands, we could find *many* a fat traitor, whose ill-gotten wealth should satisfy our *soldiery*.

DAL. (*In surprise.*) By St Andrew! here's a fellow with four pounds a-year and a livery cloak, talks as if he had studied at the Mareschal-College of Aberdeen! I protest your Lordship's servant has a very pretty idea of military matters; somewhat irregular,—smells a little too much of selling the bearskin before he has hunted him. Have you served, my friend?

AND. A little, sir, in these our domestic quarrels.

DAL. Never in Germany, or the Low Countries?

AND. I never had that honour.

(*Servants enter with refreshments, and place them on the table.*)

DAL. Humph! Well, my Lord, I'll take the matter into my serious consideration. I see the provant is ready—(*looking at the table*)—and, as I seldom afford myself time to talk while I eat, in respect my mouth is more profitably employed, I'll think the more.

(*Seats himself.*)

MENT. (*Aside.*) You perceive this mercenary dog rejoices in the prospect of a civil war.

AND. Hush! we may be overheard.

Enter ALLAN M'AULAY.

MENT. Ah! Allan! my kind friend—my old companion.

(ALLAN *looks at him an instant, passes, and examines* ANDERSON *and* SIBBALD.)

DON. (*In a low voice.*) Your Lordship's honour maunna speak to Allan just now; the cloud is upon his mind.

MENT. I had hoped this malady had left him.

ALLAN. Said I not that four were to come, and here stand but three on the hall floor?

(ANDERSON *and* SIBBALD *retire to the table.*)

DON. Troth, did you; and there is the fourth.

(*Pointing to* DALGETTY.)

I think she might ha'e set at the foot o' the table, as became her, and not ha'e cockit herself up there. A bit and a drop wi' mysel' and the gillies wad be mickle honour for the like o' her.

(ALLAN *holds a light to* DALGETTY'S *face, who stares indignantly at him while he eats.* ALLAN *leaves him.*)

DAL. By my troth, that lad and I will ken each other better, when we meet again.

(ALLAN, *having next examined* ANDERSON'S *countenance, instantly leads him to* DALGETTY'S *seat, whom he swings out of it with so much* violence that he nearly falls.

DALGETTY *unsheaths his sword, and endeavours to attack* ALLAN, *but is prevented by* MENTEITH.)

DAL. Diavole! come forth.

DON. Fat the devil are ye at, man?

MENT. (*Aside to* DALGETTY.) He is mad—perfectly mad—there is no purpose in quarrelling.

DAL. If you are assured he is *non compos mentis*, as we used to say at the Mareschal-College of Aberdeen, which his breeding and behaviour seem to testify, the matter must end here; but, by my soul, 'tis a pity he should be so weak in the intellects, being so devilish strong in the body.

ALLAN. Where stays my brother? Where is your chief, Angus M'Aulay? Does he know who's come? Does he know who are yet to come, this night, to the house of our fathers?

MENT. Tell me, Allan, what clans are expected to join King Charles's friends?

ALLAN. That will depend upon who lifts his banner. Highlanders are not easily commanded by one of their own chiefs.

MENT. We hear a rumour that Colkitto is come from Ireland, with a body of the Earl of Antrim's people.

ALLAN. Colkitto! who talks of Colkitto? There lives but one man whom we will follow—that man is Montrose.

MENT. But Montrose, it is thought, has returned to the King at Oxford.

ALLAN. Returned! I could tell you—but it is not worth my while; ye will know soon enough, an ye know it not already.

MENT. By my honour, Allan, you will weary out your friends with this sullen humour. But I guess the cause—you have not seen Annot Lyle to-day.

ALLAN. (*Sternly.*) Whom? Whom did you say I had not seen?

MENT. The fairy queen of song and minstrelsy—Annot Lyle.

ALLAN. Would to Heaven I were never to see her more, so that the same wierd were laid on you!

MENT. And why on me?

ALLAN. Because it is written on your forehead that you are to be the ruin of each other.

[*Exit* ALLAN.

MENT. Ruin! Has he been long this way?

DON. About three days, but the fit is well nigh past; she'll be better to-morrow.

(*Gives directions to* SIBBALD *and* ATTENDANTS, *and exit.*)

AND. Has this strange malady arisen from any peculiar circumstance, my Lord?

MENT. It is supposed so. If you care to hear a long story, I can tell you some particulars respecting my friend Allan and this

mountain nymph, Annot Lyle, which will interest you much, Anderson, and satisfy Captain Dalgetty with respect to his late conduct.

DAL. A long story, my Lord, is next to a good evening night-cap, the best shoeing-horn for drawing on a sound sleep.

MENT. You must know, then, that the M'Aulays were at feud with a small sept, called from their incessant wanderings among the glens and mountains, the Children of the Mist. Many years since, a party of this banditti surprised the Laird of Darnlinvarach, who was then warden of the forest, and slew him, under every circumstance of inventive cruelty. His widow became deranged, and in this wretched state, she brought into the world her youngest son, Allan.

AND. Ah! I no longer wonder at this dreadful malady.

(DALGETTY, *having dropt asleep, here gives a snort.*)

DAL. Augh!

MENT. I tire you, Captain, you seem inclined to sleep.

DAL. By no means; I am no whit somnolent; I always hear best with my eyes shut, it is a fashion I learned when I stood sentinel.

AND. And I daresay the weight of a halbert often made him open them. But were these outlaws left in peace for so great a length of time?

MENT. No; they were hunted down with as little mercy as they had themselves manifested. But I speak to regardless ears.

(*Seeing* DALGETTY *again asleep.*)

AND. If you mean the ears of that snorting swine, my Lord, they are, indeed, shut to anything you can say. But have the goodness to proceed. The history of this poor young fellow has a deep and wild interest.

MENT. Allan was now constantly in the woods, sometimes whole days and nights.

AND. In search, no doubt, of these outlaws.

MENT. Yes; and at length he encountered and slew their leader, Hector of the Mist, who had been the most active in the murder of the unfortunate warden.

AND. Good Heaven! what a state of society! But you have not yet mentioned this Annot Lyle, who, I understand was in some way connected.

MENT. True, her portion of the tale is soon told. In one of these dreadful expeditions I had some share. We surprised the Children of the Mist in their strongholds; and one little maiden only, who smiled at Allan's drawn dirk, escaped his vengeance at my earnest entreaty. She was brought to the Castle here, and bred up in the name of Annot Lyle.

DAL. (*Again asleep.*) To your right hand counter-march, and

retreat to your former ground. Ey! I crave pardon, I was thinking aloud, but I have been profoundly attentive.

Enter DONALD *and* HIGHLANDERS.

DON. The Chief is come in frae the hills, and brought muckle news, they say.

MENT. Indeed! Anderson, you may leave me. Let Sibbald and the rest remain. I know you have some preparations to make that must not be neglected.

AND. I thank your lordship. (*Bows and exit.*)

MENT. Well, Captain, as you have now finished your meal——

DAL. Pardon me, I have by no means finished.

DON. Nae finished?

DAL. No; though I grant I am somewhat refreshed.

DON. The gormandizing pock-pudding!

DAL. Ye have, no doubt, been surprised, my Lord, to see me eat so very fast, and so very long. The former quality I acquired when I filled a place at the Bursar's table, at the Mareschal-College of Aberdeen, where, if I had not moved my jaws as fast as a pair of castanets, I should have had little chance of anything to put between them; and as for the quantity of my food—

(*Seizing a bottle and filling a horn.*)

I think it the duty of every commander of a fortress to victual himself for at least three days, as there is no knowing when he may come by another meal.

DON. Did ony body ever hear the like o' that?

MENT. At all events, you have had sufficient time to consider my proposal, and I trust we shall be able to secure your assistance to our party.

DAL. Well, to be plain wi' ye, my Lord, if I like your pay as well as I like your provant and your company, I care not how soon I take my oath to your colours. So, my Lord, I and my horse Gustavus are at your service, hand and sword, body and soul, till death do part us, or to the end of the next campaign, whichever event shall come first to pass.

MENT. Come, then, here's King Charles's health, and may he who refuses it go to heaven by the road of the Grass-market.

DAL. With all my heart, and since it's the parting cup, my Lord, I'll e'en give ye the Lasses. By my soul he's no true Scot that would forget bonny lasses, when his heart is open and his cup is full.

TRIO AND CHORUS.

(*Words by Burns—altered.*)

MENT. There's nought but care on every han',
In every hour that passes, O!
What signifies the life o' man,
If 'twere na for the lasses, O!

Green grow the rashes, O!
Green grow the rashes, O!
The wisest man the world e'er saw,
He dearly lo'ed the lasses, O!

CHORUS. Green grow, &c.

DON. Gi'e me a canny hour at e'en,
My arms about my dearie, O!
And warldly cares and warldly men
May a' gae tapsalteerie, O!

CHORUS. Green grow, &c.

DAL. Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes, O!
Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
And then she made the lasses, O!

CHORUS. Drink, drink, the lasses, O!
A' the bonnie lasses, O!
Now lift the cup, and drain it up,
To Scotland's bonnie lasses, O!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Apartment in Darnlinvarach*

Enter ANGUS M'AULAY *and* DONALD.

ANG. The Earl of Menteith arrived!—he never was more welcome. Who attends him?

DON. Only two serving men, and a sort o' German landlouper,—a strange kind of animal. She couldn't drink after her ain master, without washing the cup and spilling the ale, and be damned to her.

ANG. No matter; some of our friends are near at hand; look out Donald, and give notice of their approach.

[*Exit* DONALD.

(*Enter* MENTEITH, *attended by* SIBBALD.)

Ah! cousin, welcome, most welcome, to our Highland home and Highland fare.

MENT. Angus, I rejoice to see you. How looks our cause among the clans?

ANG. You'll know presently; for, if I mistake not, some are already here.

Enter ALLAN M'AULAY.

ALLAN. Brother, the clansmen come in thick and fast.

ANG. 'Tis well, Allan.

ALLAN. Ay, 'tis well—would it were to end so! Hector M'Lean is arrived, with a large following.

ANG. Indeed! We must keep the breadth of the middenstead *between them* and the M'Donalds; they are but unfriends *to each other.*

Re-enter DONALD.

DON. The ti'el's in the folk! The hale Hielands are asteer, I think. Evan Dhu will be here in an hour, with the Lord knows how many gillies.

ANG. Into the great barn with them beside the M'Donalds. We'll dispose of the M'Leans elsewhere.

DON. But there are more chiefs advancing from a' quarters. We canna distinguish the clans yet; but M'Dougal of Lorn is the first.

MENT. Better and better.

ANG. What the devil's to be done now? Stable lofts and sheds will all be crammed. The barn might hold fifty more, if they would lie heads and thraws.

DON. Heads and thraws! Neck and heels! By my soul, then, ther'll be drawn dirks among them which should lie uppermost. [*Exit.*

ALLAN. What needs all this? Are the Gael of to-day of softer flesh or whiter blood than their fathers? Knock the head out of a cask of usquebaugh; let that be their night-gear,—their plaids their bed-clothes—the blue sky their canopy,—and the heather their couch! Come a thousand more, and they would not quarrel on the broad heath for want of room.

ANG. Right, Allan, right!

ALLAN. Yes, they may as well begin as they are to end. Many a man will sleep this night upon the heath, that, when the Martinmas wind shall blow, will lie there stark enough, and little reck of cold or covering.

ANG. Do not forespeak us, brother; say nothing to discourage us at such a moment.

ALLAN. Am I he that discourages you? Let every man face his wierd as I shall face mine! That which must come will come; and we shall stride gallantly over many a field of victory ere we reach yon fatal slaughter-place or tread yon sable scaffolds.

MENT. What slaughter-place?

ANG. What scaffolds?

ALLAN. You will know that too soon. Speak to me no more: I am weary, oppressed, distracted by your questions.

MENT. Send for Annot Lyle, and her harp.

(ALLAN *has sunk into a chair, with a fixed and vacant eye.*)

ANG. Stay you with my brother, and she shall attend you. *'Tis now day*-break—my presence is required elsewhere. [*Exit.*

MENT. Her music comes over his spirit like a sunbeam on a *sullen sea*, and communicates the cheerfulness that ever fills her *own mind.* Ah! she is here.

(*Enter* ANNOT LYLE.)

My dear Annot, I have scarcely words to express how truly I am rejoiced to see you.

ANNOT. Thank you, my Lord. You have seldom been at the Castle lately; and now I fear it is with no peaceful purpose.

MENT. At least, let me not interrupt your harmony, Annot, though my arrival may breed discontent elsewhere. My cousin Allan needs the assistance of your voice and music.

ANNOT. My preserver has a right to my poor exertions; and you too, my Lord—you too are my preserver, and were the most active to save a life that is worthless enough, unless it can benefit my protectors.

MENT. Sing, Annot, sing.

ANNOT. You must not laugh, then, my Lord, at my uncourtly style; for, to say the truth, not all your southern ditties can touch his heart like one of our own simple melodies.

SONG.

ANNOT.

O we're a' noddin, nid, nid, noddin,
O we're a' noddin at our house at hame.
When the dame's asleep and the gudeman's fu',
When the lads love lasses, and lasses love sae true,
Kate sits i' the neuk, and her joe sits by,
And the moon shines bright as the love in her eye.
And they're a' noddin, &c.

And how d'ye kimmer? and how d'ye dear?
How long ha'e ye lov'd me?—a twalmonth or near.
I ha'e lov'd ye a twalmonth dearer than life,
And, ere a day aulder, I'se mak' ye my wife.
And be a' noddin, &c.

And how d'ye kimmer? and how d'ye thrive?
O' siller and gowd I ha'e plenty to wive:
Gie's your hand then my joe—"O na, na, na,
My hand it was promised to Willie far awa'."
And we're a' noddin, &c.

(*As the Song proceeds,* ALLAN *gradually recovers his presence of mind.*)

ALLAN. Thank Heaven, my soul is no longer darkened! The mist hath passed away from my spirit.

MENT. My friend will acknowledge that his thanks are in some part due to Annot Lyle; what will you give her, Allan, for making you fit company for Evan Dhu and I know not how many bonnets and feathers?

ANNOT. What will he give me? Nothing less, I hope, than *the best riband* at the fair of Doune.

ALLAN. The fair of Doune? Ah! Annot, there will be

bloody work before that day, and I may never live to see it; but you have well remembered me of what I have long intended. Wait for me.

(ALLAN *leaves the room.*)

MENT. Should he talk long in this way, you must keep your voice in tune.

ANNOT. I hope not. It is fearful to see a mind, naturally generous and affectionate, afflicted by this constitutional malady.

(ALLAN *returns. They withdraw from each other. He pauses, draws his hand across his brow, as though to suppress his suspicions of their mutual affection, and then advances with a small casket.*)

ALLAN. I take you to witness, cousin, that I give this casket and its contents to Annot Lyle; it contains a few ornaments that belonged to my poor mother.

ANNOT. But these belong to the family. I cannot accept them.

ALLAN. They belong to me alone. They were my mother's dying bequest, and are all that I can call my own except my plaid and my claymore. Take them, take them; keep them for my sake, Annot; and when this house, consumed by hostile fire, can no longer afford you protection, dispose of them for your support, but retain one ring in memory of Allan, who has done to requite your kindness, if not all he wished, at least all he could.

ANNOT. One ring, Allan, I will accept, as a memorial of your goodness to a poor orphan, but do not press me to take more.

ALLAN. Make your choice, then, your delicacy may be well founded; the rest shall assume a shape in which they may be more useful to you.

ANNOT. Think not of it. Keep them for your own, or your brother's bride.

(*In taking a ring, she accidentally drops it.* MENTEITH, *who has stooped for the ring, presents it to her.*)

But, good heavens! what's this I have chosen? A death's head above two cross bones!

ALLAN. (*Wildly.*) Ah! what said ye? It is! Heaven is my witness, that your hand, Menteith, not mine, delivered to her this ill-omened gift! It was the mourning ring worn by my poor mother, in memorial of her murdered husband.

ANNOT. For Heaven's sake!

ALLAN. Fear me not, my mind is now constant and calm. But for you, young Lord, mine eye has sought you through fields of battle, where Highlanders and Lowlanders lay strewed as thick as ever the rooks sat on those ancient trees. My eye sought you, but your corpse was not there. My eye sought you among a train of unresisting and disarmed captives. Flash after flash, platoon after

platoon, the hostile shot fell upon them, but you were not among their ranks. Scaffolds were prepared—blocks were arranged—saw-dust was spread—the priest was ready with his book, the headsman with his axe, but there, too, mine eye found you not.

MENT. What, then, must be my doom?

ALLAN. Three times have I seen a Highlander plant his dirk in your bosom; and such will be your fate.

MENT. I wish you would describe him to me, and I may save him the trouble.

ALLAN. The face of the vision has ever been averted from me.

MENT. Let it rest, then, in the uncertainty in which your augury has placed it; I shall dine not the less merrily among plaids and dirks to-day.

ALLAN. It may be so, it may be so; you do well to enjoy these moments which, to me, are poisoned by the auguries of future evil; but I repeat to you that this weapon, this—carries your fate! [*Exit.*

ANNOT. Dreadful!

MENT. Be not frightened, my dear Annot; these idle forebodings have driven the colour from your cheeks; but, believe them not.

ANNOT. It was you he menaced.

MENT. Fear not. We are kinsmen and fellow-soldiers. Now then for business of dearer import. Adieu, Annot! my heart is in my lady's bower; my arm is for my country.

DUET.

*French Air.**

It was Dunois the young and brave, was bound for Palestine,
But first he made his orisons before Saint Mary's shrine;
"And grant, immortal Queen of Heaven," was still the soldier's prayer,
"That I may prove the bravest knight, and love the fairest fair."

His oath of honour on the shrine, he graved it with his sword,
And follow'd to the Holy Land the banner of his Lord;
Where, faithful to his noble vow, his war-cry fill'd the air,
Be honour'd aye the bravest knight, beloved the fairest fair.

[*Exeunt.*

*The original, with the English translation of the remaining verses, will be found in "Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolk."

SCENE IV.—*The Assembly of the Chiefs discovered in the Hall of Darnlinvarach.*

The stage is filled by the followers of the different Chiefs, distinguished by their different tartans. The PIPERS *of each clan join in the flourish of music, which continues till* MENTEITH, *with* ANDERSON *and* SIBBALD, *advance.* DALGETTY, ANGUS, *and* ALLAN M'AULAY, EVAN DHU, *&c., &c. Table, with pen, ink, &c.*

MENT. This is indeed a busy and a gallant sight.

ANG. Our cause looks well.

E. DHU. Laird of Darnlinvarach, we have been summoned hither to consult on weighty matters, and we crave to know by whom they are to be explained to us.

ANG. The Earl of Menteith is fully prepared with all particulars; and I shall beg to refer to him the duty of stating them to this honourable assembly.

MENT. (*Rises.*) That I shall be proud to do; and then it will only remain that the noble chiefs assembled, laying aside every lesser consideration, should unite heart and hand in the common cause. For myself, though neither the richest nor most powerful of the Scottish nobility, I feel I have to support the dignity of an honourable nation, and if those who are more powerful are equally prompt, they will deserve the blessings of their country and the gratitude of posterity.

E. DHU. Thane of Menteith, you have well spoken; nor is there one of us in whose bosom the same sentiments do not burn like fire. But it is not strength alone that wins the fight; it is the head of the commander, as well as the arm of the soldier, that brings victory. I ask, who is to sustain the banner under which we are to assemble?

ALLAN. Chiefs, ye have descended from your lakes as a stream descends from the hills—not to turn again, but to accomplish your course. What qualifications must our leader possess? High born he must be; wise and skilful; bravest among the brave; temperate, firm, and manly, to keep us united. Such, such is the man that must command us.

E. DHU. Are you prepared to say where such a general is to be found?

ALLAN. I am. There is but one such; and here—here he stands.

(*He lays his hand on* ANDERSON'S *shoulder, and in gently drawing him forward, the livery cloak slips off and discovers the* EARL OF MONTROSE.)

OMNES. (*With a shout of exultation.*) Montrose! Hurrah!

MON. I did not long intend to be a silent spectator of this

interesting scene; although my hasty friend has obliged me to disclose myself somewhat sooner than my intention. By what means he came to know me, I cannot explain.

ALLAN. The Earl of Montrose need not be surprised if he is known to thousands, of whom he himself can retain no memory.

MON. Whether I deserve the honour reposed in me by this parchment will soon appear. It is a commission, gentlemen, under the great seal, to command those forces which are to be assembled for the service of his majesty in this kingdom.

(MONTROSE *exposes the commission to the Chiefs, who instantly take off their bonnets. Shouts repeated.*)

DAL. By the honour of a cavalier, I shall be proud and happy to draw a sword under your Lordship's command; and I do forgive all grudge, malcontent, and malice of heart, to Mr Allan here, for having thrust me from my seat, and heartily salute him as a bon camarado.

(*He shakes* ALLAN *suddenly by the hand, who grasps him so cordially that he writhes with pain.*)

Augh! As I live by bread, he has a grip like a smith's vice. The fellow has driven the iron splents of my gauntlet into my very hand.

ALLAN. Room for an unexpected and unwelcome guest.

(*The Chiefs withdraw their attention from the commission, which they have pressed forward to examine, and regain their former situations—covering their heads at the instant.*)

Enter SIR DUNCAN CAMPBELL.

SIR D. To which of this assembly am I to address myself as leader?

MON. Address yourself to me, Sir Duncan Campbell—to the Earl of Montrose, if you have forgot him.

SIR D. In the name of the Marquis of Argyle,—in the name of the Scottish Parliament, I demand to know the reason of this unusual convocation?

MON. It is a singular and new state of affairs in Scotland, when men of rank and family cannot meet in the house of a common friend, without asking leave of the great MacCallum More. But, since Sir Duncan is so pressing, I care not if I inform him, that he is in an assembly of loyal subjects, convoked by me, in the name and authority of King Charles.

SIR D. Well, my Lord, I shall be sorry to carry back this language to the Marquis of Argyle, who, to prevent the bloody feuds that must necessarily follow a Highland war, will be content if terms of truce can be arranged to the north of the Highland line.

MON. A peaceful proposal. And if the terms can be equally fixed,—if your Marquis will observe them with strict fidelity,—we are content to leave peace behind us, since we must needs carry war before us. Captain Dalgetty!

(*They advance.*)

DAL. My Lord!

MON. Were I to appoint any of the neighbouring chiefs to the office I now mean to intrust to you, it is more than probable that, at some future day, Argyle might be tempted, however unjustly, to avenge himself on themselves or their kindred. You, therefore, having no clan, nor estate in the Highlands——

DAL. But I have a neck, though. What, if he chooses to avenge himself on that? I have known a case, where an honourable ambassador has been hanged before now.

MON. By my honour, should the Marquis of Argyle, contrary to the rules of war, dare to practise any atrocity against you, you may depend upon my taking such signal vengeance that all Scotland shall ring of it.

DAL. That will do but little for Dalgetty. I can't believe that any man's head would fit my shoulders as well as my own; but, *corragio*, as the Spaniards say. I will execute your Excellency's commission, spite of sword and gibbet.

MON. Gallantly resolved! I will immediately furnish you with the conditions upon which we are to grant MacCallum More the truce. Sir Duncan Campbell, will you guarantee safe conduct to Inverary for this gentleman?

SIR D. My honour be his surety.

DAL. Now, then, I'll just step down to my horse, and see him fed and sorted.

ANG. A useless waste of time—I'll give the necessary orders, while you prepare.

DAL. I beg your pardon, worthy sir; but it is my custom to see him accommodated myself. We are old friends and fellow-travellers; and as I often need the use of his legs, I always lend him the use of my tongue to call for whatever he has occasion; besides, I must tell him that we have taken fresh service,—a circumstance of which Gustavus is at present totally unacquainted.

ANG. Gustavus!

DAL. Yes, my horse. I so named him after that invincible leader, Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, the Lion of the North, and the bulwark of the Protestant faith. [*Exit.*

SIR D. Gentlemen, there are so many of you to whom I wish well, that your rejection of terms of mediation gives me deep affliction. May Heaven judge our motives and those of the *movers of this* civil commotion.

MON. So be it. To that tribunal we all submit.

[*Exit* SIR DUNCAN CAMPBELL, attended by ALLAN.

CHORUS.

CHIEFS *and* CLANSMEN.

Gather! gather! gather!
The Chieftains are met, the banner's uprear'd,
From clan to clan let the signal be heard:
Through mountain and valley the summons shall ring;
The war-cry is Scotland, Montrose, and the king!
Gather! gather! gather!

END OF ACT I.

Act Second.

SCENE I.—*Inverary.*

The Gate of the Castle seen on the left. Lochfine, and distant Mountains at the back. A few scattered Huts in the fore-ground.

ERORCHT, KENNETH, IVAN, *and two or three others discovered in attitudes of grief and despondency.*

IVAN. Now, Erorcht, away! To linger here were madness.

ERO. What should we fear? Such acts as these are common at Inverary,—they neither waken pity nor excite surprise;—the groans of the dying and the lamentations of the living are pass'd alike unheeded.

KEN. We must begone—I see a galley at the pier, and strangers disembark. Come, mother, come.

ERO. Well, be it so. Let us quit this scene of death and terror.

(*She turns towards the side where the gallows is supposed to be placed, and, gazing a moment, clasps her hands and covers her eyes.*)

Boy! Kenneth! Mark ye those lifeless bodies, withering in the sun and wind? They were your brothers—they were my children.

KEN. They shall be revenged, mother; fear not, they shall be revenged!

ERO. In that hope I live. In thee, the last of all thy hardy race, thy mother rests her only hope. Think on't, boy, think on't, *by day and night*, till years have given thy body strength,

and time has cherished in thee the bitterness of hatred. Think how thy brothers died upon that tree!—thy father upon that scaffold! Oh, Ranald! Ranald!

IVAN. Think not that he or any of our tribe forget an injury, or fail to reckon for it.

ERO. My curse upon ye, if ye spare one of your enemies, when the time shall offer for destroying them. The sons of Diarmid—the race of Darnlinvarach—the riders of Menteith—my curse upon your head, boy, if you spare one of them! Oh! we have dwelt in peace in the years that have gone by; but I shall never, never taste it more! We are now a straggling handful, driven from every vale by the sword of every clan who rule in the possessions where their forefathers hewed the wood and drew the water to ours.

(*Distant music heard.*)

IVAN. No more! no more!

ERO. Well, let us shake the dust from our feet against the habitations of men! The time will come, when their swords shall be turned against each other;—those who are scattered shall fly to the mist, and perish by its children.

[*Exeunt* CHILDREN OF THE MIST.

(*The Galley, with* DALGETTY *and his Horse on board, with* DONALD, COLIN, *and attendant* HIGHLANDERS, *appears. They land,—while* COLIN, DONALD, *&c., accompanied by a Bagpipe and the Orchestra, sing a verse of the Campbell war-song.*)

SONG.

(*Chorus commences behind the Scenes, as in distance.*)

The Campbells are coming, O ho, O ho!
The Campbells are coming, O ho, O ho!
The Campbells are coming to bonny Loch Leven;
The Campbells are coming, O ho, O ho!

The great Argyle will soon appear,
His banner makes a gaudy show;
His trumpet, pipe, and drum to hear—
The Campbells are coming, O ho, O ho!

&c. &c.

(DALGETTY, *distracted by the Bagpipes, interrupts them.*)

DAL. A truce, a truce with your damnable skirling pipes. Was there ever sic a din? If an Italian musician lies buried within ten miles, he'll ha'e jump'd from his grave to run out o' hearing.

(*Here the horse is led ashore.*)

Tak' care, ye senseless brutes, tak' care of Gustavus—Proper fellow—he looks as sleek as an onion boiled in butter. I should

know that toss of his head among a whole squadron. Take care of him—take care of him—I would not give a hair of that horse's tail to save ye all from the gibbet.

DON. Chap at the yett, man.

(*To* COLIN, *who goes to the gate of the castle and knocks.*)

DAL. So this is Inverary. In good sooth I rejoice to be once again on *terra firma;* for the fresh breeze of Loch Fine has rendered my stomach somewhat craving. But Donald, my man, touching Gustavus—I would have him well bestowed.

DON. Gustavus! Fat says ta pock-pudding?

DAL. I say what is to become of me, if the namesake of the invincible Lion of the North should be lamed among your untenty hands?

DON. Houts! it's about her horse she's speakin', ta useless baste.

DAL. Useless! ye Highland savage! These fellows know not a horse's head from his tail. But what the foul fiend have we yonder? As I'm a sinner and a soldier, a gibbet with five bodies *sus. per col.!* The provost-marshal has been busy here, friend. May I crave of you for what those delinquents have been justified?

COL. Fat says she?

DAL. Those five carcases suspended yonder.——

(DONALD *points and explains to* COLIN.)

Three of them, I see, are muffled in their plaids; but the other two, from their apparel, should be Lowlanders?

COL. Hoo! only three gentlemen catarans, and twa Sassenach bits o' bodies, that wadna do something MacCallum More bade them.

DAL. Indeed! Sassenach bits o' bodies—ey? Then 'tis a chance but my bit of a body makes an addition to their number; for 'tis not in my mission to be very amenable to MacCallum More, as you call him.

(DONALD *twitches* DALGETTY'S *jerkin, and directs his attention to a head, which is supposed to be seen on the point of a pike above the Castle gate.*)

What the devil!—a head upon a pole! They decapitate, as well as suspend, do they?

(DONALD *smirks, and turns away.*)

Curse your grinning! what do you mean?

(*A* MAN *enters from the gate.*)

I begin much to wish that Sir Duncan Campbell had been my escort here; for, of a verity, I seem arrived, as it were, into the very valley of the shadow of death.

(MAN *retires.*)

COL. MacCallum More will speak wi' her—so make speed.

DON. Donald's fain to be back again, now she has guided her safe. I wus ye may escape the woodie: It's a mere chance.

DAL. What! the woodie——

DON. Odd man, yours is a kittle cast—these are sair times—Folks gae to bed wi' thrapples hale and sound as ever swallowed brandy, and the next morning they may be gaping like an oyster! Sae, take care o' yoursel', man—take care o' your craig.

(DONALD *returns to the Galley, which is rowed off. The Castle gate is opened.*)

DAL. I will: I am beholden to thy caution, and wish, with all my heart, Gustavus and I were in better company—poor beast! he'll follow me like a dog, to provant or to peril. Come, Gustavus. [*Exit.*

(*The horse breaks from the* ATTENDANT, *and follows him instinctively. The* PIPER *strikes up, and they sing as before,*—"The Campbells are coming.")

SCENE II.—*The Ante-room in the Castle of Inverary. Folding doors.*

Enter DALGETTY, *conducted by* GRANEANGOWL.

GRANE. You will be pleased to wait here, sir, until I communicate your attendance to the Marquis of Argyle.

DAL. And to render that communication more intelligible, I pray you, take Sir Duncan Campbell's letter, and deliver it into the Marquis's own hand.

(GRANEANGOWL *bows, and enters the folding doors.*)

I begin now to see the purport of all this parade. By the terrors set forth without, and the pomp exhibited within the Castle, his Lordship of Argyle, doubtless, intends to make some impression on my nervous system. He'll find his mistake. A man educated at the Mareschal College of Aberdeen, and that has fought side by side with the Lion of the North is not to be brow-beat. Oh!

The doors are thrown open, and GRANEANGOWL *appears, with* AUCHINBRECK *and Highland Chiefs, then the* MARQUIS OF ARGYLE.

DAL. There is nothing like commencing an attack. I'll advance. Give you good morrow, my Lord.

ARG. (*Repulsing him.*) Who are you, sir, and what is your business?

DAL. That is a fair interrogative, my Lord, which I will answer *peremptorie*, as we used to say at Mareschal College.

ARG. See who or what he is, Auchinbreck.

DAL. I will save the honourable gentleman the labour of in-

vestigation. I am Dugald Dalgetty of Drumthwacket, come with a flag of truce from James, Earl of Montrose—and so, God save King Charles!

ARG. Do you know where you are, and the danger of dallying with us, sir, that you reply to me as if I was a child or a fool? The Earl of Montrose is with the English malignants, and I suspect you are one of these Irish runagates, who are come into this country to burn and slay, as they did under Sir Phelim O'Neale.

DAL. To quiet your Lordship's suspicions of my quality, and your doubts touching the noble Earl of Montrose, I pray you to peruse these, my full powers of treating with you, in the name of that most honourable commander.

ARG. Indeed!

(*Looking slightingly at the packet, and giving it to* AUCHINBRECK.)

Gentlemen, what does that man deserve, who comes as an avowed envoy of malignant traitors in arms against the state?

AUCH. A high gallows and a short prayer.

DAL. I will crave of that honourable cavalier who hath last spoken, to be less hasty in his conclusions; and also of your Lordship to be cautious in adopting the same; in whose honour I place full reliance that the law of arms will be respected in my person.

ARG. You are not come here, sir, to lecture us on the law of arms, which neither does nor can apply to rebels and insurgents; but to suffer the penalty of your insolence and folly, in bringing a traitorous message to the Lord Justice-General of Scotland, whose duty calls upon him to punish such an offence with death.

DAL. With what! Gentlemen. (*Apart.*) I begin to dislike the turn which my mission is about to take. Gentlemen, I pray you to remember that the Earl of Montrose will hold you and your possessions liable for whatever injury my person, or my horse, Gustavus, shall sustain by these unseemly proceedings.

AUCH. It is a far cry to Lochow.

DAL. How far it may be to Lochow it is not for me to say; but I trust you will admit I have the guarantee of an honourable gentleman of your own name for my safety; and that, in breaking the truce towards me, you will highly prejudicate his honour and fair fame.

AUCH. Does Sir Duncan Campbell pledge himself for this person's safety, my Lord?

ARG. I do not believe it, but I have not yet read his letter.

AUCH. We will pray your Lordship to do so. Our name must not suffer discredit for such a fellow as this.

DAL. Fellow!

AUCH. A dead fly maketh the ointment of the apothecary to stink.

DAL. *Sir, in respect* to the use to be derived, I forgive the

unsavouriness of your comparison, and also remit to you the disparaging epithet of *fellow!* But touching Sir Duncan's guarantee of my safety, I will gage my life upon his making my words good, when he comes hither to-morrow.

ARG. (*To the party, who have closed round him.*) Well, gentlemen, it shall be as you desire. We will defer this business.

DAL. I trust they will prevail on their master to excuse my being concerned in his amusements of the block and gibbet.

ARG. Well, well, let the prisoner be removed to a place of security.

DAL. Prisoner! prisoner! I enter my protest. I was educated at the Mareschal College of Aberdeen—served thirty years in the German wars—fought under the renowned Gustavus Adolphus, the Lion of the North, and never——

(DALGETTY *is seized, and struggles. He is removed—protesting vehemently against his treatment, as* ARGYLE *and the rest retire as before.*)

SCENE III.—*The Dungeon.*

In front a flight of stone steps, leading to a low and strong arched door. RANALD, *in chains, reclines at the foot of the steps.*

RAN. Still no summons—no sound of preparation! Why do they pause? Are they already glutted with my brave boys' blood, or do they wait to triumph in some new-invented tortures? They may spare their pains. Death in a hundred forms shall never draw one groan from Ranald.

(*Sinks on the steps.*)

The door of the Dungeon opens, and DALGETTY *is impelled forward by Guards.*

DAL. Gently, ye savages, gently! if I must down, let me descend this pit o' darkness with needful care—the Lord kens how far it may be to the bottom.

(*He stumbles over* RANALD.)

Diavolo! Over what, or whom could I have stumbled?

RAN. He was a man yesterday.

DAL. And pray what may he be to-day, that lies clewed up like a hurchin, that honourable cavaliers who chance to be in trouble, may break their noses over him?

RAN. What is he now? He is a wretched trunk, from which the boughs have, one by one, been lopped away, and which cares *little* how soon it is torn up, and hewed into billets for the furnace. *Do* you, a soldier, complain of that for which a boy would *not bemoan* himself?

DAL. And how, pray, do you know I am a soldier, in this cursed dark cavern.

RAN. I heard your armour clash, and now I see it glimmer. When you have remained as long as I in this darkness, your eyes, will distinguish the smallest eft that crawls upon the floor.

DAL. I had rather the devil picked them out! But now, mine honest friend, you and I being fellows at bed and board, should be *bon camerades;* while we dwell together in this abominable pit, we should be better acquainted. I am Dugald Dalgetty of Drumthwacket, and so forth, educated at the Mareschal College of Aberdeen, and studied the art of war under Gustavus Adolphus, the Lion of the North. Pray what may your name be?

RAN. I am called Ranald, Son of the Mist.

DAL. Son of the Mist! Son of utter darkness, say I. But, Ranald, how came you in possession of the provost's court of guard? That is to say, what the devil brought you here?

RAN. My misfortunes and my crimes. Know you the Knight of Ardenvohr?

DAL. Sir Duncan Campbell? I do.

RAN. Know you where he is?

DAL. Not precisely; but I expect him this day at Inverary, in which purpose if he fails, my lease of human service will be rather precarious.

RAN. Then, let him know, one claims his interest, who is his worst foe and best friend. Tell him I am the raven that stooped on his tower of strength, and the pledges he had left there! I am the wolf that found out his den on the rock, and destroyed his offspring! I am the leader of the band which surprised Ardenvohr fifteen years ago, and gave his children to the sword.

DAL. Truly, mine honest friend, if that is your best recommendation to Sir Duncan's favour, I would pretermit my pleading thereupon. But how could you assail a castle which, they aver, is inaccessible?

RAN. We ascended the cliff by a ladder of ropes, drawn up by a clansman, who had served six months in the castle, to enjoy that one night of unlimited vengeance. The owl whooped around, as we hung betwixt heaven and earth! The tide roared against the foot of the rock, and dashed asunder our skiff—yet no man's heart failed him. In the morning there was blood and ashes, where at sunset there had been peace and joy!

DAL. A very sufficient onslaught. But the reason, the cause, Ranald? Deliver me that.

RAN. We had been pushed at by the M'Aulays and the Campbells till our possessions became unsafe. We were attacked by Sir Duncan—my brother was slain—his head was withering on the battlements we scaled. I vowed revenge, and it is a vow I have never broken.

DAL. Very likely; but in what manner this story will interest Sir Duncan in your justification, unless it be to change the manner thereof, from simple suspension to putting you to death by torture, surpasses my comprehension.

(*Enter* ARGYLE.)

Were I to advise, Ranald, I would keep my own secret, and depart quietly by simple suffocation, like your ancestors before you.

RAN. Yet hearken, stranger, hearken! Sir Duncan Campbell had four children—three died under our dirks, but the fourth survives, and more would he give to clasp that child to his bosom than to rack these bones. O, I know it by my own heart! Dearer to me is the boy Kenneth, who chaseth the butterfly on the banks of the Aven, than all my sons who are mouldering in earth, or are preyed on by the fowls of the air.

DAL. I presume, Ranald, that the three pretty fellows whom I saw yonder at the Castle gate, strung up like rizzer'd haddocks, claimed some interest in you?

RAN. (*After a pause of strong emotion.*) They were my sons, stranger, they were my sons!—blood of my blood, bone of my bone—fleet of foot, unerring in aim, unvanquished by foemen, till the sons of Diarmid overcame them by numbers. Why do I wish to survive them? Kenneth must be trained to revenge! The young eagle must learn from the old how to stoop on his foes.

(*A part of the wall in front slides back, and a figure advances silently.*)

For his sake, stranger, I would purchase my life and freedom, by discovering my secret.

ARG. (*Disguised as a servant.*) Intrust it to me.

(RANALD *starts back in terror.* DALGETTY *is alarmed.*)

RAN. The enemy of mankind is among us.

DAL. That's the devil!

ARG. Though I come strangely, I am mortal like yourselves.

(*Unclosing a lantern.*)

My assistance may avail you in your present strait, if you are not too proud to be counselled.

DAL. Put what face you will upon it, sir, you are not fit to be enrolled in a regiment of living men! How got you in?

ARG. I reserve my secret till you communicate some of yours; but it is not with you I have first to do.

(*Turns the light on* RANALD.)

Here is something to mend your fare. If you die to-morrow, it is *no reason* why ye should not live to-day.

DAL. None at all—none in the creation.

(*Taking the basket,* RANALD *having rejected it.*)

Never mind me; I'll warrant my jaws shall make noise enough to prevent my ears from hearing you.

ARG. Son of the Mist, what would you do for life and liberty?

RAN. Much, much: I would do what a man might do and still call himself a man.

ARG. Do you call yourself a man, who have done the deeds of a wolf?

RAN. I do. I am a man like my forefathers. While wrapped in the mantle of peace, we were lambs; it was rent from us, and ye now call us wolves. Give us the huts ye have burned; the children whom ye have murdered; our widows whom ye have starved. Collect, from the gibbet and the pole the mangled carcases and whitened skulls of our kinsmen—bid them live and bless us, and we will be your vassals and brothers; till then, let death and blood, and mutual wrong, draw a dark veil of division between us.

ARG. You will then do nothing for your liberty?

RAN. Anything, but call myself the friend of your tribe.

ARG. We scorn the friendship of banditti and caterans, and would not stoop to accept it. Even now I heard you declare, that of four children of Sir Duncan Campbell, one alone survived. Produce that child and you are free.

RAN. Will ye practise no deceit?

ARG. None—upon the word of a Christian man.

RAN. And my guerdon is to be life and liberty?

ARG. Such is our paction.

RAN. Lead me, then, without these walls, let me breathe the air of freedom beyond pursuit, and you shall know all.

ARG. Speak now, and on the word of honour——

RAN. Honour! Restore me first to liberty.

ARG. When you have spoken.

RAN. Liberty, or I am dumb.

ARG. What proof can you assign that your tale be true?

RAN. Bear witness, heaven and earth! he already looks how he may o'erstep his word.

ARG. Not so; every promise shall be kept when I am assured you will relate the truth. But I must now speak with your companion.

RAN. Fair and false—ever fair and false.

(*Throws himself upon the floor.*)

DAL. What the devil can this sly fellow want with me?

ARG. Captain Dalgetty, a man of your experience will understand me at once, when I say, your pardon will depend on a true and upright answer to a few questions respecting the gentlemen you have left.

DAL. *Just to* satisfy your own curiosity? No other purpose?

ARG. None in the world. What interest should a poor devil like me take in their operations?

DAL. Make your interrogatories, then.

ARG. How many Irish are to join the Earl of Montrose?

DAL. Ten thousand.

ARG. Ten thousand! We know that scarce two hundred landed.

DAL. Then you know more about them than I do.

ARG. How many men of the clans may be expected?

DAL. As many as they can make.

ARG. You are playing with your life, sir; one whistle of mine, and in less than ten minutes your head hangs on the drawbridge.

DAL. I'd rather not;—but, to speak candidly, do you think it a reasonable thing to ask me after the secrets of our army, and I engaged to serve the whole campaign?

ARG. If you are stubborn, your campaign shall begin and end in a march to the block at the Castle gate. If you answer faithfully, I will receive you into the service of MacCallum More——

DAL. Does the service afford good pay?

ARG. He will double yours, if you will return to Montrose, and act under his direction,—always supposing you are faithful.

DAL. Faithful!—humph! that is, to you—and a traitor to Montrose. Is the Marquis of Argyle a kind master?

ARG. Never man kinder.

DAL. And bountiful to his officers?

ARG. The most open hand in Scotland.

DAL. True and faithful to his engagements?

ARG. As honourable a nobleman as breathes.

DAL. I never heard so much good of him before. You must know the Marquis well—or, rather, you are the Marquis. Lord of Argyle!

(*Seizing him suddenly.*)

I arrest you, in the name of King Charles, as a traitor! If you venture to call for assistance, I'll wrench round your neck!

(*At the mention of* ARGYLE, RANALD *springs up.*)

ARG. Villain! you would not murder me for my kindness?

DAL. Not for your kindness, my Lord, certainly.

ARG. Spare my life, and I will do all you require.

DAL. (*Releasing him.*) Where is the secret door?

ARG. In the corner, on the right hand—the iron ring.

(RANALD *rushes towards it and opens it.*)

DAL. I see it—so far good. What is the password?

ARG. The Sword of Levi.

DAL. And you will sign a passport?

ARG. Surely; there are blanks ready in my apartment, to which that passage leads.

DAL. I'll not give your Lordship so much trouble—You shall remain under charge of mine honest friend here.

RAN. If he offer at speech, or struggle, he dies by my hand.

DAL. Right, Ranald—very spirited;—I'll soon return with the writing materials.

[*Exit* DALGETTY, *through the secret door.*

ARG. Suffer me to give an alarm, and I swear——

RAN. Not for a forest of deer! not for a thousand head of cattle! not for all the lands that ever called a son of Diarmid master, will I break the troth I have plighted to him of the iron garment.

DAL. (*Returns.*) He of the iron garment is bounden unto you, friend Ranald; and his Lordship shall be bounden also in a silken cord, as befitteth his quality. Here are all things needful, and, I presume to hope, the keys of thy fetters, Ranald. Now, fill up this paper with the names of Captain Dalgetty, and his guide, or you shall have a passport to the other world. Sign instantly—we have no time to spare. (ARGYLE *signs.*) Now, Ranald, exchange your plaid for the livery cloak of Mac-Callum More—he must be for a while a Child of the Mist.

(RANALD, *having released himself, bounds from his chains with exultation, and muffles the plaid around his mouth. He chains* ARGYLE *to the steps, and throwns his long cloak about him.*)

RAN. Hold down your hands, or by Heaven I'll stab you to the heart with your own dagger.

DAL. At what time does the jailer appear?

RAN. When the sun has sunk beneath the western wave.

DAL. Then we have three hours good. And now, my Lord, you will be taught the danger of proposing dishonourable terms to any worthy soldado. Come along, Ranald, step close and cautiously.

[*Exeunt* DALGETTY *and* RANALD.

SCENE IV.—*Apartment in Darnlinvarach.*

Enter MENTEITH, SIR DUNCAN CAMPBELL, *and* ALLAN.

MENT. Captain Dalgetty departed for Inverary, the instant he received your passport, Sir Duncan.

SIR D. Indeed! then 'tis time I should set forward.

ALLAN. Not before you have been treated with suitable hospitality, Sir Duncan.

SIR D. And must we, Allan—must we call each other enemies *that have* been so often allied against a common foe? My *Lord of Menteith,* too! it grieves me to the soul, that brothers

and neighbours, who should stand shoulder to shoulder, are now to be engaged hand to hand against each other—but the die is cast!

ALLAN. The die is cast with us all, Sir Duncan; the iron hand of destiny branded our fate upon us, long ere we could form a wish or raise a finger in our own behalf. Ah, Annot!

Enter ANNOT.

ANNOT. Your brother desired I would attend,—but you have company,—I fear his orders were ill-timed.

ALLAN. By no means, my dear Annot! by no means. This is Sir Duncan Campbell.

SIR D. Can this,—a creature so beautiful and elegant,—be a domestic musician of your brother's?

ALLAN. O, no, no! She is a near and dear connection of our family—an adopted sister. Come, Annot, bring your harp, and give Sir Duncan a sample of your skill. [*Exit* ANNOT.

SIR D. Our friend seems much interested there—but who is she?

MENT. A Child of the Mist! She whom he preserved at my intreaty, when——

SIR D. Ah! I remember.

MENT. So engaging is her temper, so fascinating the innocence and gaiety of her disposition, that it is impossible to see her without being deeply interested.

ALLAN. (*Apart.*) True, true.

SIR D. Take care, my Lord, these are violent commendations—you may have a dangerous rival.

MENT. O! Allan is insensible to the passion of love.

ALLAN. Insensible!

MENT. For myself, Annot's unknown birth is a sufficient reason against any serious designs,—and her unprotected state precludes every other.

SIR D. It is spoken like yourself, my Lord.

ALLAN. (*Apart.*) We are still friends—brothers!

Enter ANNOT *and* LEWIE *with the Harp.*

ALLAN. Come, Annot, sing the air in which I most delight. (*Aside to* SIR DUNCAN.)—It bears some resemblance to her own story,—Sing, Annot.

SONG.

ANNOT.

November's hail-cloud drifts away,
November's sunbeam wan
Looks coldly on the castle grey,
When forth comes Lady Anne.

The orphan by the oak was set,
Her arms, her feet, were bare;
The hail-drops had not melted yet
Amid her raven hair.

That orphan maid the lady kiss'd,—
"My husband's looks you bear;
Saint Bridget and her morn be bless'd!
You are his widow's heir!"
They've robed that maid so poor and pale,
In silks and sandals rare;
And pearls for drops of frozen hail,
Are glistening in her hair.

(SIR DUNCAN *listens with extreme attention, as if the Ballad recalled some painful recollections.*)

Enter ANGUS M'AULAY.

ANG. Sir Duncan Campbell, I am charged with a message, which, as master of this house, I feel had better become a stranger to deliver. But so it is:—The Council have desired me to intimate that all is prepared for your departure.

SIR D. Enough, sir, I understand you. I little thought that there was a chief in the West Highlands, who, at the pleasure of a Saxon, would have bid the Knight of Ardenvohr leave his roof when the sun was declining. But, farewell, sir; when I next visit Darnlinvarach, it shall be with a naked sword in one hand and a firebrand in the other.

ANG. And if you so come, I pledge myself to afford you such entertainment that you shall not again complain of my hospitality.

SIR D. Threatened men live long. To you, my Lord, and to you, Allan, who have supplied the place of my churlish host, I leave my thanks. And to you, pretty mistress—Adieu! May the horrors, which I fear are fast approaching, be averted from you—from all that——Adieu! Gentlemen, I attend you.

[*Exit* SIR DUNCAN, *following* ANGUS *with* MENTEITH.

ALLAN. Were all his race like him, these horrors might perhaps be averted. But no—the angel of death hath marked us for his own; and Menteith, Angus, and myself——

ANNOT. Menteith, said you?

ALLAN. No, no—I spoke not, meant not. Nay, Annot, as you know me, pity me! Let not my idle words draw from those eyes one tear of sorrow!—from that bosom one sigh of anguish.

[*Exit* ALLAN.

(LEWIE *strikes the Clairshach as* ANNOT *dries her tears.*)

DUET.

ANNOT AND LEWIE.

LEWIE. Oh, weep not lady, weep not so,
Your tears they fall in vain!
Your love must to the battle go,
But he'll return again.

ANNOT. Alas! the tears not idly flow,
That soothe my bosom's pain;
My love must to the battle go,
But ne'er return again.

BOTH. My / Your } love must to the battle go.
But ne'er / he'll } return again.

Though brave in fight, my own true knight
In honour's grave may lie.

LEWIE. His sword is bright, his arm of might
Will make the foemen fly.

BOTH. His sword, &c.

Merrily, merrily, marching home
I think I see the soldier come,
His banner of victory waving high,
Joy in his heart, and love in his eye.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*A wild and tangled Brake.*

Enter RANALD *impatiently, dragging forward* DALGETTY.

DAL. What the foul fiend! must I part with my horse Gustavus?

RAN. Do we stand on friend's ground, that you part with your horse as if he were your brother?

DAL. Ah! if you knew but half the things we two have done and suffered together. Here's ground, fit for neither man nor beast, broken and boggy, with loose stones and brambles. I begin to think, friend Ranald, that we had better have stuck to the brown loaf and water.

RAN. What! do you regret having exchanged the foul breath of yonder dungeon for the free air of heaven? Craven Saxon! which way would you journey?

DAL. That, mine honest comrade, is precisely the question I cannot answer.

RAN. Put yourself under my guidance, and I will warrant your safety with my head.

DAL. Can you guide me through these mountains to the army of Montrose?

RAN. I can. Not all the bloodhounds of Argyle can trace the fastnesses through which I can lead you. Come on, then! the mist hangs heavy on the mountains; and, ere the moon is up—(*Distant bell.*)—Hark! listen!

(*Faint tolling of a bell, as if in extreme distance.*)

DAL. That must be the alarm—the storm-clock, as the Germans call it.

RAN. It strikes the hour of your death, unless we reach the pass. For every toll of that bell, a brave man has yielded up his soul. Are you frantic to lose time thus?

DAL. Well, I come—I—(*Turns to his horse.*)—See how the bonny beast struggles to follow me.

RAN. Madman! do you hear?

DAL. O, Gustavus! [*Exeunt.*

(*The bell is again heard, and the baying of a hound, as* RANALD *impatiently drags out* DALGETTY.)

SCENE VI.

The fore-ground exhibits Rocks and Brushwood,—the Night-Mist enveloping all above it. As it gradually floats away, the lower part of the Scene first becomes visible. The opaque mass above becomes more transparent, showing the outline of the Rocks, the Group of the CHILDREN OF THE MIST, *&c., assisted by the light of the Moon, which is seen, through the fog, rising above a Precipice. When the Dialogue commences, the whole Scene then represents—The Pass—a beetling Crag, around which winds a narrow, broken foot-path, projecting Cliffs and Rocks, intersected by branches of Brush-wood, Dwarf Trees, &c. Uncertain light, as of the Moon, partially observed on the various projections. The* CHILDREN OF THE MIST *are discovered as if on the watch.* ERORCHT *is in front, detained by* IVAN—KENNETH, *at the side, in crouching attitude, as listening and watching—*ERORCHT *struggles forward.*

ERO. Hold me not—it must—it must be Ranald.

IVAN. Impossible! As soon would I believe your sons were yet alive, as that Argyle had spared their father.

ERO. Who else would dare approach our mountain home? Who but those of our own sept, have ever yet, by chance, or effort, gained a knowledge of the secret pass? It can be none but he.

IVAN. On, Kenneth, on! Watch from the lower crag. Be patient yet, and wait the boy's return, but hope not for a miracle.

(*Boy goes out.*)

ERO. I say he has escaped—is now pursued—and while we linger here, may perish, wanting the aid he seeks. Did not we hear the sullen toll of that fatal bell? Did we not, even now, hear the deep-mouthed baying of the blood-hound?

IVAN. We did; but think you there are none but our devoted race that fly the power of Argyle!

KENNETH *returns hastily.*

KEN. Lie close—they come.

ERO. They!

IVAN. How many?

KEN. I saw but two. The first climbed boldly up the force of the torrent.

IVAN. Does he wear our tartan?

KEN. No.

IVAN. Then both must die—the hunter and his prey.

(*He makes a sign of concealment to the stragglers.* KENNETH *turns behind a rock.* ERORCHT *and* IVAN *conceal themselves at the foot of the path, as*)

RANALD *enters.*

RAN. Black hound, whose throat never boded good to a Child of the Mist, ill-fortune to her that littered thee! Thou hast already found our trace, but thou art too late; the deer has gained the herd. (RANALD *whistles.*)

Enter DALGETTY.

(*At a signal of* IVAN'S, *who alone is seen on the watch, the* CHILDREN OF THE MIST *rush forward*—KENNETH *in attitude to strike* DALGETTY.)

Touch him not, boy! harm him not!

ALL. Ranald!

RAN. If my return brings joy among you, welcome and cherish him.

ERO. Oh, Ranald! Ranald!

RAN. Erorcht!

(*The group crowd round* DALGETTY, *shaking his hands, and noticing him with surprise and gladness.*)

Saxon, they plight their faith to you, for the good deed you have this day done their tribe.

DAL. Enough said, Ranald, enough said. Tell them I like not this shaking of hands—it confuses ranks and degrees. Young gentleman—(*To* KENNETH.)—I would advise more caution to you in the use of that long knife, in respect you are of a family too apt to pay a yard of leathern scourge with a foot of tempered steel.

IVAN. Silence! Your pursuers are at hand!

RAN. Back—this way—this——

(*The group regain their stations.* DALGETTY *is led by* ERORCHT *up the path.*)

FINALE.

COLIN. The dark blood-hound their trace hath found,
The hunted deer is now at bay;
Come slowly on—the prey is our own,
Be steady—I will lead the way.

CAMPBELLS. The dark blood-hound, &c.

(COLIN, *during the repeat of the party, ascends the foot-path. As he reaches the summit of the principal projection, and exhibits his dark figure against the illuminated rocky back-ground; at this instant* RANALD *shoots him with an arrow, and he falls from the point into a ravine. A shout from the* CHILDREN OF THE MIST, *who rush forward.* DALGETTY, *being offered a bow and arrow, rejects it indignantly, and snatching a Lochaber axe, heads the party.* KENNETH, IVAN, *&c., dart from behind the rocks in front, and encompass the* CAMPBELLS. *Group.*)

CHORUS.

Hurrah! hurrah! revenge is rife,
In triumph now exalt your voice,
The Spirits grant us life for life,
Sons of the Mist—rejoice, rejoice.

END OF ACT II.

Act Third.

SCENE I.—*The Interior of a Cabin, which serves as the Tent of Montrose.*

MONTROSE *discovered, seated at a Table, on which are plans, maps, and other papers.*

MON. I have courted sleep in vain. The dreams of ambition exclude those of Morpheus. In one moment, I have imagined myself displaying the royal banner from the reconquered Castle of Edinburgh: in the next, striking at Argyle, in his stronghold at Inverary, and crushing, in him, at once the rival of my house, and the chief support of the Covenanters. Who's there?

(*Rises.*)

Enter SENTINEL.

SENT. There are two persons without, who desire to speak to *your Excellency.*

MON. Their names—their business?

SENT. They will disclose neither.

MON. Indeed! Put the guard instantly under arms, and admit them. They may have intelligence of importance.

[*Exit* SENTINEL.

(MONTROSE *examines his pistols, and places them before him.* SENTINEL *returns, conducting* RANALD *and* DALGETTY, *in a very tattered condition.*)

DAL. I pray leave to congratulate my most noble General and right honourable Lord upon——

MON. Ah! my good friend, Major Dalgetty,—for so I must now call you,—what news from Argyleshire? I was just now preparing to take the most signal vengeance upon the old fox, who infringed the law of arms in your person.

DAL. Truly, my noble Lord, I have no desire that my return should put a stop to so laudable an intention. I have had one handful of MacCallum More's beard already, and shall rejoice to give it another pull. My escape is, under Heaven and my own dexterity, mainly owing to the assistance of this poor Highlander, whom I venture to recommend to your Lordship's special favour, for saving the life of Dugald Dalgetty of Drumthwacket.

MON. A praiseworthy service.

DAL. He saved also my horse, Gustavus, named after the Lion of the North; but your Lordship has heard of him before.

MON. He deserves to be requited. Bid him approach.

DAL. Kneel down, Ranald; kneel down, man.

(RANALD *folds his arms on his breast, and bows.*)

MON. What is your name, my friend?

RAN. 'Tis a name that may not be spoken.

DAL. That is to say, he desires concealment, in respect he hath in former days taken a castle, slain certain children, and done other things, which excite no benevolence towards the perpetrator.

MON. I understand. He is at feud with some of our followers. We will think of the best method of protecting him.

(RANALD *makes an inclination of his head, and retires.*)

DAL. And now let me deliver to your Lordship some spoil, which, in my escape, I thought might be serviceable,—they are a part of Argyle's private papers.

(*Gives a packet.*)

(*Aside.*) There is no occasion to mention my capture of a purse of gold coin, in respect my equipments will require ample renewal.

MON. (*Having examined the papers.*) Does he not fear me? then he shall feel me! Will he fire my Castle at Murdoch? Inverary shall raise the first smoke! O, for a guide through the skirts of Strath Fillan!

DAL. If your Lordship means to make an infall into Argyle-

shire, this poor man, Ranald, knows every pass into that land, both from the east and north.

MON. Indeed! And can you answer for his fidelity?

DAL. I will impledge my pay and arrears—my horse and arms—my head and neck, upon his fidelity! A man could say no more for his own father. Not only did he disdain to profit by the reward Argyle did me the honour to set upon this poor head of mine, but he actually refused my coined money, when freely offered—a tale seldom to be told in a Christian land.

MON. I admit that such conduct is sufficient evidence—he shall remain. But I forget—you must need refreshment, and coarse as the provisions of the camp are, you will perhaps find them preferable to your late fare.

DAL. Your Excellency may take your corporal oath upon that; for the viands that the Children of the Mist procured for me,—poor helpless creatures,—were so unrefreshful to my body, that, when enclosed in my armour, I rattle therein like the shrivelled kernel of a nut that hath been kept on to a second Hallow-e'en.

MON. But this Man of the Mist,—you understand, Dalgetty, that his presence here, and the purpose for which we employ him, is a secret between you and me.

(DALGETTY *lays his finger on his nose, and nods.*)

You will introduce him under any name or character he may please to assume. M'Aulay!

Enter ALLAN, *hastily.*

ALLAN. I have news for you.

MON. Are they good or bad?

ALLAN. That is as you may take them.

MON. Are they certain?

ALLAN. They are, or another messenger should have brought them.

(*During this,* ALLAN *has glanced his eye at* RANALD, *who is disturbed.*)

Argyle is in motion with three thousand men, commanded by the flower of the sons of Diarmid.

MON. What are our musters?

ALLAN. (*Shows the roll.*) Not above one-third of Argyle's force. Examine the muster-roll.

MON. And Highlanders opposed to Highlanders! Were the odds but as one to two, I would not hesitate.

ALLAN. Then do not hesitate, for when your trumpet shall sound to attack MacCallum More, not a man will remain deaf to the summons. MacIlduy, Glengary, Keppoch,—all would destroy, with fire and sword, the wretch who should dare remain behind.

MON. I were worse than coward did I not do justice to such followers! The chiefs and leaders shall be instantly assembled; and you, Allan, who have brought the first news of this joyful event,—for so it shall be,—you shall bring it to a joyful issue, by guiding us the nearest road against our enemies.

[*Exit* MONTROSE.

(DALGETTY *stops* ALLAN *suddenly, who, having placed the papers on the table, is leaving the room.*)

DAL. Mr Allan M'Aulay, I crave an audience.

ALLAN. Stay me not—I am in haste—we shall march within an hour.

DAL. I am desired by the General to make known to you, as well as others, this recruit, who is now appointed—that is, he's retained—is——

ALLAN. Who is he?

DAL. Who is he? O! he's a poor man, who—a Skye man,—a very honest man, though he does not look so. He hath some touch of the second sight.

ALLAN. Indeed!—I must converse with him. You will be wanted at your post, sir,

DAL. Humph!—"Wanted at your post!"—that is as much as to say—"Get out!"—Well, I go.

[*Exit* DALGETTY.

ALLAN. Tell me—tell me—repeatedly have I had the sight of a Gael, who seemed to plunge his weapon into the body of Menteith,—a young noble here, who—who—no matter.—By no effort, though I have gazed till my eyes are almost fixed in their sockets, can I discover the face of this Highlander.

RAN. Have you reversed your plaid?

ALLAN. I have.

RAN. And in what guise did the phantom then appear?

ALLAN. With his plaid also reversed.

RAN. Then be assured that your own hand, and no other, will do the deed, of which you have witnessed the shadow.

ALLAN. So has my anxious soul an hundred times surmised; but it is impossible! We have stood side by side in battle, and our swords have reeked in the blood of the same enemies.

RAN. That you will do so is certain. Have you never seen blood-hounds turn their fangs against each other, and fight over the body of a throttled deer?

ALLAN. Thou shalt know all—thou shalt. Nay, curl not thy lip in scorn, for, by Heaven! contempt of her that raised a flame so pure, were next to sacrilege. This maid, so loved, so idolised, *prefers* another, and is by him beloved. Well, well, why this *pause?* What sayest thou?

RAN. Darest thou hear?

ALLAN. Speak!

RAN. That maid is destined for thy rival's bride.

ALLAN. Never, never! Rather shall this weapon——

RAN. (*Silently.*) Be plunged into his heart. Was not such thy vision?

ALLAN. I—I grant it was so. You mistake—Menteith has sworn never to wed beneath his dignity—An unknown, base-born outcast—the dependant of our house—the child of charity——

RAN. The child of charity! She is the offspring and the heiress of as proud a race as any in our northern land.

ALLAN. Villain! 'tis false.

RAN. The words that I have spoken are true,—are those of a dying wretch—Ranald of the Mist.

ALLAN. Ah! the veriest dreg of nature, whose accursed race are marked with infamy.

RAN. A child, whom he had spared out of compassion, was bred an adopted daughter of his tribe, until she fell into the power of M'Aulay—Allan, he of the red hand.

ALLAN. Ah!

RAN. My purpose, he continued, was to have plunged my dirk into the bosom of my enemy; but I saw the maid, even when my hand was on my dagger,—she touched her harp to a song of the mist—the woods in which we had dwelt rustled their green leaves to the melody—the fountains of mine eyes were opened, and the hour of vengeance passed away!

ALLAN. (*Absorbed in his malady.*) There! there again! See—see he claims her! What!—consent? Annot! Annot Lyle, forbear! thy senses mock thee—'tis not Menteith—'tis but a shadow! Ah, the Gael advances! See!—the blow is struck—she shrieks—she falls!—Annot—Annot—Annot Lyle.

(*Rushes out.*)

RAN. Thou hast it! the barbed arrow is in thy side. Spirits of the slaughtered, rejoice! Soon shall your murderers' swords be dyed in each other's blood. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The Apartment of* ANNOT LYLE.

ALLAN. (*Without.*) Annot! Annot Lyle, I would speak with thee.

ANNOT. 'Tis Allan calls.

Enter ALLAN.

ALLAN. Alone! 'tis well; here we are unobserved. Annot, I would speak with you.

ANNOT. What means this fearful agitation?

ALLAN. Annot, we march to battle—I may never see you *more.*

ANNOT. Alas! you are not wont to be so gloomy on such a cause. Shall I take my harp? Is—is the shadow falling on you?

ALLAN. (*Who has gazed intently on her.*) Look from that window. Ere long you will have to search such a field for my brother's corpse—for Menteith's—for mine;—but that will be a more indifferent task. You love me not, Annot—you love Menteith—by him you are beloved again—and Allan is no more to you than one of the dead which will encumber yonder heath.

ANNOT. Oh, Allan! this is the first time you ever taxed me with unkindness. You know who and what I am. You know from what unhappy race I have, too probably, derived my existence.

ALLAN. I will not believe it—never flowed crystal drop from a polluted spring.

ANNOT. Yet the very doubt makes it impossible that Menteith or you can use language of affection to me beyond that of friendship.

ALLAN. Hear me, my beloved Annot! Leave this scene of terror and dangers. In Icolmkill there are some women who devote themselves to God after the custom of our ancestors.

ANNOT. No, no; I will remain here, Allan—here, under the protection of the noble Montrose; and when he approaches the Lowlands, I will contrive some proper means to relieve you from one who has, I know not how, become an object of your dislike.

ALLAN. Annot, you know too well how little your words apply to my feelings towards you; but you avail yourself of your power, and will rejoice when I leave you, though I should leave you never to return. My death or absence would relieve you from a spy upon your intercourse with Menteith; but beware!—beware both of you! for when was it ever heard that an injury was offered to Allan M'Aulay, for which he exacted not tenfold vengeance?

(ALLAN *leaves her angrily, then returns in extreme agitation —pulls his bonnet over his brows, exclaiming*)

Farewell, Annot!—farewell! [*Exit.*

ANNOT. What a dreadful gulf has his declaration opened around me! Yes, unhappy man! I cannot conceal from myself that Menteith has become dearer to me than a brother. Our early intimacy, his personal merits, his assiduous attentions, so superior to the rest of the rude warriors with whom I lived,—how could it be otherwise?

SONG.

Charlie is my darling,
My darling, my darling,—
Charlie is my darling,
The young chevalier

'Twas on a Monday morning,
Right early in the year;
When first I saw my brave Mentcith,
The young chevalier.
O! Charlie, &c.

As he came marching up the brae,
The pipes play'd loud and clear;
And a' the clan cam' rinnin' out,
To meet the chevalier.
O! Charlie, &c.

Wi' Hieland bonnet on his head,
And claymore lang and clear;
He cam' to fight for Scotland's right;
My brave chevalier.
O! Charlie, &c.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*Loch-Lochy.*

The Castle of Loch-Lochy, with the Encampment of Argyle's Army in the plain around it. The Provision Barges moored near the shore, on the Loch, near the junction of the river Lochy. Rising ground in front; and, in the distance, Mountains tinged with snow.

Music—March—"The Campbells are coming."

Enter SIR DUNCAN CAMPBELL, AUCHINBRECK, *and Others.*

SIR D. (*Who has been examining papers.*) Argyle's wound having compelled him to quit the field, I have received reports that the command devolves on me. The Camerons are assembling. This must be to join the advance of Montrose, not to cover his retreat.

AUCH. We shall soon hear in what force they are assembling, and to what purpose.

Enter a SOLDIER.

SOL. The enemy advance. The outposts have exchanged shots in the gorge of the mountains, and fall back to receive orders.

AUCH. Montrose cannot be in presence! 'Tis a madness, of which even James Graham, in his height of presumptuous frenzy, is incapable.

SIR D. 'Tis certain they advance; but we are prepared—I heard the war-tune of the Cameron.

(*Music—"March of the Cameron Men."*)

AUCH. 'Tis as I said: we have only to deal with our neighbours. Montrose will not dare show his banner.

(Flourish of Trumpets.)

SIR D. You hear, Auchinbreck; the King's Lieutenant must be there in person.

Enter an OFFICER.

OFFICER. Montrose advances.

AUCH. Indeed! Montrose!

SIR D. And if he does, shall we look pale when we have foes to fight and wrongs to revenge? No—it never shall be said that a Campbell fled before Montrose. I would the Marquis had been present; but it cannot be helped. But of his line of a hundred sires, I know not one who would have left the field when the banner of Diarmid waved in the wind. Now, gentlemen, to horse.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The Gorge of the Mountains.*

The Army of MONTROSE *seen in perspective marching through the ravines of the Mountains. As they descend the principal Pass, the Outposts are stationed right and left. The Royal Standard, with Six Trumpets, precedes* MONTROSE.

MON. They were certainly men of rank that retreated. See—they pass to the rear.

DAL. They are going to put their horses out of harm's way, like prudent cavaliers. And yonder goes Sir Duncan Campbell, mounted on a brown bay gelding, that I have marked for my second charger.

MON. You are wrong, Major; I perceive now, they are saving their precious chief. Give the signal for assault—send the word through the ranks. Gentlemen, noble Chiefs, upon them instantly! Dalgetty, ride to the Cameron—bid him charge, as he loves Lochaber—then bring up our handful of horse to my standard—Forward!

(*Shouts and Tumult.*)

(*The Battle commences by firing from the Rocks, which ceases as the conflict becomes closer in the front. Combat with Broad-sword and Target, Battle-axe, &c. Skirmish of Horse. The* CAMPBELLS, *led by* SIR DUNCAN, *fall back.* DALGETTY *on Gustavus appears, and the Horse falls under him, being shot by* SIR DUNCAN, *who is instantly struck down by* RANALD. *The Horse sinks to the ground expiring.* DALGETTY *struggles as if stunned.* RANALD *rushes off as* MENTEITH *enters to the rescue of* SIR DUNCAN. At this point of *time the Scene is closed.*)

SCENE V.—*Loch-Lochy.*

(SAME AS SCENE III.)

Enter ALLAN *and* DONALD, *with others, meeting* MENTEITH, *leading in* SIR DUNCAN, *wounded.*

ALLAN. Villains! which of ye have dared to do this? Which of you struck at the knight of Ardenvohr, when it was my order that his life should be preserved?

DON. 'Twas the Skye-man struck him down.

ALLAN. That fiend! Quick, see that Sir Duncan is attended.

MENT. Be that my care.

(*Exeunt* MENTEITH *and* TWO FOLLOWERS, *leading* SIR DUNCAN. *As* ALLAN *turns he meets* RANALD, *who enters at the instant.*)

ALLAN. Dog of an Islander! follow the chase, and harm him no further, unless you would die by my hand.

RAN. That I should die by your hand, red as it is with the blood of my kindred, is not more likely than that you should fall by mine.

(*Throwing himself into a daring attitude of attack.*)

ALLAN. Villain! what mean you?

RAN. I am Ranald—Ranald of the Mist!

(*They fight*—RANALD *is struck down*—DALGETTY *enters, and suddenly interposes, striking up* ALLAN'S *hand.*)

DAL. I crave pardon, Mr Allan M'Aulay—but ye must prejudice this person no further, in respect he is in my safe conduct.

ALLAN. Fool! stand aside—Dare you to come between the tiger and his prey?

DAL. Tigers may sometimes meet with lions in their path; and, by my soul, I'll not stand by and see a fallen foe struck at, much more a fallen friend.

Enter MONTROSE, *&c.*

MON. What is this? brawling together in so glorious a victory; for shame!—Bear him hence. (*To his* FOLLOWERS.)

(RANALD *is borne off.*)

DAL. Please your Excellency, it was not my fault; he that touches a man under my safe-guard——

ALLAN. And he who dares to bar the course of my just revenge——

MON. For shame, gentlemen; I have other business for you both, of deeper import than a private quarrel. For you, Major *Dalgetty, kneel* down.

DAL. Kneel! kneel!—The Lion of the North never commanded——

MON. Nevertheless, kneel down. In the name of King Charles and his representative—in reward of the gallant service of this day, I dub thee knight; be brave, loyal, and fortunate. And now, Sir Dugald, mount, and do your duty.

DAL. But what am I to mount? I am made a rider, as the High Dutch have it, just when I have nothing to ride upon. Poor Gustavus sleeps in the bed of honour.

MON. I make you a present of my own charger. Collect what force you can, and pursue the enemy, lest they rally.

DAL. Your Excellency's own charger! My Lord, this additional honour——

MON. Waste no time in acknowledgments, Sir Dugald, but away, I intreat you.

[*Exit* DALGETTY.

For you, my friend, who are superior to the paltry considerations of plunder, pay, and personal distinctions, for you I have other work. Come, come,—you must be my guide, my instructor, and my colleague.

[*Exeunt the* CHIEFS.

SCENE VI.—*An Apartment in the Castle of Inverlochy.*

LORD MENTEITH *leads in* SIR DUNCAN CAMPBELL—ANNOT LYLE *supports him on the other side.*

SIR D. My Lord Menteith, your attention claims my acknowledgment—my gratitude. I could not have escaped with life but for your timely protection.

MENT. I rejoice, Sir Duncan, in being the fortunate means of preserving one so dear to his friends; and, let me add, so honoured by his foes. Major Dalgetty——

Enter DALGETTY.

DAL. Sir Dugald—Sir Dugald Dalgetty, if you please, my Lord. It is something out of the order of due precedence to bring a wounded outlaw into the presence of a knight—or that a knight should be his escort; but the man who struck you down, Sir Duncan, has implored me to transport him hither, in respect he has somewhat to impart to you of the last consequence.

SIR D. Of consequence to me?

DAL. Such were his words; and, if I understood him rightly, *to Mistress* Annot Lyle. But here he is, and, of a truth, looking *as a man not* long for this world. He hath disclosures to make—*let me advise.*

RANALD *is led on by* ATTENDANTS.

MENT. Major Dalgetty, remove those men.

DAL. Sir Dugald—your Lordship will pardon me, Sir Dugald Dalgetty.

(*Signs to the* MEN, *and exit with them.*)

RAN. Are you he whom men call the Knight of Ardenvohr?

SIR D. I am—What would you with me? When your hours are numbered, your thoughts should not be of this world.

RAN. My hours are reduced to minutes; the more grace, if I bestow them in your service. I am he that gave thy castle to the winds, in one huge blaze of fire!—I am Ranald!

SIR D. That fiend!

RAN. Ay—he who alone can impart a secret, which would make Ardenvohr's heart leap with joy, and which the Earl of Menteith would purchase at the price of his broad earldom. Come hither, Annot Lyle—Tell these proud men thou art the youngest, the sole surviving daughter of Sir Duncan Campbell.

SIR D. Gracious heaven! how may this be?

RAN. She alone was saved, when all beside was given to blood and ashes. Now leave me—I loved thine infancy—I hate not thy youth—no one hates the rose in its blossom, though it groweth upon a thorn.

MENT. He advises well. Retire, Sir Duncan, with your daughter—this wretched man is sinking fast.

ANNOT. Since I have found a father, I will never part from him.

SIR D. And a father you shall ever find in me. Come then, my child, come, my new-found daughter.

[*Exeunt* SIR DUNCAN *and* ANNOT.

MENT. Without there!

(SERVANTS *coming on.*)

RAN. Pause yet awhile! Send hither my son, Kenneth.

MENT. Where may he be found?

RAN. At the door of this chamber.

[*Exit* LORD MENTEITH.

Thank Heaven.

(*Enter* KENNETH *and* IVAN.)

Boy, hear the last words of thy sire, and obey his last command:—Seek out Allan of the Red-hand—Seek him as the blood-hound seeks the stricken deer.

(KENNETH *grasps his knife.*)

No, not by thy hand. Let their own swords devour each other. Say to him that the Thane of Menteith is now to wed Annot Lyle of the Harp. Farewell, beloved son of my best beloved! I shall *never more* see thy face or hear the light sound of thy footstep.

Farewell, my boy! Live free—requite kindness—avenge the injuries of thy persecuted race.

(RANALD, *while embracing* KENNETH, *gradually sinks back into the arms of* IVAN, *who drags him off, assisted by the* BOY.)

SCENE VII.—*An Apartment in Loch-Lochy Castle.*

Enter MONTROSE *and* SIR DUNCAN, *leading* ANNOT LYLE.

SIR D. My Lord, you surprise and perplex me. My daughter has acknowledged the attachment existing between her and the Earl of Menteith, but I was not prepared for so early a declaration.

MON. For many reasons I could wish the matter settled. This fair Briseis should be removed before the return of our Achilles, Allan M'Aulay, or the ceremony be instantly performed here, in the Chapel of Inverlochy.

ANNOT. Ah! I fear some fatal feud in that quarter.

MON. I will instantly speak with Angus, and devise means to keep his brother at a distance from the army, until he shall be reconciled to his disappointment.

SIR D. My Lord, I am beholden to your kindness.

MON. May I then announce to the young Earl the confirmation of his hopes?

(SIR DUNCAN *bows.*)

But what say you, fair lady?

ANNOT. I must be directed by my father; what he approves——

MON. It is sufficient. May a long life of happiness and honour be your portion! The bridal must instantly be celebrated in the Chapel of Inverlochy, where myself, with our noble Chiefs, and kindred clansmen, will be proud to be your escort.

[*Exit.*

SIR D. Do not droop, my dear child! When introduced as the wedded wife of the Earl of Menteith, it will be an assurance to the world that you have at all times been worthy of the rank to which you have been elevated. But, were the match less favourable, I feel that I could not for a moment cloud the happiness of my dear—my new found daughter!

[*Embraces her, and exit.*

SONG.

ANNOT. When darkness reigns, and dangers lour,
How cheerful breaks the morning hour,
Aurora rising bright;
So, 'mid the gloom of doubts and fears,
One ray of hope, of joy, appears,
And all is life and light.

[Exit.

SCENE VIII.—*The Large Hall of Inverlochy Castle.*

Enter ALLAN M'AULAY *hastily, and looking eagerly about him.*

ALLAN. Nowhere to be found! But the boy was right—his tale was true—and everywhere I see their preparations—bridal, bridal preparations. Menteith—perfidious—faithless——

Enter MENTEITH.

MENT. Ah! my friend, Allan, you are late upon parade.

ALLAN. You will find I am too early. Draw, Menteith, draw, and defend yourself like a man, or die like a dog!

MENT. What can you mean? You rave, you are mad, Allan!

ALLAN. 'Tis false, traitor! you are false in that, as you have been false in all you have said to me.

MENT. Did I not speak my thoughts when I called you mad, your life were a brief one! In what do you charge me with deceiving you?

ALLAN. You told me you would not marry Annot Lyle.—False traitor, she waits you at the altar.

MENT. It is you who speak false! I told you the obscurity of her birth was the only bar to our union—that is now removed; and whom do you think yourself, that I should give up my pretensions in your favour?

ALLAN. Draw, then—we understand each other.

MENT. Not now, and not here. Allan, you know me well—wait till to-morrow, and you shall have fighting enough.

ALLAN. This hour!—this instant! Menteith, I intreat, I implore you, by our relationship, by our joint conflicts and labours,—draw, and defend your life!

(*Grasping* MENTEITH'S *hand with great earnestness.*)

MENT. Begone, madman!

ALLAN. Then be the vision accomplished——

(ALLAN *instantly strikes his dirk at the bosom of* MENTEITH *—it glances over his breast-plate, but the violence of the blow makes him stagger back.*)

Ah! not fulfilled!—am I foiled, mocked?—thus then we'll end it——

(ALLAN *draws his sword*—MENTEITH *does the same. As* ALLAN *advances,* ANNOT *rushes between them shrieking.*)

ANNOT. Here—here let your vengeance fall,—cruel, inhuman man!

ALLAN. Through that bosom! Detested as he is, my arm falls powerless when an angel interposes.

ANNOT. Ah!

ALLAN. *Yes,* Annot; savage and ruthless as you deem me,—

in this deserted, heart-broken bosom love is still more powerful than revenge! Take her, Menteith—love her, prize her, if thou canst, dearer than him to whom she was the only tie that bound him to existence! Now to the mountain and the glen!

ANNOT. O, Allan!

MENT. Friend!

ALLAN. Hush, hush!—forgive, forget me! In the rude wilderness was I born and cradled—there, where my poor mother sung me to repose, the winter winds shall scatter leaves to make a pillow for my head—a covering for my grave!

(*They approach him—he gazes intently upon* ANNOT, *then starts from his abstraction, and rushes out.*)

ANNOT. Allan! dear Allan!

Enter MONTROSE, SIR DUNCAN CAMPBELL, DONALD, DALGETTY, *&c., in haste and alarm. At the same instant, the* CHIEFS *and their* CLANS, *distinguished by their various Tartans, Pipers, &c., fill the back of the Stage.* SCOTCH GIRLS, *Attendants of* ANNOT LYLE, LEWIE, *&c., enter in front of the* SOLDIERY.

MON. What now! why these exclamations?

MENT. A trifle—nothing. All is well; but the unhappy distemper of our friend, M'Aulay, irritated by the circumstances in which he found us, urged him to an act of rashness, which, but for my armour, might have been serious.

DAL. So much for taking the advice of an old soldier. If ever I have the luck to marry an heiress, by the souls of my forefathers, I'll wear a cuirass for my bridal garment—it was the use when I served the renowned Gustavus Adolphus, the Lion of the ——But I'll tell your Lordship the whole story.

MON. At some fitter season, Sir Dugald. Let the past be now forgotten in this social combination of interests and affections. And would to heaven all public discontent, disunion, and animosity, could be buried in the universal compact of love and amity.

FINALE.

AIR—"*Fy, let's a' to the Bridal.*"

DON. Now let's awa' to the bridal,
For we shall ha'e lilting there;
Menteith's to be married to Annot,
The lass wi' the raven hair.
And there will be lang kail and cabbage,
And bannocks o' barley meal;
And there will be gude saut herring,
To relish a cogue of gude ale.

CHORUS. Then let's awa', &c

MENT. O! let not his dearest hope perish,
Who dares not your mandate resist,
But kindly consent here to cherish,
And welcome a Child of the Mist.

ANNOT. And now Annot Lyle is a lady,
She chooses her friends to invite;
So, friends, let a countess persuade ye
To visit her every night.

CHORUS. And we'll awa', &c.

DAL. Sir Dugald Dalgetty, Drumthwacket
A knight, and a bachelor too—
A *bon camarado* to back it—
Presents himself, *ladies*, to you.
A husband, whenever war ceases,
I'll be to some fortunate fair;
But, unless you could split me in pieces,
You can't all come in for a share.

CHORUS. And we'll awa', &c.

END OF MONTROSE.

THE

BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR;

A DRAMA IN FIVE ACTS.

Dramatis Personæ.

As originally performed at the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh.

Sir William Ashton, Lord Keeper,	Mr Faulkner.
Colonel Ashton, } His Sons,	Mr Denham.
Henry Ashton, } His Sons,	Miss Murray.
Edgar, Master of Ravenswood,	Mr Calcraft.
Hayston of Bucklaw,	Mr Jones.
Captain Craigengelt,	Mr Murray.
Caleb Balderstone,	Mr Mackay.
Lockhart,	Mr Miller.
Randolph, a Clergyman,	Mr Lee.
Norman, a Forester,	Mr Duff.
Three Gentlemen,	Mr Hillyard.
	Mr Aiken.
	Mr Power.
A Messenger,	Mr Croly.
Lady Ashton,	Mrs Eyre.
Lucy Ashton,	Mrs H. Siddons
Alice Gray,	Mrs Renaud.
Mysie,	Mrs Nicol.
Dame Lightbody,	Miss Nicol.
Marion,	Miss J. Nicol.

Attendants, Foresters, Servants, &c., &c.

THE

BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR.

Act First.

SCENE I.*—*A Gothic Chapel on a rock, overhanging the sea—the windows illuminated. Solemn music within as the curtain rises.*

Enter from the Chapel, a train of ATTENDANTS *with torches, bearing the banners of the House of Ravenswood (a Bull's head, with the motto,* "I bide my time.") *Several* GENTLEMEN *follow, descend the rock, and advance to the front.*

1st GENT. Unhappy Ravenswood! Even to the grave the malice of thy enemies pursues thee! Here, in the sanctuary, the satellites of law impede the solemn service of religion. Right well, my friends, have we maintained the honour of our house, and preserved the body of our chief from such unmanly insult.

2nd GENT. Let this Sir William Ashton, this new Lord Keeper, look to himself; for, if I read aright young Edgar's bold demeanour, he will remember and revenge the wrongs his father suffered.

3rd GENT. I doubt it not; and when he calls upon his kinsmen, I wear a sword to second his.

1st GENT. Peace, peace! such words are best unuttered. The usurper, by the awarded sentence of the law, holds the inheritance of our noble relative. Edgar is young, impetuous, urged on to revenge by ancient enmity and recent insult; he brooks but ill the galling weight of poverty. Urge him not to desperate enterprises.

2nd GENT. Peace! he is here.

* Sometimes omitted in Acting.

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EDGAR RAVENSWOOD *enters from the Chapel, and descends to the front.*

EDGAR. Kinsmen and friends, you have performed no common duty to the body of our deceased relative. The rites of due observance, which in other countries are allowed to the meanest Christian, would this day have been denied to Allan, Earl of Ravenswood, had they not been assured to him by your devoted courage.

1st GENT. We but performed our duty. The insult offered to our Lord, extends to all who claim the honour of his blood.

EDGAR. Others bury their dead in sorrow and in silence—in reverence and in lamentation; our funeral rites are marred by the intrusion of bailiffs and ruffians; and our tears, the tears of clansmen for their chief—the tears of a son for his only parent, his solitary friend, are chased from our cheeks by the glow of just indignation. But it is well I know from what quiver this arrow has come forth. It was only he who dug the grave, could have the mean cruelty to disturb the obsequies; and Heaven do as much and more to me, if I requite not to this man, and his house, the ruin and disgrace he has brought on me and mine.

1st GENT. Spoke as becomes the heir of Ravenswood! Our swords are yours, whenever you require them.

EDGAR. Once more, my friends, receive my thanks. But now, enough of words. Let this suffice. True to the legend of my house, "*I bide my time*"—and, when that time arrives, the world shall see that Edgar Ravenswood has both a heart and arm to suit the sacred cause which calls upon him. Now—on to the tower, where, in due observance of an ancient custom, the funeral feast is spread, and welcome waits on all. But should I pass the cup untasted, and claim the privilege of solitude, my friends, I trust, will feel the heavy loss I have sustained, nor deem my abscence breach of hospitality. Forward!

[*Music—Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Gothic Library in Ravenswood Castle.*

Enter SIR WILLIAM ASHTON, LOCKHART *following.*

LOCK. It was impossible, my Lord, to execute your orders, surrounded as we were by all the kinsmen of the family; the Master drew his sword, and threatened the clergyman with personal violence unless he proceeded with the ceremony.

SIR W. Did the rest second this resolution?

LOCK. All, my Lord; an hundred weapons were displayed in an instant, and young Edgar, exclaiming he knew well from whom this blow proceeded, uttered the most contemptuous expressions against you, and the authority you are invested with.

We were compelled to leave the chapel, and happy to escape with our lives.

SIR W. I can scarcely commend your prudence, sir. The consequences may be more important than you are aware of. Leave me.

[*Exit* LOCKHART.

Young Ravenswood is now completely in my grasp, and he shall either bend or break. This boy, this hair-brained fool, has wrecked his vessel before she has cleared the harbour. But I would not touch his life, even though it should be in my power. Yet if he lives till a change of times, what follows? Restitution, perhaps revenge.

Enter LUCY ASHTON.

LUCY. My father here! I fear I have disturbed you, sir. I did not know you were in the library.

SIR W. My sweet Lucy, your presence is always welcome.

LUCY. Nay, nay, dear father, 'tis your kindness induces you to say so. But since I have intruded upon you, I have a request to make, if you are not occupied in matters of importance.

SIR W. Name it, Lucy.

LUCY. You know, my dear sir, I have long wished to conduct you to the residence of old Alice. 'Tis scarcely five minutes' walk from the castle, and the day is fine—will you now gratify me?

SIR W. Who and what is this old woman you are so anxious to bring me acquainted with? I think, Lucy, you know all the old gossips in the country.

LUCY. To be sure I do, sir; or how could I help the poor old creatures in hard times? But Alice is the empress of old women, and the queen of gossips. She seldom associates with any of the peasants, for they are all afraid of her. Some consider her a witch, others a lunatic; but though her manner is wild, and her conversation superstitious, she is kind and gentle, and has a dignity in her deportment which would become a countess. The poor old soul has lost her sight with age; but when she speaks to you, you would think she has a way of looking into your very heart.

SIR W. All this, my dear, is no answer to my question, who this woman is, and her connection with the Ravenswoods.

LUCY. I believe she was nurse to the last Lord, and is distantly related to the family. It is against her will she has remained here, and she is always regretting the change of times and property.

SIR W. I am much obliged to her. She and her people eat *my bread and drink* of my cup, and lament, all the while, they

are not still under a race who never could do good, either to themselves or others.

LUCY. Indeed, my dear sir, you do her injustice. Alice is not mercenary, and would not accept a penny in charity to save her from being starved. I am sure she is grateful for your protection, and would rather speak to you than any person in the world. Do, my dear father, let me conduct you to her.

SIR W. I confess you have raised my curiosity; and I am anxious to question her respecting the character of young Ravenswood. We will go immediately. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*On one side, a ruinous Cottage, overhung by a rock; on the other, the remains of a Chapel. Several rough tombstones near the front.*

ALICE *discovered sitting on a bank.*

Enter LUCY *and* SIR WILLIAM.

LUCY. This is the cottage, and yonder is the old woman sitting. I'll bring her down to you, sir. (*Goes to* ALICE.) Alice, my father is come to see you.

(ALICE *rises and comes down, led by* LUCY, *till she is between her and* SIR WILLIAM.)

ALICE. He is welcome, Miss Ashton, and so are you.

SIR W. This is a fine morning, mother.

ALICE. I believe so, my Lord. I feel the air breath milder than of late.

SIR W. Have you resided long on this property?

ALICE. It is near sixty years since I first knew Ravenswood.

SIR W. You are not of this country?

ALICE. No; I am by birth an Englishwoman.

SIR W. Yet you seem attached to this country as if it were your own.

ALICE. It is here I have tasted the cup of joy and of sorrow which Heaven had destined for me. I was here the wife of an upright and affectionate husband, for more than twenty years. I was here the mother of six promising children. It was here that Heaven deprived me of all these blessings. It was here they died, and yonder, by yon ruined chapel, they all lie buried. I had no country but theirs, while they were alive—I have none but theirs, now they are no more.

SIR W. But your cottage is miserably ruinous. I will have it repaired.

ALICE. That you are bound to do by law; but, old as it is, *it will last* my time.

SIR W. You must have seen many changes during your long residence here.

ALICE. Yet I hoped my aged eyes might not have witnessed the downfall of the stately tree, which once overshadowed my dwelling.

SIR W. You lose no interest with me for regretting your former masters; I respect your gratitude, and hope we shall live to be good friends when we know each other better.

ALICE. Those of my age, my Lord, make no new friendships; I thank you for your kind intentions, and wish I could repay you better than by what I am going to say. You now stand on the brink of a precipice!

SIR W. Indeed!

ALICE. You have driven matters hard with the House of Ravenswood—you are still planning further persecution. Believe a true tale. They are a fierce house, and there is danger in dealing with men when they become desperate.

SIR W. What mean you, woman? Young Ravenswood would not have recourse to personal violence.

ALICE. Heaven forbid I should say so! I know nothing of the youth but what is honourable and open. Honourable and open, did I say? I should have added free, generous, and noble; but he is still a Ravenswood, and may "*bide his time.*" Remember the fate of Sir George Lockhart.

SIR W. Ah, he perished by the hand of an assassin!

ALICE. Therefore, I may well say beware of pressing a desperate man with the hand of authority. There is blood of Chiesley, who did the deed, in the veins of Ravenswood; and one drop of it were enough to fire him in the circumstances under which he is placed. I say, once more—beware of him!

[*Exit into cottage.*

(SIR WILLIAM *appears agitated, and stands lost in meditation.* LUCY *approaches her father.)*

LUCY. My dear sir, shall we return to the castle?

SIR W. (*Aside*) The manner and language of this woman surprise, nay, alarm me! Can there be grounds for suspicion of violence? No, no; the fate of Chiesley was a warning sufficient to deter any one who should dare to assume the office of avenger of his own imaginary wrongs. Come, my love, let us continue our walk, and smile at the superstitious cautions of your ancient friend. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The Mermaiden's Well, surrounded with Trees.*

Enter RAVENSWOOD *in a shooting dress, with a gun in his hand.*

EDGAR. For the last time, ere fortune drives me from my native land, I come to seek the spoiler of my house. Nature recoils

from shedding blood, yet as I wander through these lofty woods, which once were mine, in every breeze I hear a voice which echoes back the feelings of my heart. The demon of revenge has planted scorpions here; and from the grave my father's spirit cries for retribution. (*A shriek without. He looks off at the side.*) Ha! what do I behold! a savage bull pursues the object of my hate, who struggles to support a fainting female! One instant, and inevitable death awaits them. Can I look on, and leave them to this cruel fate, yet have the power to save? Away, away! A moment's hesitation would disgrace the name of man.

(*Rushes out.*)

(*A shot fired without, and immediately after* RAVENSWOOD *re-enters, bearing* LUCY *senseless in his arms. He places her on a bank near the well, and kneels beside her. She recovers slowly.*)

LUCY. (*Looking around wildly.*) My father! my father!

EDGAR. Sir William is perfectly safe, madam. He is gone for assistance, and will be here instantly,

LUCY. Oh, sir, are you certain he is safe? The savage animal was close by us—do not stop me—I must go and seek my father.

(*She is fainting,* RAVENSWOOD *supports her.*)

EDGAR. Do not make yourself uneasy on his account. Fate has singularly preserved him. I must now leave you, madam, and under the protection of those to whom it is possible you may this day have been a guardian angel. (*Going.*)

LUCY. Yet stay till my father, the Lord Keeper comes; only permit him to offer his thanks, and to inquire your name.

EDGAR. It is unnecessary to mention my name. Your father —I would rather say Sir William Ashton—will learn it soon enough, for all the pleasure it is likely to afford him.

LUCY. You mistake him. He will be grateful, for my sake, and for his own. You do not know my father, or you are deceiving me with a story of his safety when he has fallen a victim to the fury of that animal.

EDGAR. On the word of a gentleman, madam, I tell you the truth. Your father is in perfect safety.

LUCY. (*Taking his arm.*) Oh! if you be a gentleman, if you be a man, assist me to find my father. You shall not leave me—you shall go with me. He is dying, perhaps, while we are talking here.

Enter SIR WILLIAM ASHTON, *and two* FORESTERS.

My dear, dear father. (*Runs and embraces him.*)

SIR W. My dear, dear Lucy, are you safe? Are you well?

LUCY. I am quite well, sir, and still more that I see you so. But this gentleman, what must he think of me?

SIR W. (*Crosses to him.*) This gentleman will, I trust, not regret the trouble we have given him, when I assure him of the Lord Keeper's eternal gratitude for the greatest service which one man ever rendered to another. For the life of my child, for my own life, which he has saved by his bravery and presence of mind, he will, I am sure, permit us to request——

EDGAR. Request nothing of me, my Lord—I am the Master of Ravenswood. [*Exit* RAVENSWOOD.

SIR W. The Master of Ravenswood! Hasten after him! Stop him! Beg him to speak to me for a single moment.

[FORESTERS *exeunt.*

My life preserved by the very man I have been warned against—whom I regarded as my bitterest enemy! My daughter, too!

Re-enter the two FORESTERS.

SIR W. Well, sir?

FOREST. He just said he wadna' come back, my Lord?

SIR W. He said something more, sir, and I insist upon knowing what it was.

FOREST. Why then, my Lord, he said,—but it wad be nae pleasure to your Lordship to hear it,—and I daresay the Master meant nae ill.

SIR W. That's none of your concern, sir; I desire to hear the very words.

FOREST. Well, then, my Lord, he said—"Tell Sir William Ashton that the next time he and I foregather, he will not be half sae blithe of our meeting as of our parting."

SIR W. Very well, sir. I believe he alludes to a wager we have of our hawks. It's a matter of no consequence. Retire, and attend us to the castle. (*The* FORESTERS *retire.*) How shall I act? The man who saved my life rejects my thanks, and shuns me as his mortal enemy! I have the power to serve him; and honour, gratitude, demand I should exert it. It shall be so. Lucy, my love, we must not suffer our preserver thus to leave us.

LUCY. Oh! my dear father. Heaven seems to interpose this accident to end our ancient feuds: we cannot do too much to prove our gratitude. Since he, to whom we are so deeply indebted, regards us with hereditary hatred, let us rise superior to the dictates of mistaken pride, seek him in his own dwelling, brave his resentment, root out long cherished enmity, nor leave him, till, by perseverance, we have won his friendship, and changed suspicion and mistrust for lasting confidence.

[*Exeunt.*

END OF ACT I.

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Act Second.

SCENE I.—*A Room in a Village Inn, called the Tod's Den.*

BUCKLAW *and* CRAIGENGELT *discovered, seated back to back, their legs stretched on stools.*

BUCK. What the foul fiend can have detained the Master so long! He must have miscarried in his enterprise. Why did you dissuade me from going with him?

CRAIG. One man is enough to right his own wrong. We venture our lives for him in coming thus far on such an errand.

BUCK. You are but a craven after all, Craigengelt, and that's what many folks have thought of you before now.

CRAIG. But what no one has dared to tell me.

(*Lays his hand on his sword*)

And but that I hold a hasty man no better than a fool, I would——

BUCK. Would you? and why don't you, then?

CRAIG. Because there's a deeper stake than the lives of twenty hair-brained gowks like you.

BUCK. But what do you mean to do with this poor fellow, Ravenswood? He has no money left, any more than I.

CRAIG. Content yourself, Bucklaw! I know my business! He has parts and address, as well as courage and talents, and will present himself abroad, like a young fellow of head as well as heart, who knows something more than the speed of a horse, and the flight of a hawk.

BUCK. And yet—isn't wise enough to escape the tricks of a kidnapper, Craigie? But don't be angry; you know you won't fight, so just leave your hilt alone, and tell me how you drew him into your confidence?

CRAIG. Simply by flattering his love of vengeance. He is now gone to expostulate, as he says, and perhaps thinks, with Sir William Ashton. I say, that, if they meet, ten to one but the Master kills him. Scotland will be too hot to hold him. France will gain him, and we all set sail in the French brig, L'Espoir, which is hovering for us off Eyemouth.

BUCK. Content, say I; and if carrying the Master with us will insure us a better reception, I hope he will shoot the Lord Keeper before he returns. I doubt our own merits will get us but slender preferment. But stay, he comes—I hear a horse's feet.

CRAIG. (*Listens.*) Are you sure there is only one? I fear *there is* a chase. I think I hear three or four galloping together. *I am sure* I hear more than one.

BUCK. Pooh, pooh, man! it's only the wench of the house clattering to the well in her pattens. Why you're more easily scared than a wild goose. But here comes Ravenswood alone, and looking as gloomy as a night in November.

Enter EDGAR RAVENSWOOD. *He goes to the table and sits.*

CRAIG. Well, what has happened? What have you done?

EDGAR. Nothing.

CRAIG. Nothing! and left us determined to call the old villain to account for all the injuries you, we, and the whole country have received? Have you seen him?

EDGAR. I have.

BUCK. (*To* EDGAR.) Seen him! and come away without settling scores, which have been so long due? I should not have expected that at your hand, Master.

EDGAR. No matter what you expected, sir. It is not to you I shall be disposed to render any reason for my conduct.

CRAIG. Patience, Bucklaw. The Master has been interrupted by some accident, but he will excuse the anxiety of friends.

EDGAR. Friends! Captain Craigengelt? I think our friendship amounts to this, that I agreed to leave Scotland with you as soon as I had visited the mansion of my fathers, and had an interview with its present possessor.

BUCK. Very true, Master, and as we thought you had a mind to do something to put your neck in jeopardy, we agreed to tarry for you, though ours might run some risk in consequence. As to Craigie, it does not much signify; he had gallows written on his brow in the hour of his birth. But I should not like to discredit my parentage by coming to such an end, and in another man's cause, too.

EDGAR. Gentlemen, if I have occasioned you any inconvenience, I am heartily sorry; but respecting my own affairs, I shall judge for myself, and am determined not to leave the country this season.

BUCK. Not leave the country!

CRAIG. Not leave the country! after all the trouble and expense I have incurred?

EDGAR. Sir, I repeat, for the trouble you have had on my account I am sorry, and I thank you; your expense admits of a more solid compensation. Take my purse, and pay yourself according to your conscience. (*Offers his purse.*)

BUCK. (*Comes between them.*) Your fingers, Craigie, seem to itch for that same piece of green network; but I make my vow to heaven, that, if they offer to close upon it, I'll chop them off with my whinger. Since the Master has changed his mind, I suppose we need stay here no longer; but, in the first place, I beg leave *to tell him*——

CRAIG. Tell him anything you will, but allow me first to state the difficulty of an introduction at Versailles, without the countenance of those who have established useful connections.

BUCK. Besides forfeiting the friendship of at least one man of spirit and honour.

EDGAR. Gentlemen, permit me once more to assure you that you have been pleased to attach to our temporary connection more importance than I ever meant it should have. When I repair to foreign courts, I shall not need the introduction of an intriguing adventurer, nor is it necessary for me to set value on the friendship of a hot-headed bully.

[*Exit.*

CRAIG. Morbleu! my recruit is lost.

BUCK. Ay, Craigie, the salmon is off with hook and all. But I'll after him, for I've had rather more of his insolence than I can well digest.

(*Going.*)

CRAIG. You had better let me come with you.

BUCK. No, no, Craigie—keep you the cheek of the chimney-nook till I come back. You know you are not a fighting man, and remember the old proverb—"It's good sleeping in a hale skin."

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Glen in the neighbourhood of Wolf's Crag. The Tower in the background. A light visible, in an upper window.*

RAVENSWOOD *crosses slowly—his arms folded, and apparently in deep meditation.*

Enter BUCKLAW, *hastily, and out of breath.*

BUCK. Halt, sir! As soon as I can speak I'll tell you my purpose. I am no political agent—no Captain Craigengelt; I am Frank Hayston, of Bucklaw; and no man ever injures me by word, deed, sign, or look, but he must render me an account of it.

EDGAR. This is all very well, sir, but I have no quarrel with you, and desire to have none.

BUCK. Come, come, fine airs and wise saws shall not carry it off thus. You termed me bully, and you shall retract the word before we part.

EDGAR. Scarcely, unless you show me better reason for believing myself mistaken than you are now producing.

BUCK. Draw, then. I always thought and said you were a pretty man, and should be sorry to report you otherwise.

EDGAR. You shall have no reason, sir. Defend yourself.

(*They fight.* BUCKLAW *is disarmed and thrown upon one knee.*)

Take your life, and mend it, if you can.

BUCK. It would be but a cobbled piece of work, I fear. But I thank you, Master, for my life. There's my hand, I bear you no ill will.

EDGAR. (*Taking his hand, after a pause.*) Bucklaw, you are a generous fellow, and I am convinced I have done you wrong.

BUCK. Are you, indeed? That's more than I expected; for men say you are not too ready to retract your opinion or your language.

EDGAR. Not when I have well considered them.

BUCK. Then you are a little wiser than I am. I always give my friend satisfaction first, and an explanation afterwards.

EDGAR. How is it, Bucklaw, that you are so intimate with Craigengelt, so much your inferior in birth and spirit?

BUCK. In plain terms, because I am a fool who have gambled away my land, and been silly enough to put my thumb under his belt. I daresay by this time he has told a dozen pretty stories of me to the Government, the end of which will be that I shall be made shorter by the head; and this is what I have got by wine, women, dice, cocks, dogs, and horses.

EDGAR. True, Bucklaw. You have indeed nourished in your bosom the snakes that are stinging you.

BUCK. That's home, as well as true, so there let the matter rest. But, by your leave, you have nourished in your bosom one great snake, that has swallowed all the rest.

EDGAR. Indeed! and how do you name it?

BUCK. Revenge! 'Tis better breaking a park pale, to watch a doe or a damsel, than to shoot an old man.

EDGAR. I deny the purpose. On my soul, I had no such intention. I meant but to confront the oppressor ere I left my native land, and upbraid him with his tyranny and its consequences. I would have stated my wrongs, so that they should have shaken his soul within him.

BUCK. Yes, your very look and manner would have frightened the old man to death.

EDGAR. Consider the provocation—consider the ruin and death caused by his hard hearted cruelty. An ancient house destroyed —an affectionate father murdered. Why, in our old Scottish days, he that sat quiet under such wrongs would have been held unfit to back a friend or face a foe.

BUCK. Well, well, Master, I would not chafe you by the recollection; and now I must petition for a lodging, the remainder

of the night, at Wolf's Crag. I fear discovery should I return to the inn, and——

EDGAR. The shelter of my roof you are welcome to. There sits the only male domestic that remains to the House of Ravenswood; and 'tis well he does remain, or we had little hope to find light or fire.

(*Goes up to the gate, and knocks loudly several times.*)

The old man must have departed, or fallen into a fit, for the noise I have made would have awakened the seven sleepers.

(*Knocks again. The light disappears from the window, and* CALEB *cautiously opens a small casement over the gate, and puts out his head,—a lamp in his hand.*)

CALEB. What's your wull?

EDGAR. Caleb!

CALEB. Master, is't you?

EDGAR. Yes, Caleb, 'tis I—open the door quickly.

CALEB. But is it you in very blood and body? for I would sooner face fifty devils than my Master's ghaist, or even his wraith; wherefore, aroint ye! if ye were ten times my Master, unless ye come in bodily shape, lith and limb.

EDGAR. It is I, Caleb, in bodily shape and alive; save that I am half dead with cold.

CALEB. Aweel, aweel, a moment's patience while I unbar the gate. But are ye in truth men o' mould that demand entrance at sic a time o' night?

BUCK. If I were near you, you old blockhead, I'd give you sufficient proof of my bodily condition.

EDGAR. Open the gate, Caleb.

(CALEB *slowly and cautiously opens the gate and comes out, —a lamp in his hand.*)

CALEB. Is it you, my dear Master? Is it yoursel', indeed? And a strange gentleman with ye! (*Calls.*) Mysie! Mysie! woman! Stir for dear life and get the fire mended; tak' the auld three-legged stool, or anything that's readiest that will mak' a lowe. I doubt we are but puirly provided, no' expecting you these some months; natheless——

EDGAR. Natheless, Caleb, we must be accommodated the best you can. I hope you are not sorry to see me sooner than you expected?

CALEB. Sorry, my Lord. (I am sure ye s'all aye be my Lord, wi' a' honest men, as your noble ancestors were three hundred years ago.) Sorry to see the Lord o' Ravenswood at ane o' his *ain castles.* (*To* MYSIE *within.*) *Mysie, kill* the brood hen without thinking twice on't; let them *care that* come ahint. (To BUCKLAW.)

No' that it's our best dwelling, but just a place o' strength for the Lord o' Ravenswood to flee until,—that is, not to flee, but to retreat until—in perilous times; but, for its antiquity, maist folks think the outside of Wolf's Crag is worthy of a large perusal.

EDGAR. And you seem determined we shall have time to make it, Caleb.

BUCK. Oh, never mind the outside of the house, my good friend; let's see the inside, that's all.

CALEB. Oh, yes, sir!—ay, sir!—unquestionably, sir! my Lord, and ony of his honourable companions. (*Calling.*) Here, John! Thomas! Saunders! William!

EDGAR. I think Caleb, you had better trust to yourself, or I see little chance of our being attended to at all.

CALEB. (*Aside.*) Whisht, sir! For Heaven's sake! If ye dinna regard your ain credit, think on mine! We'll ha'e hard enough wark to make a decent night on't, with all the lies I can tell.

EDGAR. Silence, Caleb, and show us the way.

CALEB. Weel, weel; it is no for the like o' me to dispute your honour's bidding; but the lamp is no fit—for the credit o' the family—the siller candlesticks——

EDGAR. Silence, Caleb, and proceed.

[*Exeunt into the Tower.*

SCENE III.—*The Hall in Wolf's Crag.*

CALEB *shows in* RAVENSWOOD *and* BUCKLAW, *leaves the lamp on the table, and exit.*

EDGAR. Comfort, Bucklaw, I cannot provide for you, for I have it not for myself. Shelter and safety I think I can promise.

BUCK. Excellent things, master, and with a mouthful of food and wine, all I can require for the remainder of the night.

EDGAR. I fear your repast will be a poor one.

(*They retire up. A noise without, between* CALEB *and* MYSIE, *who enter wrangling.*)

CALEB. Just mak' the best on't—mak' the best on't, woman. It's easy to put a fair face on onything.

MYSIE. But the auld brood hen? She'll be as teugh as bow-strings and bend leather.

CALEB. Say ye made a mistak'—say ye made a mistak', Mysie! Tak' it a' on yoursel'; never let the credit o' the house suffer.

MYSIE. But the brood hen? an' she's sitting some gate aneath the *dais in the ither* chaumer; an' I'm fear'd to gang in the dark

for the bogle; an' there's no anither light in the house, save that blessed lamp whilk stands upon the table.

CALEB. Weel, weel, Mysie, bide ye a wee, an' I'll try to get the lamp wiled awa' frae them.

[*Exit* MYSIE.

RAVENSWOOD *and* BUCKLAW *come forward.*

EDGAR. Well, Caleb, my old friend, is there any chance of supper?

CALEB. Chance of supper, your Lordship! How s'uld there be any doubt of that, and we in your Lordship's house! Chance of supper indeed! But ye'll no be for butcher meat. There's walth o' fat poultry, either for spit or brander! (*Calls.*) The fat capon, Mysie!

BUCK. Nay, nay, my good friend, if you have anything cold, or a morsel of bread.

CALEB. (*To* BUCKLAW.) The best o' bannocks, and for cauld meat, a' that we ha'e is cauld eneugh.

EDGAR. Come, Caleb, I must cut this matter short. This is the young Laird of Bucklaw—he is under hiding, and therefore, you know——

CALEB. Oh, then, he canna say muckle again' our housekeeping, for I believe his ain pinches may match ours; no that we are pinched, thank Heaven! but nae doubt waur aff than we ha'e been, or s'uld be. And for eating, what signifies a lee, there's just the hinner end o' the mutton ham that has been but three times on the table, and the nearer the bane the sweeter, as your honours weel ken'—and—there's the heel o' the ewe-milk kebbuck, wi' a bit o' nice butter, and—and that's a' that's to trust to.

BUCK. Never fear, my old friend, we'll do justice to it. Get it ready. But, in the meantime, give me a drink of your ale.

CALEB. Ale! I wadna just presume to recommend our ale—the maut was ill made, and there was awfu' thunner last week; but siccan water as the Tower Well has, ye'll seldom see, and that I'll engage for.

BUCK. Damn your water.

CALEB. It's a perfect cordial.

BUCK. You may take it yourself then, but fetch me some wine.

CALEB. (*Aside.*) I was jalousing this chiel was nae water drinker. Wine! Eneugh of wine,—it was but twa days syne, waes me for the cause, there never was lack of wine at Wolf's Crag.

EDGAR. Fetch us some, then, if you have any left, instead of talking about it; but first light Mr Bucklaw and myself to the apartment he is to occupy,—the secret chamber.

CALEB. The secret chaumer!

BUCK. Nay, 'tis now too near daybreak to think of rest; but I *shall* play the devil with Mr Caleb's mutton ham.

CALEB. Weel, weel, your honour will excuse all deficiencies o' furniture and bedding, for wha wad ha'e thought o' the secret chaumer being needed? It has never been used since the time o' the Gowrie conspiracy, and I durst never let ony o' the women folk ken the entrance to it, or, your honours will allow, it wadna ha'e been a secret chaumer lang!

[*They laugh, and exeunt, lighted by* CALEB.

SCENE IV.*—*The Neighbourhood of Wolf's Crag—Day-Break.*

Enter a numerous party of HUNTERS.

GLEE AND CHORUS.

The monk must arise when the matins ring,
The abbot may sleep to their chime;
But the yeoman must start when the bugles sing,
'Tis time, my heart, 'tis time.

There's bucks and roes on Bilhope braes,
There's a herd in Shortwood Shaw;
But a lily-white doe in the garden goes,
She's fairly worth them a'.

1st FOREST. I fear we shall have little sport to-day, lads. There's a storm coming on will force us to seek shelter.

(*Thunder, lightning, and rain.*)

Hark!

Enter LOCKHART.

LOCK. Where are Sir William and Miss Lucy? Have they returned to the Castle?

1st FOREST. I think not; I saw them leave their horses at the foot of the hill, and take the path up to the Old Tower at Wolf's Crag.

LOCK. I am glad they have found shelter at any rate.

(*Thunder, &c.*)

The storm increases, and threatens to be severe. Away, my lads! There's plenty of good liquor down at the Tod's Hole! Some of you follow me to the Tower with the horses.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*The Hall in Wolf's Crag, as before—a small stool on.*

Enter CALEB.

CALEB. The de'il's in that chiel, Bucklaw,—as sune as he heard the horns, awa' he scampered to the hunt.

(*Thunder, lightning, and rain.*)

* Now usually omitted.

Eh, sirs! but here's a sudden storm. He'll sune be back, and how s'all I provide for the day? Praise be blessed, the Master is nae epicure, and little will serve him! but, as for Bucklaw, gude save us, but he'd eat a horse ahint the saddle. He has clean made an end o' the mutton ham, and, wi' a' my contrivances, I canna haud it out abune the day.

(*Storm continues. A loud knocking at the gate.*)

SIR WILLIAM ASHTON. (*Without.*) Holloa!

CALEB. Eh, wha ha'e we got here now?

(*Looks out of the window.*)

Mercy on us! a gentleman and a leddy. What s'all I do? I darena let them in.

(*Knocking continued.*)

Enter RAVENSWOOD.

EDGAR. What is the matter, Caleb?

CALEB. Matter, my Lord. Here's stranger folk at the gate; but an they brak' it doon, they'll no get in, to see how ill we are provided.

EDGAR. Open the gate instantly, and admit them.

CALEB. (*Aside.*) He's daft—he's clean daft—to think o' admitting lords and leddies, and nae sae muckle as ae saut herring in a' the hoose. Natheless, he maun be obey'd.

(CALEB *goes off, and shows in* SIR WILLIAM, *and* LUCY ASHTON. SIR WILLIAM *in a large scarlet cloak, and hat slouched to conceal his face.* LUCY *in a riding dress, and veiled with a riding mask.*)

SIR W. The sudden storm has separated us from our attendants at the hunt, and we beg for shelter till it is over.

CALEB. Your honours are right welcome to Wolf's Crag. But I crave pardon, for that a' the rest o' the people are gane out, to see the hunt.

EDGAR. (*Coming forward.*) Silence, Balderstone! Your folly is unseasonable!

CALEB. (*Aside.*) He's daft—clean daft! But de'il ha'e Caleb Balderstone, if the credit o' the family shall suffer, though he were as mad as the seven wise masters. Wi' yer honour's permission, I'll serve up some refection for the young leddy, and a glass of tokay, or old sack, or——

EDGAR. Truce to this ill-timed foolery, and interrupt us no more with your absurdities.

CALEB. Your honour's pleasure is to be obeyed abune a' *things; Natheless*, for the sack and tokay, which it is not your *noble guests'* pleasure to accept——

EDGAR. Leave the room, Caleb.

CALEB. Assuredly, your honour. [*Exit* CALEB.

SIR W. This, then, is the ancient castle of Wolf's Crag! It was, as I have heard, one of the earliest possessions of the noble family of Ravenswood.

EDGAR. Their earliest, and, probably their latest possession. I am the heir of that unfortunate house; and, methinks, now it is time I should know who they are who have so highly honoured my poor habitation?

(SIR WILLIAM *is about to take off his hat, but hesitates.* RAVENSWOOD *looks steadily at him;—a short pause.*)

I perceive Sir William Ashton is unwilling to announce himself in the castle of Wolf's Crag.

SIR W. I had hoped it was unnecessary, and am obliged to you, sir, for breaking the ice at once. Lucy, my love, lay aside your veil, and let us express our gratitude to the Master openly and without disguise.

LUCY. (*Hesitatingly.*) If he will condescend to accept our acknowledgments.

EDGAR. Miss Ashton will, I hope, believe me sincere, when I declare my happiness at being able to afford her the shelter of this roof.

(*Kisses her hand respectfully. A noise as of the trampling of horses without.*)

BUCKLAW. (*Without.*) Holloa! Caleb! Caleb Balderstone! where's the rest of the mutton ham?

Enter CALEB, *hastily.* SIR WILLIAM *and* LUCY *retire up.*

CALEB. Gude save us! there's that chiel Bucklaw wi' a' the hunting folk. De'il fetch him, to bring sic a crew here, that will expect brandy as plenty as ditch water.

EDGAR. I fear, Caleb, we must be inhospitable, now.

CALEB. Never ye mind, my Lord, dinna trouble yoursel' aboot it, they shall no beat Caleb Balderstone; an I can ance get rid o' these, a' shall gang right yet. Here, John! Thomas! Saunders! Davie! where are ye a'? Why dinna ye open the gate to Mr Bucklaw and his attendants?

[*Exit.*

SIR W. Ravenswood, there is no time for explanation like the present. At any price I must purchase your friendship. I would not ostentatiously declare how I have already served you, but to gain the point nearest to my heart. Had it not been for me, you would now have been a prisoner in the Castle of Edinburgh, for your share in the riot at the funeral of your father. That my influence crushed the proceedings against you let these papers be my evidence.

(*Gives* RAVENSWOOD *a packet. He reads and appears much agitated.*)

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EDGAR. Is it possible? can I have been so much deceived?

(*After an effort, takes* SIR WILLIAM *by the hand.*)

My Lord Keeper, again and again I solicit your pardon, for the injustice of which I have been guilty. I thought you my bitterest enemy, when I was receiving at your hand the benefit of protection to my person, and vindication to my character.

SIR W. Now, then, we understand each other; and from this moment be all our former enmity forgotten.

(RAVENSWOOD *and* SIR WILLIAM *retire up and go to* LUCY.)

CALEB *re-enters.*

CALEB. I ha'e got rid o' Bucklaw, and a' the hunting folk; and now, to contrive for dinner. Your honours, nae doubt, are weary o' waiting for refreshment, but it will no be lang.

(*Aside to* RAVENSWOOD.)

Tak' them up to the tap o' the tower, to admire the view. Do, for Heaven's sake, sir, while I spread the table.

EDGAR. True, Caleb,—we must not let our guests remain without refreshment; and here—take my purse, I believe that will prove your best ally.

CALEB. (*Is about to take the purse, but perceives that* SIR WILLIAM *is observing them.*) Purse! purse indeed! What should I do wi' you Lordship's purse? A' is providing in the kitchen.

(*Aside.*)

But tak' awa' the guests for a few minutes.

EDGAR. I believe, Sir William, we had better leave Caleb to prepare the poor repast he has to offer. The view from the tower is much admired, and, as the storm has passed away, if Miss Ashton is not fatigued.

LUCY. Not in the least.

SIR W. We attend you willingly.

[*Exeunt.*—RAVENSWOOD, *leading* LUCY.

CALEB. Heaven be praised! I ha'e got rid o' them. I wad like to ha'e ta'en his honour's purse: why couldna he ha'e slippit it gently into my hand,—but afore the strange folk, it wasna for the credit o' the family. But how to provide,—what s'all I contrive? This is the sairest push for the honour o' the house we ha'e had yet. Natheless, something must be——

(*At this moment, a violent clap of thunder.* CALEB *stands aghast, but recovers himself instantly with a strong expression of joy on his countenance.*)

Eh! Gude save us! The thunner! The thunner comes to hand *like the bowl* o' a pint stoup. Here, Mysie! Mysie, woman! *what are* you sitting greeting in the chimney-nuik for? Come

here—or stay—stay where ye are, and skirl as loud as ye can. It's a' you're guid for, I say, ye auld deevil, skirl—skirl!

(*She screams as desired.*)

Louder—louder, woman: gar the gentles hear ye at the tap o' the tower—I've heard ye as far aff as the Bass for a less matter—and stay—down wi' that crockery.

(*Goes off and throws down some crockery—returns.*)

Enter MYSIE, *in great alarm.*

MYSIE. Mercy save us! The auld man's gaen wild! He has dang doon a' the bits o' pigs—the only thing we had to haud a soup milk——

CALEB. Haud your tongue, ye auld deevil,—a's provided now, dinner and a'—the thunner's done it a' in the clap o' a hand.

MYSIE. Puir man! He's muckle astray! I wish he may ever come hame to himsel' again.

CALEB. Here, ye auld doited deevil—swear the thunner came doon the lum, and spoiled the best dinner ye ever dressed. Beef—bacon—kid-lark—leveret—wild-fowl—venison, and what not,—lay it on thick, and never mind expenses. Get awa', and skirl.

(*Pushes* MYSIE *out.*)

Wull a wins! wull a wins! sic a misfortune to befa' the house o' Ravenswood, and I live to see it.

Enter RAVENSWOOD, SIR WILLIAM, *and* LUCY.

EDGAR. What is the matter, Caleb? Has any part of the Castle fallen?

CALEB. Castle fa'en? na', but the sute's fa'en, and the thunner's come right doon the kitchen lum, and the things are a' lying here awa' there awa', like the Laird o' Hotchpotch's lands!—and wi' brave guests o' honour and quality to entertain.

EDGAR. (*Aside to* CALEB.) Keep your intolerable nonsense to yourself, you old fool.

CALEB. (*Aside to* EDGAR.) Haud your tongue, for Heaven's sake, sir! If it's my pleasure to hazard my saul in telling lees for the honour of the family, its nae business of yours,—and if ye let me gang on quietly, I'll be moderate in my banquet; but if ye contradict me, de'il ha'e me, but I'll dress ye a dinner fit for a duke.

(EDGAR *retires, and converses with* LUCY. CALEB *addresses* SIR WILLIAM.)

Nae muckle provision—might ha'e served four person's o' quality; first coorse—capons in white broth—roast kid—bacon wi' reverence; second coorse—roasted leveret—butter crabs—a veal

florentine; third coorse—black cock—(it's black eneugh now wi' the sute,)—plumdamas—a tart—a flam—and some nonsense comfits and sweet things, and that's a'—that's just a' was o't—forbye the apples and pears. (*They all laugh.*) The de'il's in the gentles. The loss of the best dinner that cook ever put fingers to, makes them as merry as if it was the best jest in a' George Buchanan! If there was as little in your honours' wames as in Caleb Balderstone's, less cackling wad serve ye on sic a gravaminous subject. (*Aside.*) A description o' a dinner that wad ha'e made a fu' man hungry, and them to stand there laughing at it.

SIR W. Mr Butler, we are heartily sorry for the misfortune that has befallen your dinner; but as your master is going with me to Ravenswood Castle——

CALEB. Ga'in to Ravenswood Castle!

SIR W. Do me the favour to accept this for the trouble we have given you.

(*Gives money.*)

Ravenswood, as the day is now fine, we had better set out immediately.

EDGAR. I'll attend your Lordship. I have a few words to say to Caleb, and then——

SIR W. We'll wait for you at the gate. My people, I see are arrived, and have brought our horses.

[*Exeunt* SIR WILLIAM *and* LUCY ASHTON.

CALEB. Ga'in to Ravenswood Castle? The mercy of Heaven forbid!

EDGAR. And why, Caleb!

CALEB. Oh, sir! Oh, Mr Edgar!—that is, my Lord!—I am your servant, and it ill becomes me to speak, but I'm an auld servant, and your ain conscience tells you it isna' for your father's son to be neighbouring wi' the like o' him. It isna' for the credit o' the family! An ye were ance to come to terms and get back your ain, I wadna' say nay, for the young leddy is a winsome sweet creature.

EDGAR. Now, Caleb, you go further than I do. You are for marrying me into a family you will not even allow me to visit, and you look as pale as death besides.

CALEB. Aweel! I wad ye wad let the strangers ride to Ravenswood alone; but since it canna' be—there, there's three gowd pieces—and ye'll want siller up bye, yonder.

EDGAR. You forget, Caleb; I have gold of my own. Keep them to yourself; and, once more, good day to you.

CALEB. (*Holding him.*) And you will gang then? And you will *gang, for* all I have said to you? Aweel, a wilful man maun ha'e *his way.* He that will to Cupar maun to Cupar. But pity o' your

life, sir, if ye be fowling or shooting in the park; beware o' drinking at the Mermaiden's Well.

[*Exit* EDGAR.

He's gane! He's doun the path, arrow-flight, after her. The head's as clean ta'en aff the Ravenswood family this day as I wad chap the head aff a sybo. Close to her bridle rein—close to her bridal rein. And yet, without this lass, wad not our ruin have been altogether fulfilled!

[*Exit*

END OF ACT II.

Act Third.

SCENE I.—*A Room in Bucklaw's House.*

Enter BUCKLAW *and* CRAIGENGELT.

BUCK. I tell you what, Craigie, the Master has used me unlike a gentleman, in shutting me out of his old crazy Tower. But he gave me my life once; so there let the matter rest for the present. Should he cross me again, he would do well to look to himself.

CRAIG. Ay, that he would; for when you are in practice I'd bet a magnum you are through him before the third pass.

BUCK. Then you know nothing of the matter, and you never saw him fence. But since my old aunt, Lady Girnington, is dead, and I have got her estate, there are better things to be done than fighting and squabbling. I have more respect for her memory than to suffer her lands so soon to get another owner. And now, Craigie, I'll make you happy by letting you into a secret, a plot—a noosing plot.

CRAIG. A marrying matter?

BUCK. Ay, a marriage, man! But why grow the rubies on thy cheek so pale? Thou shalt have a corner at the table, though all the petticoats in Lothian had sworn the contrary! Tut, man, I'm not the boy to put myself into leading strings.

CRAIG. So says many an honest fellow; but curse me if I could *know the reason* the women could never bear me, and always

contrived to trundle me out of favour before the honeymoon was over. But who is the lady?

BUCK. What do you think of Miss Lucy Ashton?

CRAIG. The prettiest lass in Lothian! But report says, the old sneck-drawing whigamore, her father, is going to throw her away upon that rag of pride and beggary, the Master of Ravenswood, because he saved her life. They have got him up to the castle on purpose.

BUCK. They may say what they please, but I know better.

CRAIG. But I tell you they are constantly together, and at all hours. I would give a trifle, though, if I thought the girl had spirit enough to jilt that damn'd son of a Spaniard.

BUCK. I request, sir, you'll not use the word jilt and Miss Ashton's name together.

CRAIG. Jilt, did I say? Discard, my lad of acres; by Jove, I meant to say discard.

BUCK. Now the question is, will you be useful?

CRAIG. Useful!—and for thee, my lad of lands? Why, I would tramp barefooted through the world for thee.

BUCK. Why, then, you must take a ride for me, and immediately too.

CRAIG. I'll ride a thousand miles, and call them a flea's leap. I'll get my horse saddled directly.

BUCK. You had better first learn your errand. You know my kinswoman, old Lady Blinkinsop, in Northumberland. I lost her acquaintance while I was poor, but now I am rich again, the light of her countenance shines upon me.

CRAIG. Hang all such double-faced jades! This will I say for John Craigengelt—that he's his friend's friend, through good report and bad report, poverty and riches; and you know something of that yourself, Bucklaw?

BUCK. Well, well; Lady Ashton, the Lord Keeper's Lady Keeper, has been, for some time, on a visit to my kinswoman. Now, as these ladies consider their husbands of no consequence, they have thought proper, without consulting Sir William, to arrange a matrimonial alliance between Lucy Ashton and my right honourable self; and I think the thing is reasonable, and will suit me well enough. Lady Ashton is on her return home, and I want a confidential person to meet her with some writings.

CRAIG. Say no more, Bucklaw, I'm your man. I'll ride to the end of the world, the very gates of Jericho, and the judgment-seat of Prester John.

BUCK. Why, I believe you'd do something for me, and a great deal more for yourself. Any one could carry the writings, but you'll have more to do. You must hint to her ladyship, as if it were a matter of little consequence, Ravenswood's visit and his intercourse with Lucy. I should like to hear what she says to all

this; for I have no idea of starting for the plate if he has odds against me already.

CRAIG. Zounds, man! you shall win her, point, quint, and quatorze, my king of trumps; you shall pique, repique, and capot him.

BUCK. And hark'ye, Craigie, as you are going among women of rank, I'll thank you to forget your oaths and dammes. I'll write to them, though, that you are a blunt, untaught fellow.

CRAIG. Ay, ay,—a plain, blunt, honest, downright soldier.

BUCK. Not too honest, nor too much of the soldier either; but such as thou art, 'tis my luck to need thee, for I must have spurs put to Lady Ashton's motions.

CRAIG. I'll dash them up to the rowel-heads. She shall come here at a full gallop, like a cow chased by a whole nest of hornets.

BUCK. And hark'ye, Craigie, your boots and doublet are good enough for drinking in, but somewhat too greasy for tea-table service. Get thyself a little better rigged out, and here's to pay all charges.

(*Offers him a purse.*)

CRAIG. Nay, Bucklaw, on my soul you use me ill, very ill; but since you will have it so, I must be conforming.

(*Takes the purse.*)

BUCK. You may ride the black crop-ear—and hark'ye, I'll make you a present of him to boot.

CRAIG. Then, before I go, one glass to the success of the mission.

BUCK. Pledge ye with all my heart. Step down to the cellar and fetch up a bottle of the Burgundy, 1668. It's in the fourth bin from the right hand corner; and I say, Craigie, while you are about it fetch up half a dozen. Gad, we'll make a night on't. A night-cowl of good Burgundy is worth all the considering caps in Europe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Alice's Cottage as in the First Act.*

ALICE *seated as before.* *Enter* RAVENSWOOD, LUCY, *and* HENRY ASHTON.

LUCY. Yonder is the old woman in her usual seat. Henry, go and lead her to us.

(HENRY *runs to* ALICE, *and leads her down.*)

ALICE. I hear your step, Miss Ashton; but the gentleman who accompanies you is not my Lord, your father.

LUCY. Why should you think so, Alice? You hear a man's *step, I grant, but* why can it not be my father's?

ALICE. The pace of age, my love, is timid and cautious. It is the hasty and determined step of youth which I now hear, and could I give credit to so strange a thought, I should say it was the step of a Ravenswood.

EDGAR. This acuteness of organ I could not have credited, had I not witnessed it. I am, indeed, Alice, the son of your old master.

ALICE. You!—you here! In this place, and thus accompanied? I can scarcely believe it! What do you here, Master of Ravenswood—in your enemy's domain, and in company with his child?

LUCY. The Master of Ravenswood is on a visit to my father.

ALICE. Indeed!

LUCY. And I knew I should please him by conducting him to your cottage.

EDGAR. Where, to say the truth, Alice, I expected a more cordial reception.

ALICE. Hark'ye, young man. Your fathers were implacable, but they were honourable foes. They sought not to ruin their enemies under the mask of hospitality. What have you to do with Lucy Ashton? Why should your steps move in the same footpath with hers? Why should your voices sound in the same chord and time? Young man, he who aims at revenge by dishonourable means——

EDGAR. Be silent, woman! Is it some fiend that prompts you? Know, this young lady has not upon earth a friend who would go further to save her from injury and insult.

ALICE. And is it even so? Then Heaven help you both.

LUCY. Amen, Alice, and send you your senses and your good humour. If you hold this mysterious language, instead of welcoming your friends, they will think of you as other people do.

EDGAR. And how do other people think?

HENRY (*Whispering to* RAVENSWOOD.) They think she's a witch, and should have been burnt at Haddington.

ALICE. (*Inflamed by violent passion.*) What is that you say? That I am a witch, and should have suffered with the helpless old wretches who were murdered at Haddington?

HENRY. Hear to that, now, and me whispering lower than a wren cheeps.

ALICE. If the usurer, and the oppressor, and the grinder of the poor man's face, and the remover of ancient landmarks, and the subverter of ancient houses were at the same stake with me, I should say—light the fire, in the name of Heaven.

LUCY. This is dreadful! Come, Henry, she wishes to speak *to the Master* alone. (*To* RAVENSWOOD.) *We will* return homewards, and wait for you at the Mermaiden's *Well.* [Exit, with HENRY.

ALICE. (*Advancing.*) And you, too, are angry with me for my love. It is just that strangers should be so; but you, too, are angry.

EDGAR. I am not angry, Alice—only surprised that you, whose good sense I have so often heard praised, should give way to offensive and unfounded suspicions.

ALICE. Truth is ever offensive—but not unfounded. When did a Ravenswood ever seek the house of his enemy but with the purpose of revenge; and hither you are come, Edgar Ravenswood, in fatal anger, or in still more fatal love.

EDGAR. You drive me to madness, Alice. Do you suppose I cannot walk by a young lady's side without plunging headlong in love with her.

ALICE. My thoughts are my own; and if my mortal sight is closed to objects present with me, it may be I can look with more steadiness into future events. Are you prepared to sit lowest at the board which was once your father's own, as a connection and ally of his proud successor? Are you ready to live on his bounty? to follow him in the bye-paths of interest and chicane, which none can better point out to you? to gnaw the bones of his prey when he has devoured the substance? Can you say as Sir William says? think as he thinks? vote as he votes? and call your father's murderer your revered patron? Ravenswood! I am the oldest servant of your father's house, and I would rather see you shrouded and coffined.

EDGAR. Woman! on to the verge of the grave, dare you urge the son of your master to blood and to revenge?

ALICE. Heaven forbid! And therefore would I have you shun these fatal bounds. Ravenswood, a dark prophecy hangs over your house, and my foreboding spirit trembles, lest in you it should be accomplished. Hear the fatal words, and may they sink deep into your heart:—

> "When the last Lord of Ravenswood to Ravenswood shall ride,
> And woo a *dead maiden* to be his bride,
> In the hall of his fathers shall flow his life-gore,
> And his name shall be lost for evermore."

EDGAR. Away with these idle tales of superstition—tell me directly where my danger lies.

ALICE. I will speak the truth, whether my candour be for good or evil—*Lucy Ashton loves you.*

EDGAR. It is impossible!

ALICE. A thousand circumstances have proved it to me. Having told you this, if you are indeed your father's son, you will make it a pretence for flying from her presence. Depart, Master of Ravenswood; you have my secret. If you remain an hour under Sir William Ashton's roof, without the resolution to marry his

daughter, you are a villain ;—if with the purpose of allying yourself with him, you are an infatuated and predestined fool!

[*Exit into the cottage.*

EDGAR. (*Solus.*) She loves me, then, and I am trifling with her affections. Dare I examine my own heart? Alas! I fear her image is too strongly impressed on it. To sue for the hand of an Ashton, and to be refused—this were a consummation too disgraceful. I wish her well, and, for her sake, forgive the injuries her father has done to my house ; but I will now see her for the last time, and take my leave of her for ever.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*The Mermaiden's Well, as in Act* I.

Enter HENRY ASHTON *and* LUCY.

LUCY. Nay, Henry, why are you so impatient? You will lose but a few minutes' sport by waiting till the Master joins us.

HENRY. But I tell you, Lucy, I am to go to the ring-walk with Norman, and I shall be too late. I would not stay away for a gold jacobus—but here comes Ravenswood, so you must take his arm back to the castle.

[*Exit.*

Enter RAVENSWOOD.

LUCY. My madcap brother has left me alone. Nothing has charms for him beyond a minute.

EDGAR. Miss Ashton, do you not admire the wild beauty of this spot?

LUCY. I have always been fond of wandering here ; and the more so, because it is, as I have heard, a spot connected with the legendary lore I love so well.

EDGAR. It has been thought a place fatal to our family, and I have some reason to term it so. It was here I first saw Miss Ashton, and here I must take my leave of her for ever.

LUCY. Take leave of us! What can have happened to hurry you away? I know Alice hates—I mean, dislikes my father—yet he is powerful ; wait till you see what his gratitude will do for you.

EDGAR. It is not to your father, Miss Ashton, but to my own exertions that I ought to owe success in the career on which I am about to enter.

(LUCY *turns away to conceal her emotion.* RAVENSWOOD *takes her by the hand.*)

Forgive my rudeness—I am too rough—too intractable to deal *with any* being so soft and gentle as you are. Forget that so *stern a vision* has crossed your path of life, and let me pursue

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mine, sure that I can meet no worse misfortune after the moment that divides me from your side.

LUCY. (*Struggling to conceal her emotion.*) Yet stay to take leave of my father. Surely the delay of a few hours—I was unprepared for the surprise, and——

EDGAR. Lucy, your trembling hand, your rising tears, excite a hope 'tis madness to indulge, and worse than madness to resign. Hear me—forgive me—and, in one word, decide my fate. One word from you for ever blends our destiny, or sends me through the world, the victim of a rash and hopeless passion. Speak, I implore you—there's life or death upon your answer.

(*Kneels, and takes her hand.*)

LUCY. Rise, I intreat—your violence terrifies and grieves me. Ravenswood, you are the preserver of my life; you have a claim upon my gratitude—my affection—which my heart will never refuse to ratify.

EDGAR. (*Embracing her.*) Transporting sound! Here, then, receive my vow of sole, undivided love—for ever I am yours; and may that power which witnesses, approve the solemn compact. But now 'tis fit I should inform Sir William. Ravenswood must not seem to dwell under his roof, to solicit, clandestinely, the affections of his daughter.

LUCY. You would not speak to my father yet? Oh, do not, do not! I am sure he loves you—I am sure he will consent,—but my mother—alas! I fear my mother——

EDGAR. Your mother, my Lucy? what could she object to the alliance?

LUCY. I did not say object; but she is jealous of our rights, and may claim a mother's title to be consulted.

EDGAR. Be it so. We will wait her arrival.

LUCY. But were it not better to wait a few weeks. Were my mother to see you—to know you—I am sure she would approve; but you are personally unacquainted, and the ancient feud between the families——

EDGAR. Lucy, I have sacrificed for your love projects of vengeance long nursed, and sworn to with ceremonies little better than heathen. On the evening which succeeded my poor father's funeral, I cut a lock from my hair, and, as it consumed in the flames, I swore that my rage and revenge should pursue his enemies till they shrivelled before me, like that scorched up symbol of annihilation.

LUCY. And why do you now recal sentiments so terrible? Bind me by what vows you please. If vows are unnecessary to secure constancy, they may yet prevent suspicion.

EDGAR. Lucy, forgive me. I will not by the slightest breath of doubt imply suspicion which my breast can never know.

(*Breaks a piece of gold and presents her half.*)

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Let this be the mutual emblem of our love. I place it next my heart, and never shall it quit that place till you demand it.

LUCY. And never shall this leave my bosom until you, Edgar Ravenswood, ask me to resign it to you, and while I wear it, never shall that heart acknowledge any other love than yours.

Enter, hastily, HENRY ASHTON, LOCKHART, *and several* DOMESTICS.

HENRY. I thought I should find you here. Why, Lucy, what have you and the Master to say to each other, that you loiter so long? All the servants are seeking you. My mother's suddenly arrived, and my brother—and all's in a bustle and uproar.

LUCY. My mother arrived so unexpectedly?

LOCKHART. Yes, madam. My Lady and the Colonel. Sir William is alarmed at your long absence, and has sent us to search for you.

LUCY. Good Lockhart, I am glad you have found us, we will follow you with all speed to the castle.

[LOCKHART *and the* DOMESTICS *exeunt.*

EDGAR. Now, Lucy, I fear your trials will begin.

LUCY. Ravenswood, once more hear me repeat my resolution. Though I will never wed man without the consent of my parents, neither force nor persuasion shall dispose of my hand till you renounce the right I have freely given you, to call it yours alone.

[*Exeunt.*

END OF ACT III.

Act Fourth.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in Ravenswood Castle.*

Enter LADY ASHTON, *followed by* SIR WILLIAM.

SIR W. Nay, my dear Eleanor, listen to reason for a moment. Why is it that, on your return from so long an absence, you assail *me with* reproaches, counteract all my plans, and rudely dismiss *from my* house a guest whom I had invited?

LADY A. Rather ask your own conscience, my Lord, why you *have become* a renegade to your own party and opinions? why

you have abandoned the ruling principle of your life, and descended so low as absolutely to plan a marriage between your daughter and a beggarly bankrupt, who has ever been the inveterate enemy of you and yours?

SIR W. But by your insulting treatment of Ravenswood, you have revived the enmity of one who has too much the power of harming us.

LADY A. Were we not ever foes? and when did you know a Douglas accessible to fear? But he is gone, and in all probability will trouble us no more.

SIR W. The Marquis of Athol has warmly espoused the cause of his kinsman, Ravenswood. His power and influence may obtain a fresh decree to wrest our large possessions from us, and restore this ruined family to rank and riches. Surely a connection which would end for ever the unhappy feuds——

LADY A. Never! though the loss of rank and power were certain,—never shall those feuds be ended by such a marriage. You are aware I have already received and accepted the most flattering proposals from Mr Hayston of Bucklaw:—I expect him every hour. He has the first estate and influence in the country, and against this match, what reasonable objection can you urge?

SIR W. None, but her own repugnance. If Lucy freely consent to receive the addresses of Bucklaw, my wishes will accord with yours. But if her heart remain with Ravenswood, her hand shall not be forced upon another.

LADY A. She already repents of the engagements into which she has been trepanned. I have a mother's authority to annul it, and fear not to obtain her ready compliance.

Enter LOCKHART.

LOCKHART. Mr Hayston of Bucklaw is arrived, my Lady.

LADY A. I rejoice to hear it, and will wait on him immediately.

[*Exit* LOCKHART.

And now, Sir William, let us prepare Lucy for the interview. She is acquainted with this proposal, and when she finds it warmly sanctioned by her parents, she will, I trust, abandon every thought disgraceful to her birth, and yield her happiness to our disposal.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another Apartment in the Castle.*

Enter BUCKLAW *and* CRAIGENGELT.—*A Servant shows them in, and exit.*

CRAIG. May I be double distanced, if ever I saw a man in

my life have less the air of a bridegroom! Cut me out of feather, if you don't look as if you were condemned to be hanged.

BUCK. Why, Craigie, I never spoke ten words to a woman of rank in my life. The chance is, I shall make but a bungling business of this.

CRAIG. Why, you were bold enough the day you met her at the hunt.

BUCK. Ay, ay, because she had a mask on, and I was at home there—I was in my element. If she would talk about hunting, I should get on; but the chance is, I shall scarcely stammer through half a sentence in the regular way.

CRAIG. Never fear! Muster up your courage. Speak boldly, and the prize is won.

Enter LADY ASHTON *and* LUCY. LUCY *is extremely pale, and appears to pay little attention to the passing scene, as if almost unconscious of the conversation.*

LADY A. My dear Bucklaw, you are thrice welcome to Ravenswood Castle. Captain Craigengelt, your servant.

(BUCKLAW *and* CRAIGENGELT *bow.*

Lucy is acquainted with the purpose of your visit, and ready to hear you on a subject equally interesting to us all; but, as she is very young, (and has lately been trepanned into an engagement of which she is now heartily ashamed.) you will, I know, excuse her wish that I should be present at the interview.

BUCK. That's the very thing, madam; I should have desired it on my own account; for I have been so little accustomed to gallantry, I fear I shall make some cursed mistake. Craigie, we can dispense with your company.

(CRAIGENGELT *bows obsequiously and exit.* BUCKLAW *hands chairs to the* LADIES, *seats himself, and, after several efforts, addresses* MISS ASHTON.)

You see, Miss Ashton, I am come to—to explain—that is—just to say to your mother—her Ladyship—I say—sensible of your charms and accomplishments—I mean I am sensible—very sensible—but—somehow, not being accustomed to talk to young ladies—I fear I don't make myself understood.

LADY A. Lucy, my love, you hear what Bucklaw is saying?

LUCY. Yes, madam—no, madam—I beg pardon—I did not hear.

LADY A. You needn't blush, my love, and still less need you *look so* alarmed.

BUCK. I believe I am a fool, Miss Ashton. I have tried to *speak to you*, as people tell me young ladies like to be talked to, *and I don't* think you comprehend what I have been saying; and

no wonder, for curse me if I understand it myself. But, however, once for all, if you can take a plain young fellow for your husband, I will place you at the head of the first establishment in the three Lothians; you shall have the best lodging in the Canongate of Edinburgh; go where you please, do what you please, see what you please, and that's fair. Since I have mustered up courage to make a plain proposal, I would fain hear Miss Ashton, from her own lips, give me a plain answer.

LADY A. My dear Bucklaw, let me spare Lucy's bashfulness. She has consented to be guided by her father and me in this matter. Lucy, my love, speak for yourself. Is it not as I say?

LUCY. I *have* promised to obey you, madam, but upon one condition.

LADY A. She means that she has written to Ravenswood, and expects an answer; the restitution of the engagement into which he had the art to involve her.

BUCK. Perfectly right! Quite fair!

"It is best to be off with the old love
Before you be on with the new."

But I thought you might have had an answer six times told before now. I have a great mind to go and fetch one myself, if Miss Ashton will honour me with the commission.

LADY A. By no means. My son, Colonel Ashton, is equally anxious; and do you think we could permit either, when both are so dear to us, to go to a desperate man on a desperate errand? In fact, we are all of opinion, that, as no answer has been returned, silence must in this, as in other cases, be supposed to give consent, and a contract abandoned, when the party waives insisting on it.

LUCY. (*Rising.*) Madam, I intreat you to urge me no further. I feel conscious heaven and earth have set themselves against my union with Ravenswood; but, till this unhappy engagement be restored, I should commit a heavy sin in doing what you require. Let me be once assured that he wishes to set me free, and dispose of me as you please.—I care not how—when the jewels are gone, what signifies the casket.

LADY A. But, my love, if he remains obstinately silent?

LUCY. He will not be silent. Unknown to you, I have sent him a double of my former letter by a certain hand.

LADY A. You have not!—you could not—you durst not.—
(*Suddenly checking her anger.*)
My dearest Lucy, how could you think of such a thing?

BUCK. No matter! I respect Miss Ashton for her sentiments, *and I only wish* I had been her messenger myself.

LADY A. (*Ironically.*) And pray how long are we to wait for the return of your Pacolet—your fairy messenger?

LUCY. I have numbered weeks, days, hours, and minutes; within a week I shall have an answer, unless he be dead. Till that time, sir, let me be thus far beholden to you, that you will beg my mother to forbear me on this subject.

BUCK. I will make it my particular entreaty to Lady Ashton, madam. Miss Lucy must not be hurried, my Lady—messengers may be delayed. I have known a day's journey broke by the casting of a fore-shoe. To be sure, by the time she mentions, I ought to be at Caverton Edge, to see the match between the Laird of Kittlegirth's black mare and Johnson the meal-monger's four year old colt, but Craigie can bring me word how the match goes; so that's all settled. In the meantime, I shall not distress Miss Ashton myself, and I hope you and Sir William will leave her equally at liberty to make up her mind.

LUCY. Sir, you are generous.

BUCK. As for that, madam, I only pretend to be a plain, good-humoured young fellow, as I said before, who would willingly make you happy, if you will permit him, and show him how to do so.

LADY A. My daughter, Bucklaw, will do full justice to the sincerity of your attachment. And now, we had better confer with Sir William on the subject; he expects us in the library.

BUCK. I attend him, madam. Miss Lucy, I take my leave. By my honour, I respect your sentiments, and, though the prosecution of this affair be rendered dearer to me than before, yet, as I am a gentleman, I would renounce it for ever, were it so urged as to give you a moment's pain.

[*Exit* BUCK.

LADY A. Lucy, you have asked and obtained your own time. The honour of our family is now compromised. When eight days shall have elapsed, we conclude you will end this suspense, and be ready, with a cheerful heart, to sign and seal.

[*Exit* LADY A.

LUCY. To sign and seal! To do and die!

(*Clasps her hands in agony, and sinks into a chair.*)

Enter HENRY ASHTON.

HENRY. I am glad they are gone, Lucy, for I want you to give me some silver wire out of your cabinet, to fasten the bells to my hawk's jesses. But, how's this? You look as if you had been crying.

(LUCY goes to the cabinet, *and gives him the wire.*)

Thank you, Lucy; but the falcon's scarcely worth it, after all the plague we have had to get her. She's going to prove little

better than a rifler; just wets her singles in the blood of the partridge then breaks away, and let's her fly, and what good can the poor bird do after that, you know, except to pine and die in the first heather-cow or whin-bush she can crawl into.

LUCY. (*Holding him mournfully by the hand.*) Right, Henry! Right! Very right! But there are more rifflers in the world than your falcon, and more wounded birds, that seek but to die in quiet, who can find neither brake nor whin-bush to hide their heads in.

HENRY. Ay, that's some speech out of your romances. My mother says they have turned your head.

(*Whistle without.*)

But I hear Norman whistling to the hawk, so I must go and fasten on the jesses. [*Exit* HENRY.

LUCY. (*After a pause.*) It is decreed that every living creature, even those who owe me most kindness, are to shun me, and leave me to encounter the difficulties by which I am beset. It is just I should be thus. Alone and uncounselled I involved myself in these perils. Alone and uncounselled I must extricate myself—or die! [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*The Hall of Wolf's Crag, as before.*

Enter CALEB, *with a letter, followed by a* MESSENGER.

CALEB. Gude save us! Wha wad ha'e thought o' sic an event? The Marquis o' Athol, and a' his attendants, coming to Wolf's Crag!

MESSENGER. It is as I tell you, Mr Balderstone. His Lordship will be here within an hour. The Master has appointed to meet him, and they have business of the last importance to settle.

CALEB. And the Master coming too. He hasna been at hame for mony a lang day, mair's the pity; and right joyful will auld Caleb be to see his honour back again. (*Aside.*) Wha wad ha'e thocht o' sic an event! I'm a' in a botheration; natheless, for the credit o' the house, I maun receive them as befitting. But how shall I get rid o' the stranger? He maunna see our shifts. Friend, I conclude ye wad ha'e nae objection till refresh after your journey, and, praise be blessed, ye are come into a land o' plenty.

MESSENGER. I thank ye, Mr Caleb, I am rather thirsty with hard riding, and——

CALEB. Then I wadna recommend ale or brandy, but just a glass o' cauld water after a long ride—it's mair wholesome to the stomach. Natheless ye sall ha'e what ye like, and while I

prepare your repast, I'se tell ye what ye do; gang your ways up to the tap o' the tower, and skirl to me when ye see the cavalcade approaching. I'll awa' and get a' the lads in their new liveries. This way—this way—and mind ye dinna break your neck, for the steps are a little out o' repair. Confound the lazy sclater loons of masons, they were to have been here a week syne.

(*Gets him off at a door, supposed to lead up to the top of the Castle. As soon as he is out,* CALEB *locks the door, and puts the key in his pocket.*)

Eh, my man—I ha'e disposed o' you—an ye bellow till ye burst, ye'll nae get out, till I ha'e contrived something to save the honour o' the family. Mysie—Mysie, woman!

Enter MYSIE.

MYSIE. What's the matter now?

CALEB. Eneugh's the matter. Here's the Master and his noble kinsman the Marquis o' Athol, expectit in an hour, wi' a tribe o' flunkies as lang as Kirka'dy, and de'il a morsel to eat, or a drap to drink, nor sae muckle as a plack or a bawbee to buy a bannock wi'! What s'all we do—how s'all we contrive? Eh, gude save us, woman, we had e'en better set fire to the auld tower at ance, and burn the remnants o' furniture a' thegither. It's mair for our credit than to let them ken we are in poverty.

MYSIE. Mercy on us, Caleb, dinna stand there shaking your lugs, but gang your ways doon to the village, and try whether ye canna get onything from the folk, in the way o' borrowing.

CALEB. Eh! There's Eppie Sma'trash maybe will trust us for ale,—she has lived all her life under the family—and maybe wi' a stoup brandy—I canna say for wine, she is but a lone woman, and gets it by a runlet at a time. But I'll work a wee drap out o' her by fair means or foul.

MYSIE. There's a braw christening going on at Gibble Girder's, the cooper, and I warrant store o' provision; and ye ken, Caleb, auld dame Lightbody and ye war always inclined till each other.

CALEB. Eh, woman! but ye are a braw lassie, and ha'e saved me from sair dismay. I didna think ye had sae muckle rumlegumption. The de'il's in the pedling tub-coopering carles; it's a shame to see the like o' them gusting their gabs at sic a rate. If some of that good cheer doesn't find its way to Wolf's Crag this night, my name is not Caleb Balderstone. Gang your ways, *Mysie,* we'll mak' shift—we'll mak' shift—keep your heart abune, *for the noble hoose o' Ravenswood shall haud its credit as lang as Caleb is to the fore—though I should beg, borrow, steal and lee, to the end of the chapter.* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The inside of Girder's Cottage. A large kitchen fire-place with two spits turned by a* BOY. *On one spit a quarter of mutton, on the other a goose and a brace of wild ducks. In another part of the room, a table spread for dinner.*

DAME LIGHTBODY *and* MARION *discovered.*

DAME. I tell ye, Marion, I heard the story from auld Ailsie Gourlay, and nae ane can doubt the truth on't. The Master of Ravenswood saw the ghaist o' Alice Gray sitting by the well, as he was riding along through the forest. He thought it was the auld woman hersel', but, on going to her cottage, found she was just dead.

MARION. I dinna doubt the fact at a', mither. But what are we to think o' it all?

DAME. Nae gude, child, I'll warrant. But now, as I passed through the village, there was a braw young man on horseback asking the way to Wolf's Crag, and I heard him say, my Lord the Marquis o' Athol was coming along wi' the Master, and that Ravenswood wad get his lands again frae Sir William Ashton; and ne'er trust me, but we shall witness some bonny wark afore lang.

MARION. But if a' this news is true, mither, we shall be under the Ravenswood family again,—I wish Girder hadna been sae uncivil to auld Caleb Balderstone, the last time he called. He might ha'e spoken a good word in case—— (*A knock at the door.*) Eh, wha have we here?

CALEB. (*Without.*) How's a' wi' ye, neebours? how's a' wi' ye?

DAME. Eh, mercy! but it's the auld man himsel'. Open the door, Marion, and we'll get it a' out o' him.

(MARION *opens the door and lets in* CALEB.)

Ay, Sirs! Mr Balderstone, and is it you? a sight of you is gude for sair een. Sit ye doon, sit ye doon—the gudeman will be blithe to see ye—ye never saw him sae cadgy in your life; but we are to christen our bit wean the night, as ye will ha'e heard, and, doubtless, ye will stay and see the ordinance. We ha'e killed a wether, and ane o' our lads has been out wi' his gun at the moss—ye aye used to like wild fowl.

CALEB. Na, na, gudewife—I just keekit in to wish ye joy, and I wad ha'e been blithe to ha'e spoken wi' the gudeman, but—— (*Going.*)

DAME. The ne'er a fit ye gang; wha kens what ill it may bring to the bairn, if ye overlook it in that gate?

CALEB. But I'm in a precious hurry.

(*The* WOMEN *bring down chairs, force* CALEB *to sit, and seat themselves on each side of him.*)

And, as for eating, lack-a-day, we are just killed up yonder, wi' eating frae morning till night. It's shamefu' epicurism; but that's what we ha'e gotten frae the English pock-puddings.

DAME. (*Brings down a dish of white and black puddings.*)—Hout! never mind the English pock-puddings, but try our puddings, Mr Balderstone. There's black puddings and white hass, try whilk ye like best.

(CALEB *takes them all, and puts them into his pocket.*)

CALEB. Baith gude—baith excellent!—canna be better; but the very smell is eneugh for me, that ha'e dined so lately. But I wadna affront your housewifeship, gudewife—and, wi' your permission, I'se e'en put them in my napkin, and eat them to my supper at e'en, for I'm weary o' Mysie's pastry and nonsense. Ye ken, Marion, landward dainties aye pleased me best, ay, and landward lasses too. (*Leering to* MARION.) Ne'er a bit, but she looks far better than when Girder married her, and then she was the bonniest lass in a' our parochine. But gawsie cow, goodly calf.

MARION. But what news at the castle, Mr Balderstone?

CALEB. News! the bravest news ye ever heard. There's my Lord coming hame, wi' the Marquis o' Athol, and he's to get the lands o' Ravenswood again, and so I just wanted to round in the gudeman's lug that I heard them say up bye yonder, Peter Puncheon, the cooper to the Queen's Stores, at the Timmer Burse, at Leith, is dead—sae I thought a word frae my Lord might ha'e served Gilbert, but since he's frae hame——

MARION. Oh, but ye maun bide his hame coming. He's awa' to fetch precious Mr Bidethebent, the minister.

CALEB. Ay, he's a precious man, Bidethebent. He has a gude delivery. Eh! he's a perfect monitor of a man.

MARION, I aye tell'd Gilbert ye meant weel to him, but he tak's the tout at every bit lippening word.

DAME. Ay, ay, he's maister and mair at hame, I can tell ye, Mr Balderstone.

CALEB. Ay! and does he guide the gear too?

DAME. Ilka penny o't—but he'll dress her as dick as a daisy, as ye see—she has little reason to complain: where there's ane better aff, there's ten waur.

CALEB. Aweel, gudewife, that wasna the way ye guided your gudeman—but ilka land has its ain lauch.

MARION. And so my Lord is coming hame? Troth, and a braw gentleman he is, wi' a face, and a hand, and a seat on his horse, that might ha'e become the son of a king; d'ye ken that he aye *used to glow'r up at my window, Mr Caleb, when he rode through the toon; sae I ha'e a right to know what like he is, as weel as onybody.*

CALEB. I ken that brawly, for I have heard his Lordship say

the cooper's wife had the blackest e'e in the barony. And I answered, weel may that be, my Lord, for it was her mither's afore her, as I know to my cost—eh! Marion? Ha, ha, ha! Ah, these were merry days.

DAME. Hout, awa'! ye auld carle, to speak sae daffing to young folk.

CALEB. Eh, gude save us! Dinna ye hear the bairn greet?

(DAME *and* MARION *both get up in great alarm.*)

DAME. Eh, Marion! Fie, woman! Rin, rin, I say—I'se warrant it's that dreary weed come ower it again.

(DAME *and* MARION *run out.*)

CALEB. (*Looking round.*) Now is the time, and cauld be my cast if either Girder or Bidethebent taste that broche o' wild fowl this evening.

(*Takes a pinch of snuff, and calls the* BOY.)

Here, my man, here is twa pennies—carry that ower to Mrs Sma'trash, and bid her fill my mull wi' sneeshing. She'll gi'e ye a gingebread snap for your pains, and I'll turn the broche for ye in the meantime.

(*The* BOY *goes out.* CALEB *watches at the door, then deliberately puts on his hat, takes both spits from the fire, and runs off with them.*)

END OF ACT IV.

Act Fifth.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in Ravenswood Castle.*

LUCY ASHTON *alone.*

LUCY. At length the dreaded hour is arrived, and this day must decide my fate. Still, still no answer to my letters. Where is the hope, the last and lingering hope to which I clung for safety like a drowning wretch? 'Tis vanished! and despair alone remains. *Ravenswood,* Ravenswood, have I deserved that you should thus

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desert me, thus leave me unsupported to sustain this deadly persecution, opposed to which my reason wavers, and my poor heart is breaking. Where can I turn for pity and for rescue? Father! mother! Those names *should* mean protection, tenderness, and love, yet speak of cruelty and unrelenting rigour! One friend alone remains. In the dark grave all human sufferings are closed, and gladly will I welcome death, rather than break the faith I pledged to Ravenswood.

Enter HENRY ASHTON.

HENRY. They have sent me to know if you are ready, Lucy. The writings are prepared, all the family assembled in the great hall, and my mother says the ceremony must be over before twelve o'clock, or the marriage won't be happy.

LUCY. Marriage and happiness! Alas! For me alone those terms are disunited.

HENRY. Do you know, Lucy, I am glad you are to have Bucklaw, after all, instead of Ravenswood, who looked like a Spanish grandee, come to cut all our throats, and trample our bodies under foot. Tell me truly, ain't you glad to be fairly rid of him?

LUCY. Ask me no questions, Henry—there is little more can happen to make me either glad or sorry in this world.

Enter LADY ASHTON.

LADY A. Lucy, my love, why do you keep us waiting? The family is assembled, and the business must proceed immediately. Come, I'll conduct you to the hall. Leave us, Henry.

[*Exit* HENRY.

(LUCY, *after endeavouring to speak, bursts into tears, and throws herself at her mother's feet.*)

LUCY. Oh, my mother! Save—spare me!—but for a day—but for an hour.

LADY A. Lucy, what means this? Rise, I command you, and restrain your agitation.

LUCY. Oh, my mother! do not spurn me from you, but for one moment hear me. Urge me not, I conjure you, to fulfil this hated contract—my death will be the consequence. By the memory of that tender love with which you reared my infancy and childhood—by the deep sense of filial duty and obedience, which, till this fatal moment, my life has proved—I entreat, I implore you, save me from misery and destruction—and save *yourself*, my mother, from that remorse, which your own heart *must one* day feel, for having brought this woe upon your *wretched* child!

LADY A. Shame on such weakness, Lucy! Where is your

pride? your duty to your parents and your family? All, all absorbed in one disgraceful passion!

LUCY. My vow! my vow!

LADY A. His silence has absolved you from it, and proves he wishes to forget his own. Have we not heard, too, that he is on the point of marriage with another? If these arguments have no weight, think that your parents' word is pledged,—their honour implicated,—think that, when freely left to fix the time, you named this day. You cannot, shall not now retract,—you have no right to bring disgrace upon us all;—and wherefore? to feed a hope which can never be realised,—to pine in secret o'er a love, which Heaven and earth alike refuse their sanction to. Come,—we have too long delayed.

LUCY. Man has no mercy! To Heaven, then, I make my last appeal. Grant that I may retain my senses in this awful trial. Already my weak brain begins to waver. One struggle more, and all will be concluded. My lot is cast,—and now,—madam,—I obey you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Grand Hall in Ravenswood Castle. Folding doors in centre—the only entrance to the Apartment. At one side, a table, with writings, and two chairs.*

SIR WILLIAM ASHTON, COLONEL ASHTON, HENRY, BUCKLAW; RANDOLPH, *a* CLERGYMAN; *and all the* DOMESTICS *discovered.* LADY ASHTON *leads on* LUCY *to a chair. All the* GENTLEMEN *bow.*

SIR W. Now, then, to the business of the day. The parties are all assembled. Are the writings prepared?

RAN. Everything is ready, my Lord.

SIR W. Then, let us proceed at once. Nothing now is wanting but the formal signature of all concerned. The marriage ceremony must then be completed.

(*Goes to the table to sign.*)

RAN. (*Approaching* LUCY.) Yet, ere the solemn contract be performed, permit me to express my fervent hope, that the union between these honourable persons may prove a source of long and lasting happiness. Be not cast down, Miss Lucy, but meet a scene of joy with cheerful looks,—doubt not, obedience to your parents' wishes will heal your wounded mind, and crown your future days with many blessings.

(*During this, the* GENTLEMEN *have all signed the contract.*)

SIR W. Now, Lucy, we wait your signature alone.

LUCY. I—obey—you, sir.

(*She rises;—seeing her weakness,* LADY ASHTON *offers to support her to the table.*)

LADY A. Rouse yourself, Lucy.

(*To the* COMPANY.)

My daughter's health has long been delicate, and she gives way too much.

(LUCY *crosses slowly to the table, and after several efforts, signs her name. At this moment a violent noise without.*)

SERVANT. (*Without.*) You pass not here, sir!

EDGAR. (*Without.*) Villains, stand back! he dies who opposes my entrance.

LUCY. (*Drops the pen, rises from her chair and exclaims.*) It is he! it is he! He is come! he is come!

(*She falls into her mother's arms.*)

(RAVENSWOOD *bursts open the folding doors and comes forward in the centre, his dress much disordered. He is partly enveloped in a large riding cloak. His hat slouched. His face haggard and pale. All start with astonishment at his entrance.* LUCY *raises herself, and stands gazing on him as if petrified. A pause.*)

LADY A. (*Recovering herself.*) I demand to know the cause of this rude and unauthorized intrusion!

COL. A. That is a question which I have the best right to ask, and I request the Master of Ravenswood to follow me, where he can answer at his leisure.

BUCK. No man shall usurp my previous right in demanding an explanation from the Master.

COL A. I will relinquish to no one my right of calling to account the man who has offered this unparalleled affront to my family.

EDGAR. Be patient, gentlemen! If you are as weary of your lives as I am, I will find time and place to pledge mine against one, or both; but, at present, I have no leisure for the disputes of triflers.

COL A. & BUCK. (*Drawing.*) Triflers!

SIR W. (*Comes between them.*) My son, I command you—Bucklaw, I intreat you—keep the peace, in the name of the Queen and of the law.

RAN. In the name of the law of Heaven I implore—I beseech, I command you to forbear violence towards each other.

COL. A. Do you take me for a dog, sir, or something more brutally stupid, to endure this insult in my father's house? Let me go, Bucklaw! He shall account to me, or by Heaven, I will stab him where he stands.

BUCK. You shall not touch him here! He once give me my *life, and* were he the devil, come to fly away with the whole house *and generation,* he shall have nothing but fair play.

EDGAR. Let him who really seeks danger take the fitting time when it is to be found. My mission here will be shortly accomplished. (*Turns to* LUCY.) Is that, madam, your hand? (*Produces her letter.*)

LUCY. (*In a faltering voice.*) Yes.

EDGAR. And is this also your hand?

(*Producing the written contract.*)

SIR W. If you design to found any legal claim on that engagement, sir, do not expect to receive an answer here.

EDGAR. Sir William Ashton, I pray you, and all who hear me, that you will not mistake my purpose. If this young lady, of her own free will, desires the restoration of this contract, as her letter would seem to imply, there is not a withered leaf which this autumn wind strews upon the heath, that is more valueless in my eyes. But I must and will hear the truth from her own mouth; without this satisfaction I will not leave the spot. Murder me by numbers, you possibly may; but I am an armed man,—I am a desperate man; and I will not die without ample vengeance. This is my resolution,—take it as you may. I will hear her determination from her own mouth, alone, and without witnesses. (*Takes out two pistols.*) Now, choose whether you will have this hall floated with blood, or grant me the decisive interview with my affianced bride; which the laws of God and the country alike entitle me to demand.

RAN. In the name of Heaven, receive an overture from the meanest of its servants. What this gentleman demands, though urged with over violence, hath in it something of reason. Let him hear from Miss Lucy's own lips, that she hath acceded to the will of her parents, and repents of her covenant with him. Let him have the interview on which he insisteth. It can be but a passing pang to the maiden, and then he will depart in peace unto his own dwelling, and cumber us no more.

LADY A. Never! Never shall this man speak in private with my daughter—the affianced bride of another. Pass from the room who will, I remain here. I fear neither his violence nor his weapons, though some who bear my name appear more moved by them.

RAN. Nay, madam, let me intreat you, add not fuel to firebrands. The Master of Ravenswood cannot, I am sure, object to your presence, the young lady's state of health being considered, and your maternal duty. I myself will also tarry; perhaps my gray hairs may turn away wrath.

EDGAR. You are welcome to remain, sir, and Lady Ashton also, if she thinks proper,—but let all others depart.

COL. A. (*As he is going.*) Ravenswood, you shall account for this ere long. [Exit COL. A.

EDGAR. Whenever you please, sir.

BUCK. (*As he is going out.*) But I have a prior demand on your leisure—a claim of some standing.

EDGAR. Arrange it as you will. Leave me but this day in peace, and I shall have no dearer employment on earth to-morrow than to give you all the satisfaction you may desire.

[*Exit* BUCKLAW.

SIR W. (*As he is going out.*) Master of Ravenswood, I think I have not deserved that you should make this scandal and outrage in my family. If you will lay down your weapons and follow me into my study——

EDGAR. To-morrow, sir, to-morrow. To-morrow I will hear you at length. This day hath its own sacred and indispensable business.

[*Exit* SIR WILLIAM, *and all the* ATTENDANTS.

(RAVENSWOOD *puts up his pistols, fastens the door at which they went out, and returns, takes off his hat, and gazes on* LUCY, *with a mingled expression of indignation and sorrow.*)

Do you know me, Miss Ashton? I am still Edgar Ravenswood; I am still that Edgar Ravenswood who, for your affection, renounced the dear ties by which injured honour bound him to seek vengeance; I am that Ravenswood who, for your sake, forgave—nay, clasped hands in friendship with the oppressor and pillager of his house—the traducer and murderer of his father!

LADY A. My daughter, sir, has no occasion to dispute the identity of your person. The venom of your present language is sufficient to remind her that she speaks with the mortal enemy of her family.

EDGAR. I pray you to be patient, madam, my answer must come from her own lips. Once more, Miss Ashton, I am that Ravenswood to whom you granted the solemn engagement which you here desire to retract and cancel.

LUCY. It was my mother,—I——

LADY A. She speaks truly: It was I who advised, persuaded, and commanded her to set aside an unhappy and precipitate engagement.

EDGAR. (*To* LUCY.) And is this all? Are you willing to barter sworn faith, the exercise of free will and mutual affection to such unnatural and hard-hearted tyranny? Hear again what I have sacrificed for you, ere you sanction what has been done in your name. The honour of an ancient family—the urgent advice of my best friends have been used in vain to sway my resolution; neither the arguments of reason, nor the portents of superstition, have shaken my faith. The very dead have arisen to warn me, and their warnings have been despised. Are you prepared to

pierce my heart for its fidelity, with the very weapons which my rash confidence intrusted to your grasp?

(*A pause.*)

LADY A. Master of Ravenswood, you have asked what questions you thought fit; you see the total incapacity of my daughter to answer you, but I will reply for her, and in a manner you cannot dispute. You desire to know whether Lucy Ashton, of her own free will, wishes to annul the engagement into which she has been trepanned? You have her letter, under her own hand, demanding the surrender of it; and, as yet more full evidence of her purpose, here is the contract, which she has this morning subscribed, in presence of this reverend gentleman, with Mr Hayston of Bucklaw.

(*Retires up.*)

EDGAR. (*Having gazed upon the deeds in mute astonishment.*) And it was without fraud or compulsion that she subscribed this parchment?

RAN. I vouch it upon my sacred character.

EDGAR. This is indeed an undeniable piece of evidence, and it would be equally useless and dishonourable to waste another word in remonstrance or reproach.

(LADY ASHTON *comes forward.*)

There, madam—

(*Giving to* LUCY *the paper and piece of gold.*)

These are the testimonies of your first engagement—may you be more faithful to that you have just formed. I will now trouble you to return the corresponding tokens of my ill-placed confidence—I ought rather to say of my egregious folly.

(LUCY *gazes on him unconsciously—raises her hands, and endeavours to disengage the ribbon by which the piece of gold is suspended round her neck.* LADY ASHTON *assists her. She gives the gold and paper to* RAVENSWOOD.)

LUCY. It was the last link that bound me to life, and it is broken.

EDGAR. (*Much affected.*) And she could wear it thus—could wear it in her very bosom—could wear it next her heart, even when—but complaint avails not.

(*Tears the contract.*)

I will no longer be an intruder here. Your evil wishes and your worst offices, Lady Ashton, I will only return by hoping these will be your last machinations against the honour and happiness of your daughter.

(*Turns to* LUCY.)

And to you, madam, I have nothing further to say, except a prayer

to Heaven that you may not become a world's wonder, for this act of wilful and deliberate perjury.

(*He is going.*)

LUCY. (*Who has been endeavouring to rally her spirits for a last effort, breaks from her mother, and grasps him by the arm.*) Stay—oh, stay! Rav—Ravenswood! My heart is breaking, and I cannot tell you; but do not leave me thus—a few moments, and all will be over!

LADY A. (*Alarmed at her violence.*) Lucy—my dearest Lucy.

(*Endeavours to force her away.*)

LUCY. Touch me not, mother—'tis now too late; I am beyond all fear. Ravenswood, you know not what I have endured: all united against me—your long silence—my letters intercepted—no friend to aid—no succour—no resource; they have broken my heart—but never, never could they change my love. Ravenswood, forgive—forgive me!

(*She sinks in his arms, and dies.*)

EDGAR. Almighty Heaven! the hand of death is on her pallid cheek—she dies to prove her faith, and I—no, no! 'tis thou, accursed fiend in human form—thou hast disgraced the name of mother—thou, thou hast destroyed thy child! Speak—speak to me, Lucy! One word to save me from the hell that rages in this bosom!

(RAVENSWOOD *gazes on the body of* LUCY *in all the frenzy of despair.* LADY ASHTON, *who has appeared struck with the utmost horror, faints in a chair.* RANDOLPH *supports her.*)

The doors are violently burst open, and SIR WILLIAM, COLONEL ASHTON, BUCKLAW, *and all the* DOMESTICS *rush in with swords drawn.*

SIR W. My daughter! Dead!

BUCK. There stands the murderer! Rush on him! tear him from her! Revenge, revenge!

(*All prepare to rush on* RAVENSWOOD, *who is on the ground, holding the body of* LUCY *in his arms. He rises, and turns to them.*)

EDGAR. Behold your victim. Pause not, but plunge your weapons here—home to my heart. Each hand that strikes I welcome as a friend, but mortal force shall never tear her from me. Inhuman monsters! you have killed her, and now she's mine for *ever!*

(*They are all rushing on him.* COLONEL ASHTON *interferes.*)

COL. A. Hold! I command ye all. To me—to me alone—

his blood is due; by my hand he falls, or here completes the ruin of my family.

(*Goes.*)

Ravenswood, arise and singly meet me—rise, murderer—coward—rise!

(RAVENSWOOD *starts up, draws, and engages* COLONEL ASHTON. *At the first pass,* RAVENSWOOD *lets his sword point fall, and runs upon his opponent's sword, exclaiming——)*

EDGAR. Thus I provoke my fate.

(*Falls.*)

'Tis past—the prediction is fulfilled—the blood of Ravenswood flows in the hall of his ancestors. Accursed race! contemplate and enjoy your savage triumph! We are beyond your malice. Lucy, I come; in life they severed us, but, in death, we are united.

(*Dies.*)

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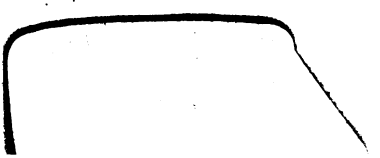
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